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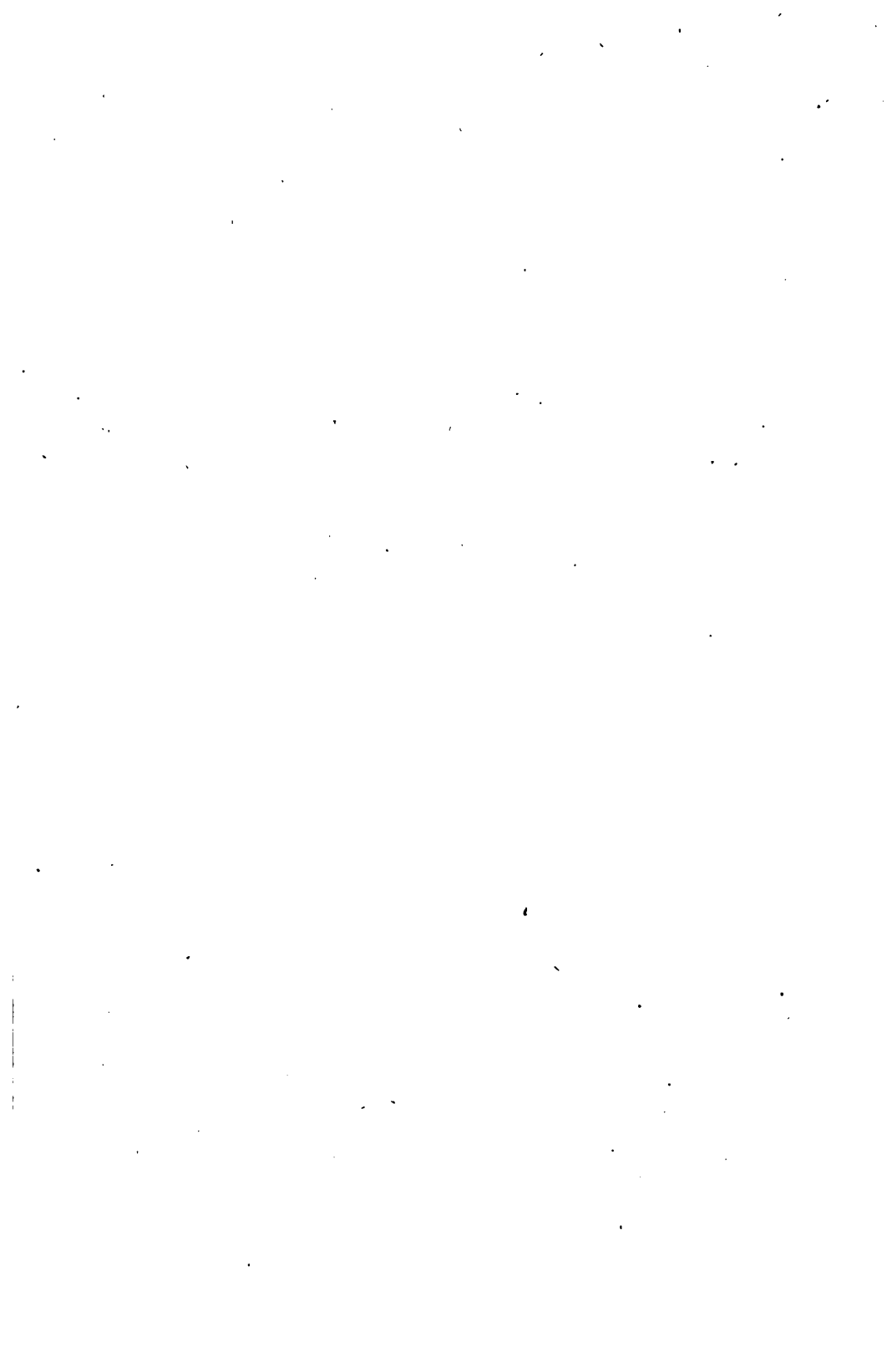


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PARADISE

AND HAVEN'S

WORLD.

From the Pacific Field.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE "PACIFIC FIELD" AT NEW YORK



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F A M O U S
AND
DECISIVE BATTLES
OF THE
WORLD.

OR,
History from the Battle-Field.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN; AUTHOR
OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER; OR, WINNING HIS SPURS," ETC.



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TO

Philip H. Sheridan,

General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States,

in deep Respect for him as a Man

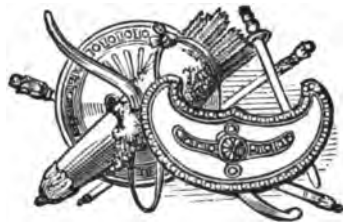
and

Profound Admiration for him as a Soldier,

This Volume

Is Dedicated.

M60826



PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE object aimed at in this book is to bring within the limits of a single volume fresh, spirited, and authentic descriptions of such battles as, because of their influence in shaping the world's history, or of their exemplifying the heroic virtues, or of their brilliantly illustrating some important tactical principle, are the most notable of recorded conflicts.

In keeping with this design, we begin with Marathon, B. C. 490.

The great battles mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures are mainly sieges of walled cities, precisely similar in most of their incidents, and very largely devoid of tactical movements and shifting scenes.

Those fought on the open plain are few in number, and the Biblical Record supplies but little of detail beyond the final results.

Of the other great wars and sieges of high antiquity, the accounts are so meagre and so thoroughly interwoven with fabulous tales, that it is impossible to present a truthful account of them. Take, as an illustration, the "History of Cyrus the Great and his Campaigns." Herodotus tells us there were at least three different versions of it in his day. Our author has gone back to the dawn of authentic history, and has selected forty-five characteristic battles, covering a period of twenty-five hundred years.

These have been carefully studied and faithfully described, and, though in many instances widely separated in point of time, the course of history linking them together has been traced with what distinctness was practicable consistently with the necessity of keeping the book within reasonable limits.

Among the great historical events with which the battles herein described are associated may be cited :

Persia's westward sweep through Asia Minor for the avowed purpose of conquering all of known Europe, with Greece's heroic and triumphant resistance ; the rise of Macedon and her counter-stroke in Asia, which left Alexander the Great in tears because he had no other worlds to conquer ; the rise of Rome, her contests with the Gauls, and her bitter struggle with her rival, Carthage ; the swarming of the Saracens from Asia to Gibraltar and Biscay, with the revenge of the Crusaders ; the Norman conquest of England ; Sweden's leap to martial fame, and her struggle with Russia ; the desperate and

bloody religious war of the Thirty Years; Prussia's seven years' grapple with encircling Europe; France, headed by Napoleon, against the world in arms; America's fight for liberty; the war of the Allies against Russia; the rising of the South against the Federal Government; the war between Germany and France, and the still more recent struggle between the Russians and Turks.

The truthful and graphic delineation of the battles that typify and illustrate these epochal collisions brings before the mind's eye the grandest scenes in the annals of the human race, and furnishes the reader with key-points to nearly the whole range of authentic history. We love to read of battles, not alone because they are among the chief factors of the vast mass of history, which as "the heirs of all the ages" we inherit, but more especially because they are the most energetic expressions of our common humanity wherein whatever of valor and of vigor individuals or nations have possessed, finds its most forcible illustration.

Both instruction and entertainment, therefore, may be derived from the perusal of this book of battles, and in following its pages the reader will march with the Great Captains of all time. What a catalogue they make! Darius, the Great King; Datis, the Mede; Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Aristides; Xerxes, son of the great King; Leonidas the Spartan; Pausanias; ill-fated Mardonius; Epaminondas of Thebes, Father of Tactics; Philip of Macedon, sire of Alexander the Great; Hannibal, "the dire African;" Fabius, Father of the Waiting Policy; Scipio, who "carried the war into Africa;" Julius Cæsar, soldier, scholar and hero; Pompey and Mark Antony; Brutus and Cassius; Theodoric and Attila; Charles Martel; William the Conqueror; Richard Cœur de Lion; Saladin; Edward the Black Prince; Joan of Arc; the Sultan Mohammed; Gustavus Adolphus; Charles XII. of Sweden; Marlborough and Prince Eugene; Frederick the Great; George Washington; Napoleon Buonaparte and Ney; Wellington and Blücher; Grant and Lee; Sherman and the Johnstons; Sheridan and Stuart; Sedgwick and Jackson; Thomas and Hood; Von Moltke and Skobelev—all these and more are of the company with which this book brings the reader in contact.

The author, a graduate of West Point, and experienced both as a fighter and instructor, has aimed to make his treatment of the battles in this book popular and yet professional; it is a book for the parlor and the fireside, as well as for the use of the student in war, and neither the general reader nor the professed soldier will fail to find in its pages pleasure and profit.

March 15, 1884.

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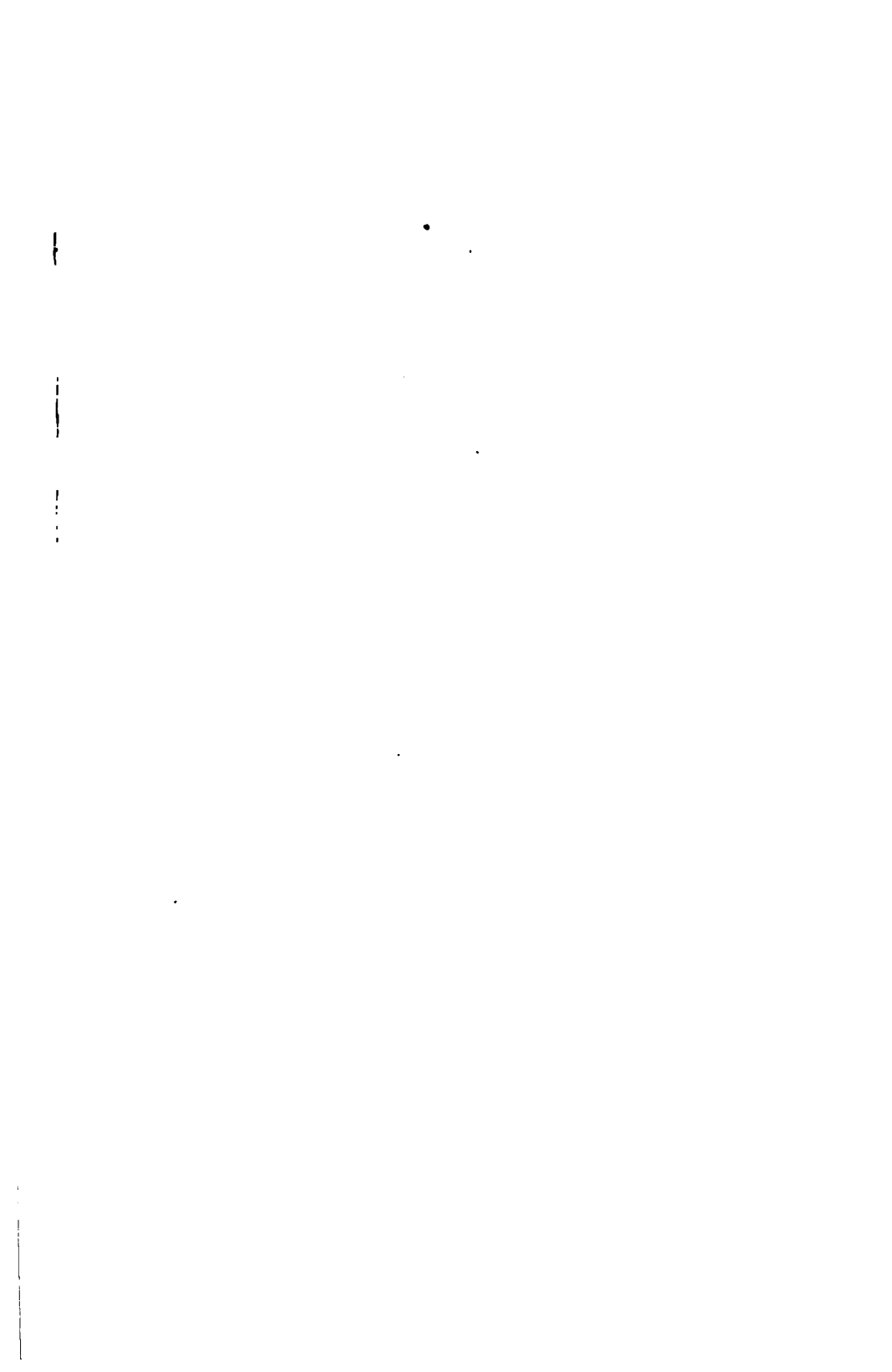
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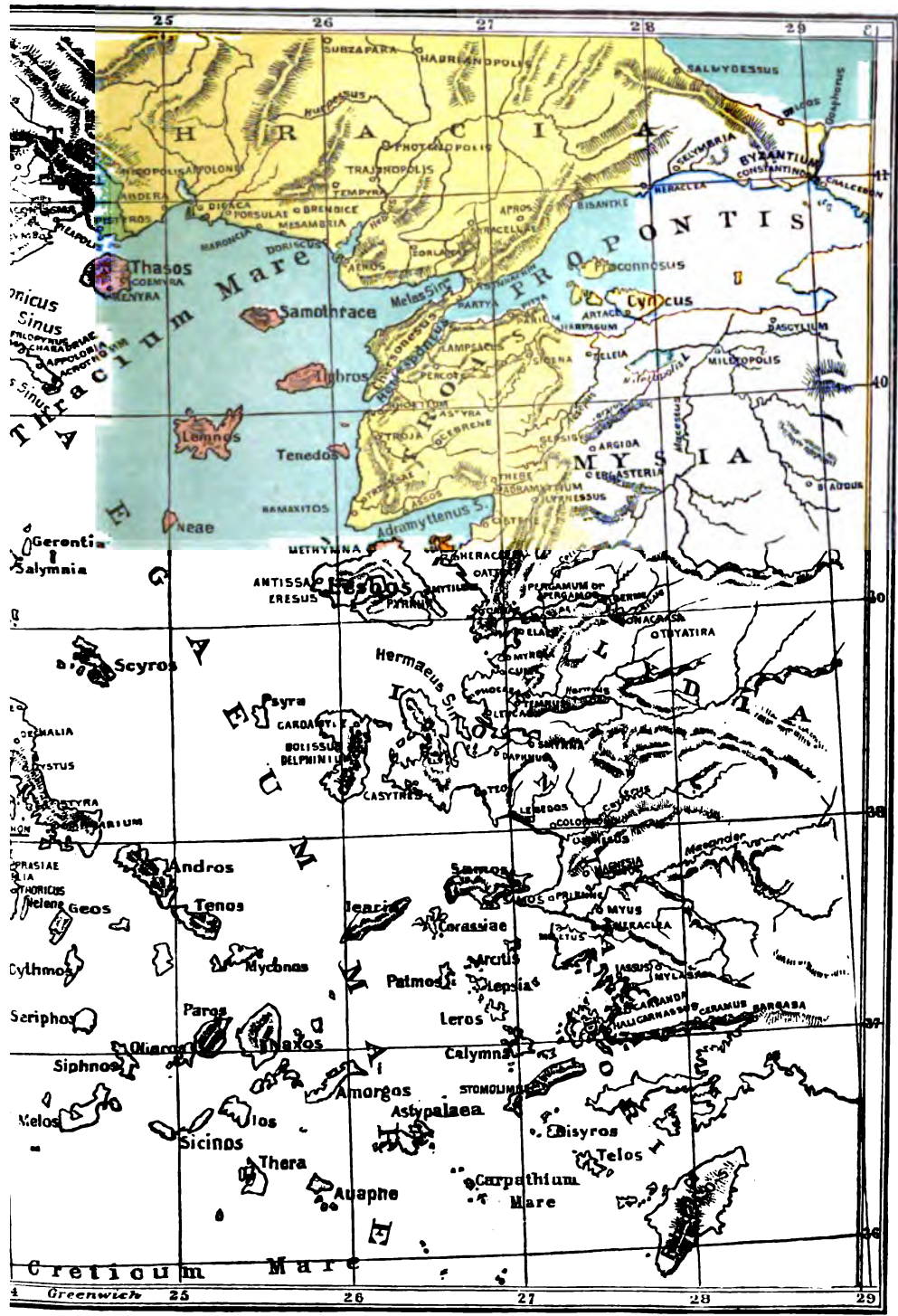
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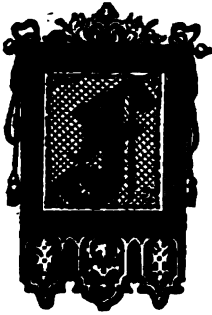
MAP OF
ANCIENT GREECE
 and of the divisions of
ASIA MINOR,
 adjacent to the
Aegean Gulf.



FAMOUS AND DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

MARATHON.

490 B. C.



FIVE hundred years before the birth of Christ the known world was almost one vast empire, with King Darius, of Persia, at its head. His possessions included all of Asia west of the upper Ganges, all of Northern Africa, far west as where Tripoli now stands, and much of European Russia and Turkey. Rome had not yet risen to power or greatness, but between the dominions of Darius and the vast field of Europe there lay a little rocky peninsula, jutting down into the sea, washed by the Ægean on the east, the Mediterranean on the south and west. This was Greece, a confederation of sturdy little states, and Greece it was that proved the sentinel that stopped the way of the Eastern invader. But for Greece all Europe would have been overrun by the conquering armies of Persia.

Immense wealth and unlimited forces were at the disposal of the Great King, as Darius was termed. He had conquered nation after nation around him, but up to 500 B. C. had made no aggressive move at the expense of Greece proper. Macedon and Thrace to the north of it had succumbed, and most of the isles of the Grecian Archipelago, in the Ægean Sea, were subdued. Vague rumors had reached the Persian court of the warlike character of some of the states of the Peloponnesus, as the lower peninsula was called, and that northeast of the isthmus

of Corinth lay another powerful and vigorous little commonwealth, Athens. The Greeks had established colonies all along the coasts of Asia Minor, and through them much of the civilization and something of the literature of Persia had drifted into the young confederacy, and though Sparta repelled all that savored of the luxury and effeminacy of Persian civilization, Athens had been more eager to learn and to adopt.

Presently Persia began to demand tribute of these colonies. The colonies resisted, and called for aid from the mother country, and a desultory warfare sprang up along the shores of Asia Minor. As a rule the Greeks were defeated. Persia's people were numerous, the colonists few, and their troops untrained irregulars, but the ill feeling between Greece and Persia was rapidly becoming intensified. Years before, when on an expedition to conquer Scythia, Darius had nearly been sacrificed by the attempted treachery of a young Athenian officer, Miltiades, who at the time was governor of the Thracian Chersonese, and had to serve under the Persian king. Against him he ever afterwards cherished a bitter resentment. Then in 510 B. C., after a mighty effort, the Athenians had succeeded in banishing the tyrant Hippias, who took refuge in the Persian dominions, and being a man of vast energy and intrigue, set to work to revenge himself on Athens by inducing Darius to invade and punish her. Artaphernes, Satrap of Sardis, demanded of Athens that Hippias should be reinstated. Athens refused, and voted Hippias a renegade and traitor. Then the Ionic Greeks revolted against Artaphernes and Persia. Athens lent her aid, and for years Persia was involved in a stubborn contest for the resubjugation of the Greek colonies.

During this war Sardis, the capital of Artaphernes, was captured and burned by a small force of Athenians, and now the rage of Darius against Attica was complete. Barely waiting to complete the subjugation of the Ionians, he despatched Mardonius with a powerful fleet of triremes and a large army to sack Athens, and take or destroy its inhabitants; but dire misfortune overwhelmed the fleet. A terrible storm off Mount Athos wrecked the armada, and strewed the shores with the corpses of

twenty thousand seamen, while the camp of the land force was surprised by night. Mardonius was wounded, and returned to Persia broken and dejected.

And now King Darius rallied all his energies for a final effort. Orders were sent to all his seaports. Vessels of war, triremes, and transports were rapidly built and launched, and from far and near his allies poured in their contingents. The whole area of the Peloponnesus could not equal that of the smallest of the principalities that bent the knee to Persia, and it looked like a war of all Asia against one little state. Greece was wild with alarm at the news; only Athens and Sparta seemed to retain either spirit or composure.

As a preliminary, Darius sent heralds to all the Greek isles and cities to demand the customary tribute of submission, earth and water, and both from sea and mainland token after token was rendered with eager haste. But no word came from either Athens or Sparta. At last Darius heard that the citizens had seized the persons of his heralds, heaped indignities upon them, cast them into dungeons or wells, and this was an outrage equaling the violation of a modern flag of truce. It was now war to the knife.

Through Hippias Darius learned that the regular army of Athens consisted of only ten thousand hoplites, heavy-armed infantry. Of course he knew that community of interest would bring reinforcements from other states, and that vigorous defence might be expected. He intended to conquer all Greece, but to crush to atoms the power of the defiant young states that had dared outrage his heralds.

For this purpose the force which was assembled on the great plain of Cilicia and in the adjacent waters was simply overpowering. Six hundred armed triremes or ships of war with three banks of oars, and full as many transports for horse and foot, were moored along the shores, and in the spring of 490 B. C., the greatest flotilla and the most numerous army ever yet massed, even by mighty Persia, set sail for Greece. The command was vested jointly and equally in two men, an arrangement that in itself was faulty in the last degree, but appears to have been

made for political reasons. For the first time in Persian history a soldier not native Persian was raised to the highest rank. Datis, a Mede of great valor and long-trying excellence in war, was the first named. He commanded the respect and confidence of the entire army, but Darius, though wishing to avail himself of the great ability of this general, dare not trust him entirely, and so named as his colleague Artaphernes, son of the Satrap of Sardis, who had done so much to bring about the war, and whose loyalty was unquestioned. His son therefore was named to act with Datis, but more probably as the representative of the royal or noble families at the front, than because of any known ability or skill. In all that followed, judging from the accounts of the only historians who dwell at all upon the campaign—the Greeks—Artaphernes seems to sink out of sight, and Datis only is recognized as the moving spirit.

His orders were explicit. Generally to subdue all Greece. Specially to destroy Athens and Eretria (who had acted together in burning Sardis), and bring their people as slaves into the presence of the Great King.

Datis decided on a different route from that taken by Mardonius. He coasted along Asia Minor westward until he came to Samos, then turned square across the Ægean. Island after island fell before him, and yielded conscripts to his army. Naxos was burned, Delos spared as the birthplace of Apollo, and at last the fleet anchored off the shores of the long, finger-like mountainous spur that stretches down along the coasts of northern Greece, the island of Eubœa, and hereon, facing the narrow channel that separates the island from the mainland, lay the city of Eretria. It too fell before the overwhelming force of Datis, and its people were dragged off as prisoners to neighboring isles to await the return of the triumphant Persians from the destined sack of Athens.

Late in August, unopposed, Median Datis disembarked his immense army upon the plain of Marathon, with the capital, Athens, only one day's march away. Literally, thus far, had he carried out his orders. Easy victory had everywhere attended him; and as his brilliant host marched forth upon the plain,

stretching for miles along the shore, no wonder he looked upon further triumph as already within his grasp. Behind him, thickly dotted over the Ægean, were the conquered isles, now turned into supply depots or prison pens. Along the shore were beached his thousand ships. Between him and the broad expanse of plain to the westward lay his great army. Beyond his lines only a short mile of unobstructed meadow there rose parallel to his front a sharply defined range of hills; behind that barrier, Athens.

In slow, stately ceremony had he accomplished the disembarkation. Once ashore, no signal came for the expected advance. He cared to give none till every detail of preparation was complete. Hippias, too, advised the policy of delay. That arch traitor well knew the under-current of disloyalty beneath the tide of Athenian patriotism. "Spare your soldiery," he urged; "wait but a few days and your mere presence here will fan into flame the embers of insurrection, and Athens herself will open unto you." And so in idleness and easy confidence the Persian host was disposed along the plain, and the golden moment passed. Before the setting of a second sun the thickly wooded barrier to the front blazed with the sudden sheen of spear, shield, and helmet, and the army of Attica appeared before their eyes.

Each one of the ten tribes of Attica contributed its thousand to the regular army, and these were the men who marched forward to the crest of Pentelicus—the low range that stood between their city and the plain—and there confronted the countless thousands of Persia. Of the exact numbers of Datis on the day of Marathon we have no accurate information. Herodotus, the most truthful of historians of the day, limits his land force to one hundred and ten thousand, while the poets and the boastful legends of local writers carry the number up to half a million. At least estimate it more than five times outnumbered the force Athens was able to bring against him, for, in addition to her ten thousand heavy infantry, the regulars, there were ten thousand light troops. The former were rigorously trained to athletic pursuits, were stalwart, sinewy, warlike men, armed with long and heavy spears and short swords for close combat, equipped for defensive purposes with heavy helmets, breastplate, greaves

for the legs, and carrying on the left arm a massive shield that well-nigh covered the entire person. The light troops wore no defensive armor, but carried javelins and short swords. All were footmen (Athens had no cavalry); and this was the slender force with which they hoped to repel the advance of the Asiatic host.

The far-famed plain of Marathon lay about twenty-five miles northeast of Athens, separated from it, as has been said, by the range called Pentelicus. It was nearly a level, except where a water-course, dry through most of the year, ran like a shallow groove from west to east through the middle of the plain. From the foothills to the sea in the centre was about two miles; but north and south, six miles apart, the hills swept around to the eastward, hemming in the level ground and dipping their bases in the spray. At both ends, north and south, lay treacherous marshes, impassable for horsemen and forming admirable protection for the flanks of an army in position. They stretched some distance towards one another and limited the dry ground between them to a front of not more than three miles; and here it was, half a mile advanced from the shore, that Datis had drawn up his line of battle. Just where he posted the fine cavalry he had brought with him from Asia we have no account. It has been asserted by some historians that much of this arm had been left behind in the various islands to hunt down the hiding inhabitants, and that but a small portion of his horsemen appeared at Marathon.

Soon as it became known that Datis was threatening the coast, Athens sent couriers southwest to Sparta, invoking her aid; but the Persians landed on the sixth day of the moon, and the Spartans were compelled by religious superstition never to send forth a hostile army until after the full, and refused to deviate from their custom even in such emergency as this. Then it was that the great men of Athens sprang to the fore, and foremost among them was Miltiades, the same who had won the enmity of Darius years before. As a soldier and general this man well deserved the confidence reposed in him, though in personal and political history he proved to be far from pure. The delay of Sparta seemed only to add to his vehement energy and courage. The

eleven generals of Athens met in immediate council, and Miltiades became the chief speaker. His service with the Persian army in the Scythian campaign had taught him contempt for much of its material, and he sturdily proclaimed his belief in the ability of Athens to defeat Datis then and there, and so urgent and earnest was he in his reasoning that he carried conviction to the minds of four at least of his colleagues. On taking the votes of the ten generals it was found that Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles, the three leading men of Athens at the time, with two other generals, were for immediate attack on Datis as he lay along the sea at Marathon. The other five generals voted for delay until aid could reach them. The deciding vote now lay with the Polemarch Callimachus, and to him Miltiades appealed with such vehement soldierly eloquence that Callimachus voted fight.

Then came a welcome accession to their ranks. The little city of Platæa, over in Bœotia to the northwest of Athens, had once besought her aid when she was being crushed by a powerful neighbor—Thebes—and Athens had gone to the rescue. Now, as ever afterwards, Platæa came to stand by Athens. She sent a sturdy little contingent of one thousand heavy infantry—all she could spare—and these soldierly fellows, in their leather helmets, marched in along the slopes of Pentelicus and were posted on the extreme left of the Athenian line.

And now there was inaction for several days. Datis was in no hurry to bring on an engagement. Miltiades was eager, but the law of Athens required that each of her eleven generals should command one day at a time in rotation, and he could not assume the authority to order attack until his day for supreme command arrived. It is asserted that Aristides and others waived their rights in his favor, urging him to lead on when he would and pledging earnest support. It was well for Miltiades that he had such patriotic and magnanimous associates. Callimachus was noble by birth, noble by nature, and brave and wise as he was noble. Aristides and Themistocles were both men of the people, widely differing in character, and destined to be bitter rivals subsequently. Aristides had no superior in patri-

otism, in nobility of character, and integrity. He was surnamed "The Just." Themistocles was superior to him in brilliancy, readiness, and tact, was besides an innate politician, a man of boundless ambition, but of so jealous a nature that the honors heaped on Miltiades after Marathon deprived him of sleep. In all his public life, despite his eminent services, there clung to him, a suspicion of corruption and extravagance that ultimately was realized to the full and proved his ruin. He swindled his people and died in disgrace. Of the other generals we have very little record.

From the heights on which they stood Miltiades could mark the indications of easy confidence which pervaded the entire Persian camp. Directly in his front, occupying the Asiatic post of honor—the centre—were the native Persians and the Sacæ, the very finest troops of the line, the only ones probably inspired with any national pride or patriotism. On these were deployed the vast army of auxiliaries, "mountaineers of Hyrcania and Afghanistan, black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile,"—a superb army in point of numbers and brilliancy of attire; but no defensive armor was there to be seen, no protection beyond the light archer's shield. Their arms, too, were weak and puerile compared with those of Greece—bows and arrows, light javelins, and curved cimēters. There was nothing to dread in their equipment, and Miltiades knew it. It only remained for him so to dispose his men as to make the best use of their limited number against the overwhelming force of the foe.

Here he had the advantage. He could see every move of the enemy, while his own were hidden by the heights and the thick growth of olive, pine, and cedar with which they were covered. Everything goes to show that to the element of surprise Miltiades owed much of the success that awaited him.

The ordinary formation of the Athenian phalanx of that day was in eight ranks, but in order to cover the Persian front Miltiades was compelled to reduce the depth to four ranks. His plan was daring. Placing Callimachus in command of the right wing with massed phalanxes in heavy charging columns, the Platæans

and two Athenian tribes being similarly disposed on the left, he deployed his remaining troops between them in long, slender line of battle and gave this line in charge of those steadfast soldiers, Aristides and Themistocles. With steady generalship in the centre he had sublime confidence in the result.

It must have been about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th (probably) of August. Thousands of the Persian soldiery were dozing, gambling, or sleeping away the hot summer day; the thousand ships of the fleet dotted the curving shores or danced upon the blue waters of the bay; the tents of the Asian host stretched like a great populous city along the plain; arms were cast aside, all thought of danger banished. Before them stretched that long level barren back to the mountains; and even were Attica to advance, long before her lines could cross that plain the troops of Asia could spring to arms, form their ranks and welcome them with deadly flights of arrows—that is, provided Greece advanced to the attack, as was her custom, singing her war-songs, sweeping in slow, stately march.

Suddenly there comes a chorus of warning yells from the open plain, suddenly the camp rings from right to left with the wild blare of horns and trumpets sounding the alarm. Hastily the warriors spring to arms and run to the lines. Sentinels and pickets are rushing in—no use for them to stop in vain attempt to stem the coming tide; they dart through friendly openings in the forming ranks, and Persia looks forth upon the unobstructed plain. There, midway to Pentelicus, with burnished helmet, shield, and spear, with ringing war-cry and serried ranks that sweep the full length of those of Asia, with perfect alignment and terrific impetus, for the first time in her history Greece comes charging at the run.

“Gods! are they madmen?” is the cry. So few in number—dare they attack?

On they come, unhesitating, unshaken. The solid earth trembles beneath their tramp. The red sun behind them glares through the dust-cloud at their backs. Flash go the feathered arrows from thousands of Persian bows as the mail-clad lines come dancing into range; but they rattle harmless upon helm

and shield, and with ringing cheer the athletes of Attica charge headlong upon the unready lines of astonished Asia.

Here in the centre stand the best and bravest Knighthood of The Great King, the *élite* of a superb army; but against this rush and against those levelled spears they for the moment can oppose nothing but puny dart and unprotected breast. Down go the foremost, and over their prostrate forms sweep the ranks of Attica. Down goes the second line, where line has formed at all; but with all its wild impetus and glorious manhood and courage, Greece is driving home into a solid mass of humanity, for the foremost recoil upon their backers, and they in turn upon rallying thousands in the rear. The great spears—so terrible against the leading lines—must be withdrawn before they can repeat their work, and even then are becoming unwieldy in the surging crowd that now envelops the phalanx; and now the Persians sweep in between the spear-heads and assail with cimeter and dagger the armored Greeks. Dozens crowd upon one, and the triumphant rush of the Athenian centre is at last checked. The lines of Aristides and Themistocles are brought to a stand.

And now is Persia's turn. The archers spring in, delivering their fire almost in the faces of their foes, while the knights and the Sacæ are plying cimeter and dagger. The slender line of Athens is slowly crowded back by the weight in front, but steadily, slowly, for their generals are watching every move. The lines are unbroken, the organization is maintained, but, face to the foe, battling manfully, the Grecian centre is undoubtedly falling back across the plain of Marathon and along the dry water-course that divides it. And now, with rage and tumult, Persia follows. Order, rank, discipline, all forgotten, if ever known, they press in wild disorder upon the retiring spears. Leaving camp, leaving all behind them, bent only on the annihilation of that daring foe, looking neither to right nor to left, caring naught for comrade assistance in this supreme hour of triumph, reckless of their own flanks and rear, the Persian army of the centre is artfully enticed out upon the open plain.

Meantime, how has it fared with Callimachus—how with the

Plataeans? Opposed by full as many foes as the centre, they have to deal only with hirelings or unwilling conscripts, even with kinsmen—Greeks of Ionia. These fall before them, barely striking a blow, and on the right and left the auxiliaries of Persia are overthrown and hurled back by the deep charging columns of Attica and Plataea. Pursued by the leading phalanx, they dare not stop; and now, on right and left, except the leading phalanx, the deep masses halt, and face inwards. Between them the Sacæ and the Knights, the guards and the flower of the Persian army, are being lured out from their supports, pursuing in a blind ecstasy of victory.

All too late Datis sees the fatal blunder. North and south the spearmen of Plataea and Athens have closed upon the surging mass of his best and bravest. On three sides the resistless infantry of Greece hems in the hapless Persians, and now the carnage begins. For a while the Asiatic host fights bravely, desperately, but soon turns and flees for the ships and safety. From north to south, along the plain of Marathon, the entire army of Persia is in mad retreat.

But brave men are yet there. While some launch the vessels, embark the few horsemen and the wounded, thousands face the charging lines and keep the Greeks at bay. Bent on the capture of the ships and the annihilation of the army of invasion, Miltiades furiously urges on his lines. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict is maintained even in the surf along the shore as the vessels are launched upon the waves. Like the bowmen of Duke William at Hastings long afterwards, the archers of Asia now shoot upwards that the arrows may fall in the faces of the foe. The battle has been hot and fierce. The sun is setting behind the range to the west, and still the desperate fight goes on. Some few ships are seized and fired by the Greeks, but, covered by the dauntless rear-guard of Datis, the embarkation goes steadily on; and as they at last fall back to the ships and the well-nigh exhausted Greeks plunge into the waves in pursuit, many there fall weighed down by their armor. Here it is that brave Callimachus receives his death-wound, and Stesilaus, another general, is killed. With the exception of six or seven

destroyed by fire, the last Persian galley pushes forth from the shore and Marathon is won.

Now, panting and triumphant, the Athenians betake themselves to the joyous work of plunder. Yonder stands the rich camp of Persia, and the spoil far exceeds their wildest dreams. The plain is strewn with Persian dead, especially along the water-course which marked the fateful track of the centre, and Miltiades, receiving the congratulations of his generals, begins to realize the magnificence of his victory.

Even now the skill and wariness of the soldier do not desert him. Watchful eyes have noted a blazing light upon the rocks southward where the headland Sunium juts out into the sea. It is a signal-shield inviting the vanquished still to come to Athens, now defenseless in the absence of her soldiery. Southward, too, far as the eye can reach, the Ægean is dotted with the myriad sails of the hostile fleet, some already rounding the distant cape.

Loud ring the trumpets recalling the wearied but exultant Greeks; and leaving Aristides with his tribe to guard the captured camp, Miltiades leads his worn-out army back towards Pentelicus. Despite fatigue and disappointment, discipline prevails, and through the still, moonlit August night the battle-worn army marches back to Athens; and when morning dawns and the eager fleet of Persia comes swarming vengefully up the bay, lo! the heights are crowned by the very troops who had so completely overmastered them so short a time before; and, baffled and broken, Datis signals withdraw. The great Persian expedition is at an end and the tide of her conquests checked forever.

And now Athens springs to the foremost rank in Greece, for all the sisterhood of states sing her praises. Before her almost unaided arms the host of the Great King has fled, dismayed, leaving its stores and treasure and six thousand four hundred of its dead upon the field. Athens has lost but one hundred and ninety-two. All too late a Spartan phalanx had reached the field, and, after seeing the swarms of Persian dead, went home to exult over the great victory. The dead of Athens were gathered under one mound, those of little Plataea under another, and eventually a third was erected in honor of Miltiades himself.

It is pitiful to think of his subsequent history. Taking advantage of the enthusiasm and confidence of the people immediately after Marathon, he induced them to fit out and give him command of a secret expedition, which he assured them would yield great profit to Athens. It turned out to be a mere raid upon the neighboring island of Paros to satisfy a personal hatred against one of its prominent citizens. The expedition was a failure, and Miltiades himself, tricked into a midnight rendezvous with the so-called priestess of the temple, fell in the darkness, sustained severe injuries, was recalled in dishonor, and died at Athens in disgrace, the wretched dupe of a woman.

Marathon checked at once the hopes and schemes of Darius, sent the discomfited fleet and army back to the shores of Asia, and roused the valor and enthusiasm of Greece to the highest pitch. As a purely military state Lacedæmon still held the lead, but in all that related to national affairs and speedily in all that concerned her naval force and policy, Athens by her great victory rose to the first rank. For ten valuable and well-improved years the shores of Greece saw no more of the Persian invaders.



THERMOPYLÆ.

480 B. C.



T cannot be claimed that this was a great battle, but as a combat renowned in history for chivalric devotion and valor, its incidents can never lack interest to either soldier, scholar, or casual reader.

After Marathon, when Datis and his defeated army returned to Persia, King Darius seems to have been stunned by the force of the blow, so much so that he forgot even the destined vengeance on the prisoners brought from Eretria.

He soon rallied, however, and resolved upon an expedition that should far exceed in strength and numbers either that of Mardonius or the later one of Datis and Artaphernes. The aim of his life became the utter humiliation and conquest of Greece.

Once again the edict went forth, and Persia resumed the great work of preparation. Once again Darius himself decided to lead in person. Three busy years were spent in building ships, transports, and assembling the levies of troops; then his Egyptian provinces broke into open revolt, and before he could resume operations in Europe he had to quell this rebellion. It took time, baffled and annoyed him, and in his impatience and vehemence told upon him to such an extent as to accelerate if not develop the fatal illness which seized him and ended his life in the thirty-sixth year of a glorious reign.

Influenced by his queen, Atossa, Darius had named as his successor his younger son, Xerxes, and confided to him the execution of his plans. Just five years after Marathon Xerxes took up the sceptre. Historians say he was the handsomest and most stately

Plate I.—Ancient Arms and Armor.

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| 1. Shield of Macedonian Hypaspist. | 16. Greek Sword. | 32, 33, 34. Roman Field Standards. |
| 2. Early Greek Helmet. | 17. " Dagger. | 35, 36. Roman Lances. |
| 3. Later " " | 18. " Double-edged Sword. | 37, 38, 39. Roman Field Standards. |
| 4. Early " " | 19. Persian Scabbard. | 40. Roman Shield. |
| 5. Greek Shield. | 20. Etruscan Shield. | 41. " Armor. |
| 6. Etruscan Sword. | 21. Roman Helmet. | 42. " Shield. |
| 7. Persian " " | 22, 23. Persian Helmets. | 43. " Armor. |
| 8. Etruscan " " | 24. Roman Armor. | 44. " Scutum. |
| 9. Roman Helmet. | 25. " Helmet. | 45, 46. " Falchions. |
| 10. Breast Shield. | 26. Persian " " | 47. Battering Ram and Tower |
| 11, 12, 13, 14. Greek Lances. | 27. " Shield. | 48. Roman Falchion. |
| 15. Roman Helmet. | 28. " Bow. | 49. Balista. |
| | 29. " Shield. | |
| | 30, 31. Roman Lances. | |

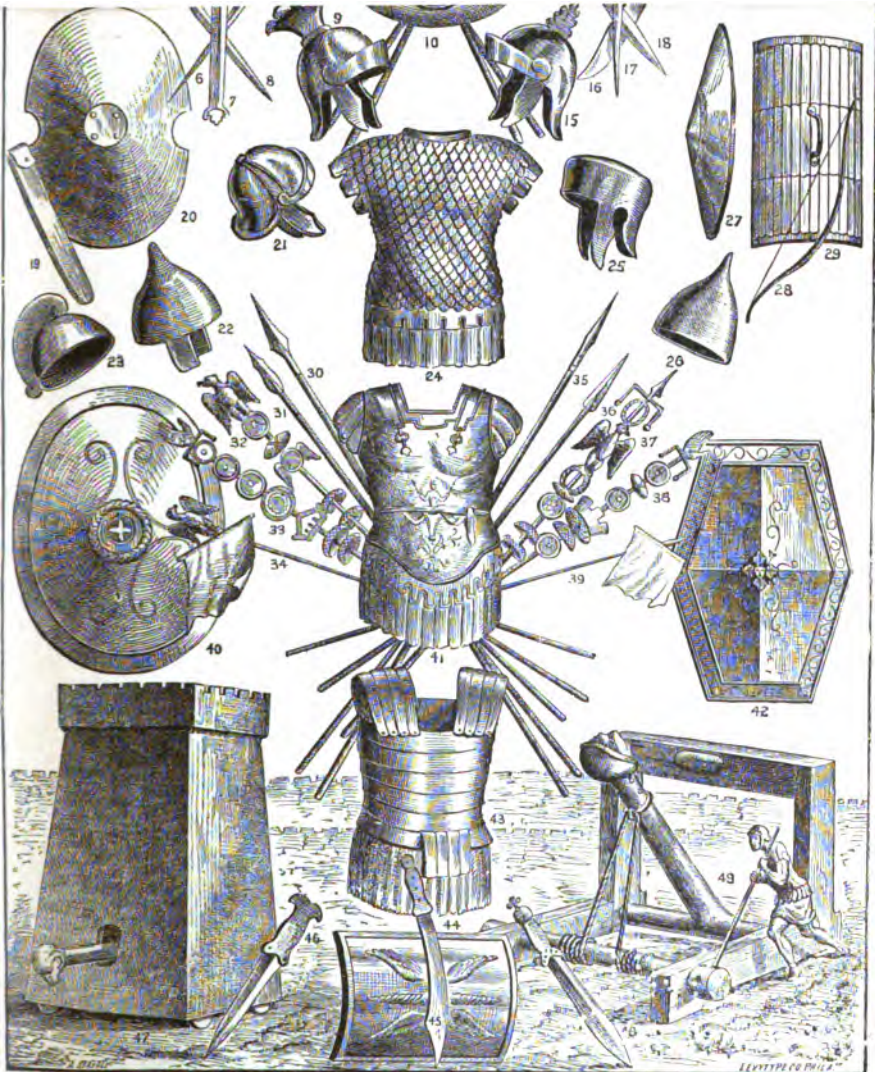


PLATE I. ANCIENT ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

Famous and Decisive Battles.)

THE
MUSEUM
OF
ART AND HISTORY

man of his day, but mentally he lacked the energy and purpose of his father and was faint-hearted, vain, and conceited. Not until he had been delayed two years was the revolt in Egypt crushed; then Mardonius became one of his chief counsellors and urged him to set forth on the march to Greece. Four years more were spent in mighty preparation, and then the expedition fairly started.

Twelve hundred ships of war formed his fleet and over a million men his army. In some parts of his empire only women were left to till the soil. Never before had Persia mustered such a force, never again was she able to do so; and the campaign, thus begun, was made further memorable by two great feats in engineering—the bridging of the Hellespont by means of boats, and the digging of a ship canal through the isthmus back of Mount Athos.

The straits which connect the Euxine with the Ægean are about a mile in width at the point selected by the Phœnician engineers for the crossing, which was about opposite where Abydos now stands. Two bridges, in fact, were decided upon, and they were thrown across the Hellespont from the eastern shore to the Thracian Chersonese, parallel and only a short distance apart. The largest, stoutest ships were employed, securely anchored with their prows down stream, and only four or five yards apart. Huge cables of flax and fibre of papyrus were stretched by capstans from shore to shore, resting on the ships, and on these cables the beams and flooring were laid; an earthen road was levelled along the planking and a stout fence was built, both to prevent the cattle from crowding one another off into the water and even their seeing it. Three hundred and sixty triremes and penteconters were needed for the upper bridge, three hundred and fourteen for the lower; but when all was ready a violent storm burst upon the straits and destroyed the bridges. Xerxes in a rage caused the engineers of the work to be put to death and ordered new bridges built at once.

Meantime a great force of men was at work digging the ship canal behind Mount Athos. The promontory juts far out into the Ægean, forming a bold and precipitous headland, and for

centuries this had been the storm centre of those seas. It was here the great flotilla of Mardonius was wrecked. It is here that to this day mariners cannot be induced at certain seasons to attempt to sail from the eastern around to the western side of the peninsula. Xerxes determined to lose no more ships in that undertaking, and a broad ship-canal, wide enough to pass two triremes sailing abreast, was dug across the isthmus. Despite the immense force at his disposal, it took three years to complete the work, only a mile and a half in length.

Just at sunrise one balmy spring morning in the year 480 B. C., the great army of Xerxes began the crossing, the fighting force taking the upper bridge, the trains, cattle, and camp-followers the lower; and for seven days and nights, lashed actually into the utmost rapidity of march, the soldiery poured over in ceaseless stream.

First of all were the "Immortals," so called because their number was never allowed to fall below ten thousand or to exceed it—a division of infantry that was the honored and envied of all Asia, superb in dress and appointments and bearing pomegranates of solid silver on the butts of their spears. One thousand of their number marching at stated intervals on front, flank, and rear—non-commissioned officers probably—were further distinguished by gold instead of silver pomegranates. After the Immortals rode the picked horse-guard of Xerxes himself, one thousand tried and trusted knights and soldiers, their spears decorated with apples of gold. With them rode Xerxes and his glittering court. Behind them came the great division of cavalry, ten thousand strong, all native Persians and devoted to their king. Then came the vast array of legionaries, allies, slaves, and conscripts, forty-six nationalities in all being represented, each bearing the arms and wearing the dress peculiar to its own land and clime. From the east as far as the Indus and Oxus, from the south as far almost as the head waters of the Nile, from every land of western Asia and northern Africa they poured for one living week across the trembling bridge, the most motley array in the annals of warfare. It would be impossible to describe all the varieties of arms and equipments. One point,

however, ought to be noted. Even as at Marathon ten years before, hardly one command was provided with defensive armor. Turbans instead of helmets, loose robes and trousers instead of breastplates and greaves, wicker-work instead of shield of metal or hides, and light javelins, arrows, and cimeters instead of the heavy spear and deadly short sword of the men of Athens and Sparta.

Up along the Chersonese, westward along the Gulf of Melos, across the great plain of Doriscus, where he mustered and reviewed his forces and found himself at the head of one million seven hundred thousand soldiers, Xerxes pressed forward. Down he came through Thrace, Macedon and Thessaly, subjugating everywhere. An attempt was made to check him in the narrow pass of the Vale of Tempe, but the army sent thither under Themistocles speedily found that the position would be untenable because of the open sea to the right. With his matchless fleet Xerxes could land thousands in their rear, and Themistocles fell back. Only one point was known to exist where a stand might successfully be made—Thermopylæ.

Thermopylæ—"The Warm Gates"—was a noted pass. The road from Thessaly and the entire north of Greece, the one highway leading from Macedon, Thrace, Thessaly, and Dolopia down to Bœotia, Athens, and the Peloponnesus was here confined to a narrow causeway. To the south lay the jagged precipices of Mount Ceta, to the north the lashing waves of the Maliac Gulf. The road enters this strange defile from the west, and at the western entrance the cliffs of Mount Ceta almost overhang the sea. There was barely room between them and the deep waters for the causeway. A little further on the mountain seemed to open out. There was a mile or two of open, gently sloping foothills, a space large and level enough to utilize as the camping-ground of a few thousand men; then, at the eastern end of the defile, the mountain again closed in and shouldered the roadway out against the sea. Everywhere throughout its length, where the waves themselves did not break upon the embankment, there lay to the north of the road a deep, treacherous morass, utterly impassable. Near the middle of the pass were some warm

springs out in the open ground, and from these it took its name.

With the gulf on the north and the jagged heights of Mount Ceta on the south, it is easy to see that flank attack was here impossible. A small army could confront a vast one, and here it was that Greece determined to make her stand. But what was to prevent the position being taken in reverse, as was or would have been the case with Tempe farther north? There was the arm of the sea. Where were the ships of Xerxes? Off Tempe lay the broad Thermaic Gulf, opening out into the sea itself. Off Thermopylæ lay a narrow arm approachable through a still narrower channel—the Straits of Eubœa. A small and determined fleet could hold those straits against the 1,200 ships of Asia, and, thanks to the wisdom of Themistocles and his vehement exertions after Marathon, Athens at last had a navy that was a credit to Greece. Off Artemesium in Eubœa, far to the east of Thermopylæ, the fleet of Greece was now in readiness to hold that of Persia; and at Thermopylæ itself King Leonidas of Sparta, with 300 picked men from his own city and a force of about 4,000 troops from other Grecian states (none, however, from Athens), sprang forward and seized the pass. It was just about the end of June.

We are told by some historians that when Xerxes halted before Thermopylæ he had under his banners nearly 2,000,000 men. This vast army was confronted by less than 5,000. The national games were then being carried on throughout Greece, and nothing would induce the Peloponnesians especially to drop them and go to the aid of this little advanced post. At first it was unmolested. Xerxes saw that front attack in that narrow defile would not be apt to have effect—thousands would have to stand and look on where one could fight. He hurried forward his fleet, hoping to “turn” the position, but a terrible storm wrecked 400 of his ships on the coast of Magnesia, and the fleet of Eurybiades confronted the remainder at the eastern entrance of the straits. He could not take Leonidas in rear by sea. Was there any chance by land? Apparently not. Mount Ceta stretched like a huge barrier for miles across the southern sky,

but, reliant on his overpowering force and the bravery of his chosen Persians, he determined to order the attack. The calm and indifference of the Spartans, whom his scouts reported quietly sitting outside the stone wall that then stood at the western gate, was exasperating. As a preliminary, he ordered a tower to be erected, from the top of which he proposed to watch the demolition of the defenders. Then one bright morning about the 1st of July the assault began.

Two fine divisions, the Medes and Kissians, sprang forward, the former in the lead, and advanced along the causeway. There is solemn stillness and expectation a while as these, the bravest and best troops (if we except the Guards and "Immortals"), the flower of Persia's army, sweep forward to the attack.

Little by little the precipices to the right crowd and contract the front; the left flank is being forced out into the morass and is "shaving off" as the lines advance. Narrower grows the defile, and now, as nothing but a mere carriage way, perhaps thirty feet in width, is left for their front, they come upon an impenetrable wall of stone, against which javelin and spear are alike impotent—against a living wall of iron, from which their puny missiles glance with harmless ring; but this wall bristles with a deadly thicket of spears, and on these spears the foremost ranks, half in eager valor, half in helpless surrender to the thronging impetus from the rear, are rushed to bloody death. Sparta and Persia are locked in conflict, and for hours, with apparent gain on neither side, the struggle goes on. It is not long before a third barricade is heaped across the road—the mangled dead of Persia, for they go down in swarms before the mail-clad lines of Greece. Xerxes gazes in amaze and fury; leaps from his seat and orders in fresh battalions. The attempt is simply madness. Fresh and vigorous comrades fill the places of the wearied men in the foremost ranks of Sparta, and the sun goes down upon a scene of carnage for which Xerxes can find no excuse whatever. Yet he orders the attack to be resumed on the morrow, and the morrow is but a repetition of the first day. Approached from the front, Leonidas was invincible. Was there no other way?

Winding over the mountains to the west and south, almost

forgotten, practically unused for years, was a pitiful foot-path, a mere goat-track. Of its existence even Leonidas had known nothing until his arrival at the pass, and, trusting to a similar ignorance on the part of Xerxes, he had done no more toward its defence than to place a guard of a thousand Phocians at the point where it reached the summit, intending if attacked that way to reinforce the detachment and defend it to the utmost.

But treachery had been at work. Ephialtes, a Malian, had betrayed to Xerxes the secret of the footpath; a strong detachment of Persians, under Hydarnes, stole from camp after darkness on the second day had set in, and in the stillness of the following dawn fell upon the Phocian outpost and carried all before them. Long before noon on the third day the bitter tidings reached Leonidas that his heroic defence had been in vain. Treachery had turned the pass. The Persians were in his rear.

There was yet time to escape. To Leonidas and his Spartans desertion of the position they had been detailed to defend meant dishonor. The others might go. Their services would elsewhere be available, but the Spartan king with his brave 300, with some 700 Thespians and a handful of Thebans, stood to their ground.

Xerxes had decided to postpone until noon the third attempt, judging that by that time the command of Hydarnes would have struck the Spartan rear. What was his amaze when those heavy armed hoplites suddenly issued from the defile in front of him—the pass they had been defending; and now, deploying their lines and straightening their ranks, their mail-clad athletes, in close, compact, invulnerable order, came charging down the causeway full upon his unprepared centre. For a time it seems as though nothing can stand before them. Only a thousand, yet that thousand is charging home to the heart of a thousand times their number. They are dashing in upon his very lookout tower; piercing their way through the swarming hordes of Asia like an iron wedge; they are coming straight at *him*, and a little more and he must fly or fall. Noble after noble, general and chief and knight go down before those thousand spears in vain effort to check their onset. Two royal princes, brothers



BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

of Xerxes, are slain in defence of their royal brother, and then the monarch is seized by terrified friends and borne in panic far to the rear.

But the wild dash could not last. One by one the terrible spears are broken, bent or wrenched away. Little by little the exhaustion of hours of conflict is telling upon the devoted band. Leonidas himself goes down, mortally wounded, fighting like a lion to the last, scorning to abandon his post. Knowing that there he and his men must be slowly butchered, he determined on the brilliant and daring sortie that struck home to the very core of Asia's army, and ended in his own glorious death. And now at last, battered, breathless, but sword in hand, face to the foe, bearing the body of their gallant leader in their midst, they bent to the weight of hundreds of fresh and exultant enemies, who would not dare meet them hand-to-hand when morning dawned. But the sun is setting now, and in the dust and grime of battle one after another the heroes of the little band are falling, ever with faces to the foe. At last the remnant is borne backward on the mighty rush and torrent and carried within the pass; and there, hemmed in on every side, even the swords broken and dented now, they gather grimly, undauntedly, on a little hillock, too weak to stand or longer struggle; too superb to surrender, but daring and defiant to the last, they sell their storied lives, and only when the life-blood of the last is drained is Thermopylæ won.

There was now nothing left to check the onward march of the Asiatic conqueror towards Athens. In six days more his chariot was thundering through the deserted streets, and the inhabitants had scattered across the Saronic Gulf or huddled upon their ships at Salamis. One-third of Greece was in his power, and Sardis was avenged.

PLATÆA.

479 B. C.



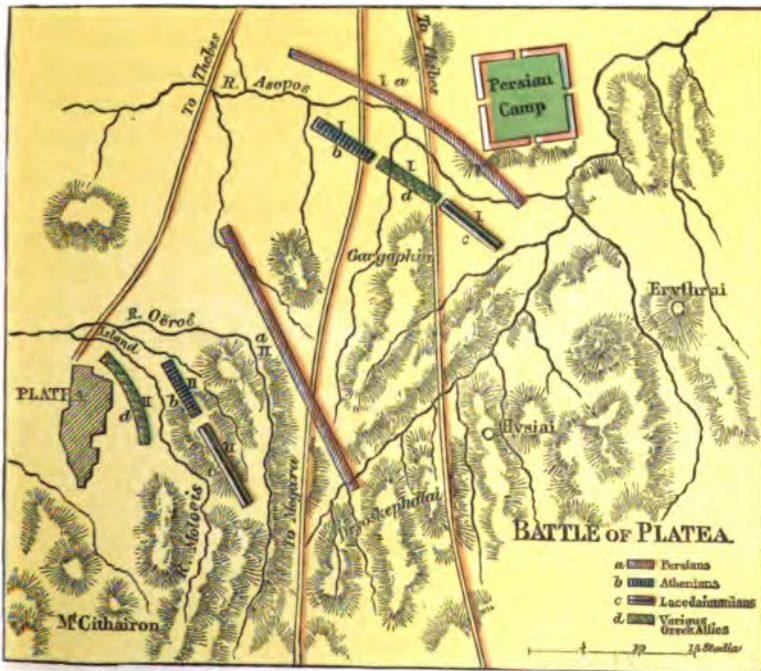
THE great naval battle of Salamis, which resulted in the disastrous defeat of the Persian fleet soon after the occupation of Athens, completely cured Xerxes of any desire to see further fighting. Leaving three hundred thousand men as an army of occupation under Mardonius, he himself with the bulk of his army marched back the way he came, suffered severely during the six weeks of retreat to the Hellespont, found his bridges again destroyed, but crossed his land force on the vessels that remained to him, and made the best of his way back to his capital.

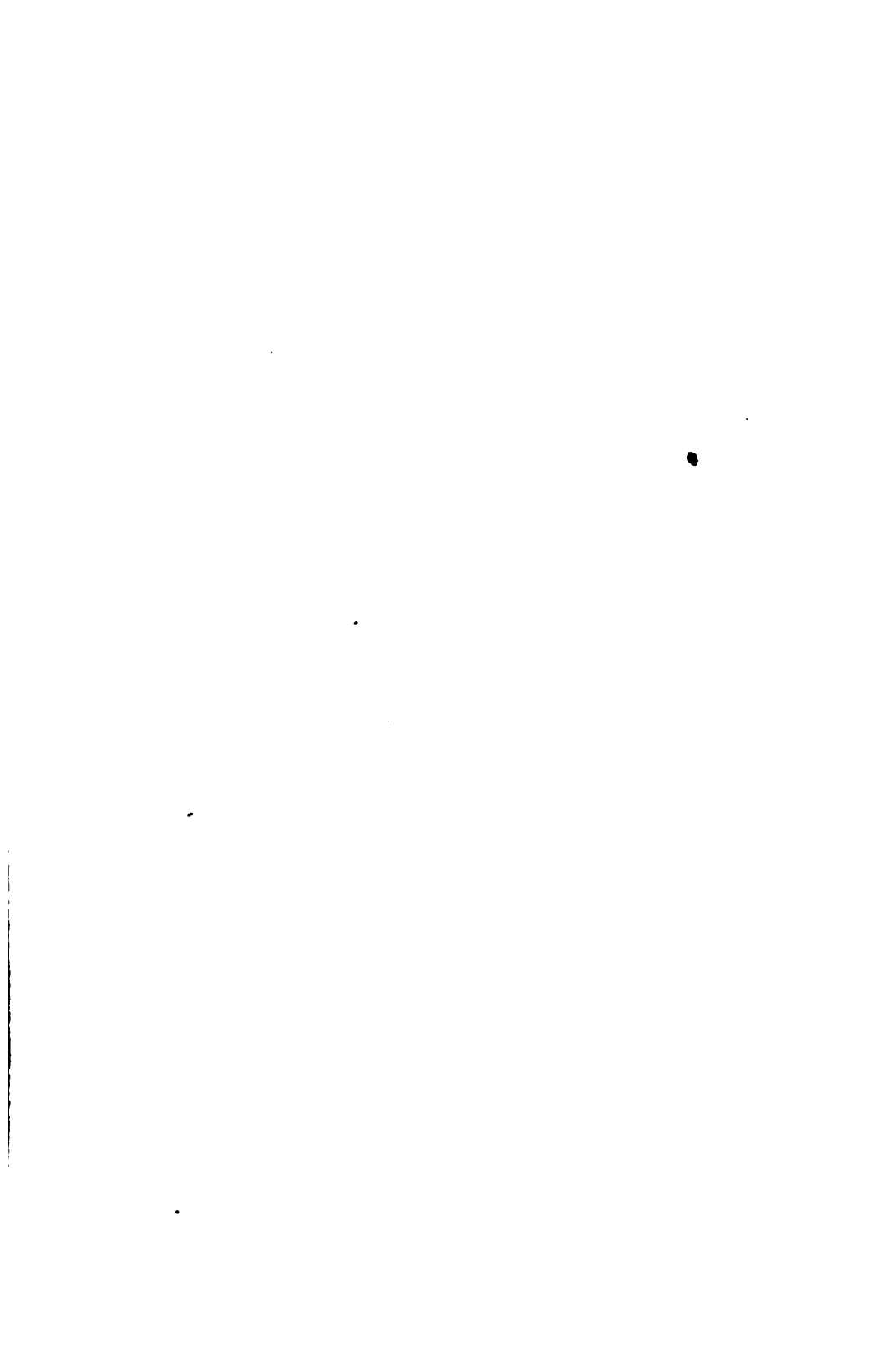
Great hopes, however, were entertained of Mardonius and his army. The nobles of Persia could not and would not believe that, properly handled, their forces either on land or sea were not able to conquer the Greeks. The orders left Mardonius were to hold the conquered territory north of the Isthmus of Corinth until spring and then be prepared to resume the offensive. At the same time a strong corps of sixty thousand men under Artabazus, who had escorted Xerxes to the confines of Thrace, was ordered to winter there and join Mardonius early in the spring. The latter, with his command, had retired to the plains of Thessaly, and the Athenians, after their great victory at Salamis, had returned and reoccupied their capital.

The first move of Mardonius in the early spring was to make one effort at the honor of Attica. There is something pathetic in the situation of this gallant little state at the time, and



Thermopylae





a glance at the map of Greece will make it clear. There, down in the southeast corner, jutting out between the Ægean and the Mediterranean, is a little rocky peninsula, Greece. From the west an arm of the sea is thrust in five-sixths of the way across and almost meets a shorter arm from the eastern sea. The narrow neck of land which separates these two watery arms is the Isthmus of Corinth; all the mainland below it was then called the Peloponnesus, now the Morea. Therein lay Sparta, Argos, Messene, Elis, and Olympia, Sicyon and Corinth, the great cities of confederated Greece. But Athens? Athens stood alone, northeast of the isthmus, the outpost of the confederacy. All north of her now had been overrun by the hordes of Asia; and she, that had once before at Marathon so superbly defied and defeated them, that had already been sacked and burned in their second resistless advance, stood now a third time between them and her sister states beyond the isthmus. Twice has she borne the brunt and saved them from invasion. Now, as a third time the foe advances, she is foremost in the path, calling upon the sister states she has twice defended, to come, not for her sake, but the sake of all, to help her meet this new invasion. And they were walling her out, barricading the isthmus behind her.

Then it was Mardonius attempted his insidious offer. King Alexander of Macedon (who must not be confounded with Alexander the Great, who came to the fore in the following century) was sent as envoy. He pointed out that, exposed and unsupported as she was, she could not hope to withstand the Persian advance. "Join us, help us to conquer Sparta and the Peloponnesus, who have deserted you who never deserted them, and we pledge you the friendship of the Great King. We will rebuild your city, we will enrich you in every way, and you shall be independent." It was a desperate temptation, for the facts were not inaccurately stated. The Peloponnesus *was* ready to abandon Attica to her fate; but at thought of her becoming the ally of Persia, terrible alarm was felt south of the isthmus. "Stand firm," said Sparta; "be true to Greece; we hasten to your aid." And the offer of Mardonius was rejected. Athens sent a lofty

and patriotic reply, penned, some say, by Aristides, who had returned from banishment just before Salamis, recalled by his great rival, Themistocles, who had secured his expulsion five years after Marathon; for now Athens needed every man she had, and Themistocles well knew the power and force of the patriot whom he had ostracised solely because of his opposition to his own ambitious schemes. Athens would and did stand firm, and Mardonius at once advanced.

Now that Athens had committed herself to the common cause and could not again expect a renewal of the offer of alliance, Sparta and her coadjutors failed her. The expected aid did not come, was not sent. Sparta was the military head of Greece, and Sparta withheld all assistance. Betrayed and deserted, the Athenians once more were forced to abandon their city and take refuge on their ships. And now, once more, Mardonius tempted them, promising to spare their city, pointing out that he had prohibited all pillage, inviting them to return, pledging them honors, protection, prosperity, if they would only join him against the states which had so basely abandoned and deceived her. Then Sparta heard that Athens was about to yield and realized her own peril. That very night Pausanias of Sparta, with five thousand hoplites, pushed forward for the isthmus, and at last reinforcements were on the way.

The Peloponnesus now woke up in earnest. By July 1 an admirable and disciplined army was concentrated in Corinthia, north of the isthmus, threatening the position of Mardonius in Athens. Numerically the Persians were far stronger but still no match for the trained and disciplined Greeks. Mardonius promptly abandoned Athens and fell back by a circuitous route into Bœotia, placing the river Asopus between himself and the foe.

Here, reinforced by Artabazus, with the fortified city of Thebes at his back, with a broad plain suitable for his cavalry on which to manœuvre, he awaited with confidence the expected onward move of the Greeks; and to strengthen himself in this position he caused to be built a great fortified enclosure or stockade, a mile and a quarter square, and this he designed to be the rally-

ing point of his army in the event of disaster. He was not all confidence, it seems. His Persian officers were disheartened at the withdrawal of Xerxes. The Thebans and Bœotians were alarmed at the rally of the Peloponnesus, and Artabazus, second in command, was suspiciously disloyal.

And now the Grecian army, under command of Pausanias, one hundred and ten thousand strong, but all footmen, marched northward through Megara, climbed the slopes of Cithæron, and from thence gazed down upon the plain and valley of the Asopus. Forty thousand of these troops were hoplites, soldiers and citizens of the first rank, and thoroughly skilled in the use of their arms. The rest were light troops, irregulars, helots, but quite as effective as the generality of the Asiatic force. All the Peloponnesian cities seem to have contributed their quota, but the finest troops were undoubtedly the five thousand Spartans and the battle-trying heroes of Athens, eight thousand hoplites, and six hundred from faithful little Plataea, who, as veterans of Marathon, were organized in one division under one of their old leaders, Aristides.

Along the mountain range Pausanias waited. Knowing the great superiority of the Persians in point of numbers, and realizing that down on the plain their cavalry would have immense advantage, he clung to the heights. But Mardonius took the initiative. He had an admirable force of horsemen; they were armed with bows of great strength, were expert archers, and his theory was that they could ride around the massive infantry of Greece, shooting arrows into their very faces, and there could be no defence so long as the horsemen kept out of spears' length. Greece had few missile weapons: spear and sword were her reliance.

The armies faced each other, the Persians north of the Asopus, the Greeks along the range of hills. Mardonius impatiently ordered his cavalry to attack, and the squadrons of Asia swept up the slopes and fell upon the footmen of Megara, who happened to be most exposed, and dire was the slaughter until the phalanx of Athens came charging to the rescue, and with the loss of their leader, the greatest cavalry soldier of his day, Masiæus, the Persians were driven in disorder from the field.

Having killed him and defeated his troopers, Pausanias feared no longer to try issue on the open field below. He marched rapidly down into the valley, out past the devoted little city of Plataea, and formed line facing north along the Asopus. Here, in accordance with time-honored custom, they were drawn up according to tribe or nation—the Spartans in the post of honor on the extreme right, covering a famous spring, the fountain of Gargaphia. The Athenians were posted upon the opposite flank, that of second honor.

Plataea lies just north of the mountain range of Cithæron and west of south from Thebes. To meet this move Mardonius had to face his army to the west, march a short distance up the Asopus, and then, directly in front of the Grecian force, he again deployed; he, with the Persians and Medes, taking post on the left of his line so as to face the Spartans, the most renowned soldiers of Greece. The Sacæ, full as brave and reliable as the Persians, held the centre, while over against the Athenians on the extreme (Persian) right were posted the Macedonians and conquered conscripts from northern Greece.

Nothing warlike was done in those days without consulting the oracles, and the answer now given was for both sides the same—"Await attack and yours is the victory." Consequently, neither side desired to open the ball.

For nearly a fortnight the armies confronted each other, the cavalry of Persia constantly harassing the flanks and rear of the Greeks and cutting off or driving back their supplies. At last, one night, the sentries in front of the left of the line sent in and reported that a single horseman halted at the outposts announced himself as Alexander of Macedon and desired to speak with their chiefs. In the conference that followed it was revealed that at dawn Mardonius proposed to attack in force along the whole line. Greece was warned to be on her guard.

Then, to the surprise of all, Sparta's king suggested that they and the men of Athens should exchange places, "because," he said, "the Athenians have fought the Persians before and understand them. We can be sure of overthrowing the Macedonians." The change was made and, at dawn, instantly detected by Mardo-

nius, who made a corresponding transfer of his flanks. Then once more Pausanias ordered his Lacedæmonians to the right; the Persians followed, and the day was spent in senseless and fatiguing countermarching. The Spartans were barely back in their proper position on the right when the battle of Plataea began in good earnest. A daring and desperate charge of Oriental cavalry overthrew and hurled them back upon their supports.

Taken unawares, before they had time to form their ranks, the Spartans were for a few moments at great disadvantage, and those few moments were precious; for the Persians seized their opportunity and choked up the fountain which had rendered the best supply of water, that from the river being almost unobtainable owing to the vigilance of the Asiatic archers. The loss was most serious, and Pausanias instantly decided upon another move.

Two miles and a half away behind their left lay Plataea. In front of Plataea, on the broad plain, the river Cæroe came down in two branches from Cithæron, united and flowed off westward to the Gulf of Corinth. The Asopus, rising near it, ran directly eastward. Pausanias determined to move over to the ground between the two branches of the Cæroe, "The Island," as it was called. There he would have ample supply of water, which could not be intercepted by the enemy.

At midnight the Corinthians and Megarians in the centre were silently withdrawn and ordered to move a mile or so to the west, cross the eastern branch of the Cæroe, and take up a new position facing north still, but unquestionably somewhat more retired than the one they had occupied during the day. The Athenians on the extreme left were to hold their ground to cover the move until assured that the centre was beyond reach of attack, and then in silence to move off to their left and rear, passing around west of the low hills which separated the Cæroe from the Asopus. Last of all, the Lacedæmonians and Tegeans were to withdraw and take post on the right of the new line.

The Corinthians started at the appointed time, but they had been savagely handled by the Persian cavalry during the day,

were anxious to avoid such conflict on the morrow, and went too far. They passed the designated point, and, with the Megarians, kept on until they got under the walls of Plataea, where the steep hillside would protect them from charge of cavalry.

Having sent off the troops in the centre, Pausanias now repaired to the extreme right and ordered the withdrawal of the Spartans; but here trouble arose. Amompharetus, a stout old soldier, refused to budge. He would not fall back himself, and his men would not fall back without him. In vain Pausanias and his generals strove to point out that the move was only one for water and to draw the Persians after them. Amompharetus swore he would not fall back an inch. It was a violation of Spartan honor. Pausanias had no alternative but to leave him and his handful of troops to come to their senses. He hastened back after his main line. Most of the Lacedæmonians had gone already, and the Athenians from the extreme left were sending anxious inquiries as to what was going on. Dawn was breaking and there was no time to be lost.

Fortunately Amompharetus soon thought better of the matter, and just as it became light enough to see, his command moved off, following in the track of their comrades towards Plataea. At the same hour, far to the west, the Athenians silently stole away, and as the sun rose over the rocky heights of Eubœa, dimly visible through the morning mists of the valley, and the Persian cavalry pushed out to the front to renew the manœuvres of the previous day, they discovered that the south bank was abandoned. The Greeks had gone. All that was left to view was the slender column of Amompharetus slowly toiling up the low "divide" over towards Plataea.

Then all was excitement and disorder in the Persian ranks. Hardly waiting to don his armor, Mardonius called his guard to follow him and rushed out to join the disorganized, mob-like pursuit already begun. Persian, Mede, and Sacæ sprang forward to the chase; no ranks, no discipline, no recognized leader; every man for himself, apparently, those who felt so disposed chased off across the Asopus; those who did not, stood still and looked on.

Among the latter, with a disciplined and valiant corps of

nearly forty thousand men, was Artabazus. He formed his ranks, moved forward a short distance, then halted and simply stood still watching the rush of Mardonius towards Plataea. He had predicted disaster if attack were attempted, and he did not mean to lend aid to stultify his prophecy. Artabazus stopped short and awaited the result.

Meantime Pausanias had overtaken his right wing, the Lacedæmonians, just as they had crossed the low ridge southwest of the Asopus. He halted them and looked back. The wild rush of Persia had begun. The hordes of Asia were crowding upon the little band of Amompharetus. Coolly the latter marched to the crest, then faced about. Quickly their comrades of Lacedæmon ranged themselves on their right and left, and with lowered shield the threatening hedge of spears crashes down to the charge. It is a trying moment, for Pausanias, compelled by religious duty to offer up battle sacrifices and consult the wishes of the gods before deciding what to do, is eagerly waiting for the report of his priests while the Persian arrows are dealing death in his patient ranks.

Invincible in the charge and in open ground when aided by the impetus of assault, the solid phalanx is like a goaded bull when compelled passively to face the foe. All around, at short range, the Orientals have planted a bulwark of their light archer shields and are pouring in a ceaseless flight of arrows, while the cavalry swarming about the flanks are making ugly gaps in the mail-clad ranks. Pausanias can stand it no longer. Raising his eyes through the dust and din of battle, he catches sight of the distant pinnacle of the temple of Juno, shining above the walls of Plataea, and to her, imploringly, he stretches forth his hands. Under those walls, a mile or more away, most of his troops are huddled. He is alone out here in the open hillside with his Spartans and Tegeans. Instantly the priests, who have been ominously silent before, declare the auspices favorable. Instantly he gives the longed-for order. "Now, Sparta, advance!" And with the pent-up rage of battle, with the vehement longing for action that has been burning in their breasts all these wasted moments, the serried, solid ranks of Lacedæmon dash upon the

over-confident foe. Down go the fragile breastworks, down go the defenders. Mede and Persian reel before this machine-like onslaught. In vain the struggle with javelin and poinard, in vain Mardonius at the head of his gallant horse-guard charges upon the spears. Down he goes, felled by the hand of Æimnestus, and the phalanx tramples over his prostrate body. Gaining in force and impetus with every stride, the heavy infantry of Sparta literally tears its way through the heart of Persia's army, and in a few moments more, leaving their leader and hundreds of their comrades dead upon the field, the host of Mardonius, nothing but a mob now, is fleeing for life back to and across the Asopus.

And, seeing them come, what dispositions are made upon the north bank, where at least a hundred thousand of their comrades are looking on? Artabazus waits just long enough to see the beginning of the route, then marches his corps from the field of battle, passes by Thebes, and abandons his comrades to their fate. With him went the last chance of a successful stand. Had he remained, with his fresh and vigorous troops he could have pounced upon the Spartans, already exhausted after their long conflict and headlong pursuit. He could have caught them utterly isolated from their comrades, for in their ardor they had taken no thought of support, and the Grecian centre was still way back at Plataea, and the left wing heavily engaged with the Thebans across the Cæroe. He could have crushed the Spartans by weight of numbers as they had been crushed at Thermopylae, and he, Artabazus, would have been the hero and victor of Plataea. As it was he was simply the traitor.

But far on the left the battle is still raging, for there Greek meets Greek; Athens is pitted against Thebes. For a time the issue is doubtful, but at last the practised valor of the veterans of Marathon proves too much for the men of Bœotia. Slowly but surely they are borne back. Furious charges of the Theban cavalry help them somewhat and relieve them of immediate pressure; but learning that utter rout has overwhelmed the Persian left, they fall back in comparative order to the walled city of Thebes. There at least they are safe from further assault.

Meantime, the battle being virtually won, the centre seems to have awakened and with much clamor and spirit to have has-

tened forward from the walls of Plataea. The Megarians came eagerly down to where the Athenians were resting after their severe and exhausting conflict with the Thebans, and, supposing that the latter were in full retreat, they streamed out over the open plain in wild pursuit, and while thus scattered were suddenly and viciously charged by the Theban horse and driven in consternation back to the shelter of the Athenians, leaving six hundred of their number overtaken and slaughtered upon the plain.

And now the Persian army made for the fortified enclosure already described. There was no order, no leader, no discipline. They huddled in like sheep, and thither presently they were followed by the panting Spartans, now strongly reinforced by the Corinthians and others from the centre, and in all the fury of hate the assault began.

Brave and impetuous as they were, however, they had no skill in the assault of fortified places, and for hours they were unable to effect an entrance. At last the Athenians arrived and then matters began to take definite shape. Here, as heretofore, the men of Attica gave proof of their superiority, and under their leadership the great enclosure was stormed and carried, and now nothing remained but the work of slaughter and pillage.

Over this part of the story one can scarce repress a shudder. No mercy was shown, no quarter given. Greece revenged her wrongs in one terrible and unparalleled massacre.

Of the exact losses of Plataea we have no accurate account. The best authorities place those of the Greeks at about thirteen hundred, all told—mainly Spartans, Tegeans, Athenians, and Plataeans; though the six hundred lost by the Megarians as their share, the result of their bombastic effort to reap some of the fruits of the victory, are of course included. The Asiatic loss is simply incalculable. Herodotus states that only three thousand survived of those who did not march away with Artabazus. This would bring the total of their killed or massacred to over one hundred thousand.

Plataea ended once and for all the attempted march of conquest of Persia. From this time forth there was an end to eastern invasion.

LEUCTRA.

371 B. C.



OR a century after Platæa there was almost incessant warring in Greece. Jealousies of all kinds had risen in the sisterhood of states. By dint of her rigorous military system Sparta had managed to keep at the head of affairs until the close of what was termed the Peloponnesian war, although Athens had pushed her hard for leadership before that struggle. But sieges and pestilence at home reduced the power and numbers of the Athenians, and the great expedition sent to conquer Sicily in 415 B. C. met with woful disaster at Syracuse. Then the last fleet of Athens was destroyed at Ægospotami by Lysander, and in 404 B. C. Athens surrendered and Sparta stood supreme throughout Greece.

But Sparta proved revengeful and despotic. She humbled her neighbors in many inexcusable ways. Her former allies turned against her. Fresh wars broke out. In the movements that followed the Spartans succeeded in seizing and holding the citadel of Thebes—the Cadmeia, as it was called. It was retaken by a band of conspirators, who entrapped the Spartan leaders at a banquet and put them to instant death.

Then Sparta sent an army in the dead of winter to avenge the treachery (so she termed it) of the Thebans. It certainly was a piece of treachery, but no more of a crime than that by which Sparta had seized the Cadmeia; and as a similar attempt had just been made to seize the Piræus, the seaport of Athens, the Athenians joined forces with Thebes against the Spartans. Two

sharp actions were fought at Tanagra and Tegyra, and for the first time in their history the Spartans were compelled to retreat before an inferior force. The supremacy of Sparta was destroyed.

Then a great convention of the states was called at Sparta. Persia wished aid from them in quelling a revolt in Egypt, and here the trouble broke out afresh. It seems that after the affair at Tegyra, Thebes had assumed the same domineering attitude towards the other cities of Bœotia that Sparta had to those of the Peloponnesus. The Athenians, in some jealousy of the growing powers of Thebes, had well-nigh decided to withdraw from their alliance. Speeches were made by eminent Athenians, proposing peace on terms satisfactory to all but Thebes. Athens and Sparta would have deprived Thebes of all control over her neighbors in Bœotia, yet retained certain powers of their own.

This brought to his feet the sole envoy of Thebes, Epaminondas, a man who already had become the object of much attention throughout the entire confederacy. From the day of its congress at Sparta he became the most prominent. In plain, emphatic language he dared what none but he had dared before. Sparta was vehemently assailed for her conduct towards the cities of Laconia, which, said he, was infinitely more arrogant than that of Thebes toward her neighbors of Bœotia. In exasperation Agesilaus, King of Sparta, sprang from his seat. "Speak plainly," said he to Epaminondas; "will you or will you not leave the cities of Bœotia free from all interference on your part?"

"Will *you* promise freedom to your neighbors of Laconia?" was the answer.

And Thebes was stricken from the rolls as exempted from the terms of the treaty. This was in June, 371 B. C. Epaminondas returned in haste to Bœotia. Athens withdrew from her old alliance, and all Greece stood aside to see Thebes and Sparta meet in single combat.

This time, even though Thebes stood alone, Sparta had reason to be cautious.

To begin with, the finest soldier and tactician yet born to

Greece stood at the head of the Theban army, and as scholar and statesman he was as complete as soldier.

Epaminondas was the son of Polymnis. His family was poor, had always been poor, but among the oldest of Thebes. They claimed their origin from the very dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus. At the time of the democratic reorganization in Thebes—378 B. C.—Epaminondas was in the prime of life. He had spent years in military and gymnastic training, was skilled in music, and learned in philosophy, history, and politics. It was said of him that no man of his day knew more and talked less. He was pure, true, valiant, and steadfast, and to him Thebes confided her fortunes when the Spartan army came swarming over the mountain boundary from Phocis on the west; for in Phocis it so happened the Spartans at that moment had some ten thousand well-trained soldiers under Cleombrotus.

But, pre-eminent as the men of Laconia had been up to the day of Tegyra, they now had to encounter a foe skilled and disciplined as themselves. For years past, under such soldiers as Pelopidas and Epaminondas, a regular camp of instruction had been maintained on the open plain near Thebes; and, while all the soldiery had been put through a sharp course of training, one battalion in particular, an organization perfected in 378 B. C., was now renowned throughout Greece. It never had its superior, if indeed it ever found its equal. This was "The Sacred Band." It was composed of three hundred hoplites, heavy armed infantry, and consecrated to the defence of the Cadmeia or Acropolis. It was under constant training, and consisted of young men picked from the best families of Thebes, and so drawn up in ranks that each pair of neighboring soldiers were intimate friends. To join it required years of trial and exercise in the palæstra—the martial games and contests of the city. To belong to it was the highest honor to which a young soldier could aspire. Destined at first to form a front rank for the Theban infantry, it was soon changed by Epaminondas into a regiment acting by itself, formed in deep charging column. And this was the compact little phalanx that had hewn its way through the hitherto indomitable Spartans at Tegyra. It had proved irresistible.

With only six or seven thousand men, all told, Epaminondas set forth from Thebes to contest the march of Cleombrotus with his ten thousand from Phocis into Bœotia. But the Spartan had met the "Sacred Band" before, and knew better than to assail it when between him and home. He did a thing Spartan generals hitherto scorned to do—manœuvred. He moved rapidly southward, seized the port of Creusis on the Crissæan Gulf, captured the twelve Theban triremes in the harbor, left a garrison there to hold the place, marched northward again over the low mountain range, and encamped on the high grounds of the eastern slopes of Mount Helicon, near a little town called Leuctra, west of Thebes, only a short march from it, and not far northwest of Plataea, with which we formed acquaintance in the previous chapter.

Here the Thebans came down to meet them. They were discomfited and annoyed by the success of the Spartan move and the loss of their seaport. It took all the energy and vim of Epaminondas to keep them firm. Of the seven commanders—Bœotarchs, as they were called—three already showed great timidity and urged the policy of falling back on Thebes and standing a siege, but the vote of the seventh decided in favor of the plan of Epaminondas—to fight then and there on the open ground. There was no exultation, no lively hope; the Thebans simply meant to do their duty and die there rather than submit to Sparta. Then superstition came to their aid.

From the Theban temples came encouraging omens; but, best of all, a Spartan exile, now serving in the Theban ranks, announced his conviction that here was the very spot designated by the gods for the overthrow of Sparta. Here, he pointed out, stood the tomb of two maidens of Leuctra, who, wandering together in the fields, had been seized and violated by some soldiers of Lacedæmon a few years before. Dishonored and despairing, they slew themselves; and their father, after vainly imploring redress from Sparta, invoked curses on the kinsmen of those who had wrought such foul wrong to him and to his, died by his own hand at their grave, and the three were now entombed together.

In a dream Pelopidas was visited by the spirit of the father, and assured that if the Thebans would but sacrifice "an auburn virgin" at the tomb victory would be theirs. The Theban generals were sorely perplexed as to what was meant by an "auburn" virgin, but in the midst of their consultation a mare with a chestnut filly galloped up. The prophet Theocritus sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Here comes the very victim required, sent by the gods themselves." And with eager haste and infinite relief the soldiers captured the filly and offered her as sacrifice upon the tomb.

Fanciful as this story may be, there is universal testimony to the effect that all the omens were in favor of attack. In the highest spirits the men of Thebes and Bœotia sprang to their places, and the memorable battle of Leuctra began.

Epaminondas had neglected no human precaution. His enemy outnumbered him almost two to one. Hitherto armies met with a simultaneous clash along the whole line. The day of Leuctra marks the first change.

The Spartans were drawn up as usual in heavy masses, with Cleombrotus and the principal chiefs on their right. Epaminondas massed his best men opposite those on *his* extreme left. All through the Spartan lines was eager haste and zeal for battle. They were frantic to avenge the disgrace of Tegyra. Seeing the calm preparations of the Thebans, the army of Sparta had first finished a hearty morning meal and then pushed well out from camp, their cavalry dispersed along their entire front. But cavalry was something comparatively new in Sparta, while for years the men of Thebes had been accustomed to handling their arms while on horseback. Behind the cloud of horsemen to the south the army of Laconia advanced at slow and stately march toward the Theban camp, the Spartans on the right being drawn up twelve deep. Between the rapidly nearing lines of cavalry lay a shallow depression in the ground, running from northwest to southeast pretty nearly. Each army was marching down hill towards the other and would be apt to meet at the very bottom. But, before beginning his move to the front, Epaminondas had ordered back to Thebes all his baggage and camp-followers.

Seeing some lack of confidence among his allies, he called out that those tribes who felt too weak or uncertain to contend against the Spartans might fall out at the same time and get out of the way. He wanted no faint hearts with him. And the Thespians went. No sooner had they started than a large force of Spartan allies gave chase, scouring over the rolling hills to the northeast to head them off. The Thespians scurried back behind their comrades once more, and the Spartan allies started back to their own lines. But in their zeal they had gone a long distance—were widely separated from the Spartan army, now sensibly weakened by their absence; and now was the Theban opportunity. Epaminondas was the first to see it. He hurls his cavalry forward in headlong charge. They are hardly withstood at all. The Spartan cavalry, greatly inferior in skill and horsemanship, whatever it may be in numbers, is sent whirling back upon the infantry supports. They cannot get through; the infantry cannot advance. So here for a few moments the Theban horse ride around and over them, unmercifully belaboring the southern cavalry and even storming in upon the Spartan flanks. And now Cleombrotus urges forward the superb Spartan phalanx on the right. Twelve deep, in orderly disciplined array, they forge ahead, brushing away the swarming horsemen, friend and foe, like billows from an iron prow. Soon their serried ranks sweep their way out to the front and are seen in all their solid strength. They head squarely down the slope towards the Theban left. Presently they are practically alone, out in the air, for the centre and left of the Lacedæmonian line, composed of allies or inferior troops, have failed to hew their way through the crowding, contending horsemen in front. Indeed, they can see nothing ahead of them but this mass of plunging steeds and battling riders. And now, once more, Epaminondas gazes with eager satisfaction. On the northern slope his left is massed in charging column four times the depth of that of Sparta. There stand the Sacred Band, and behind them in solid phalanx—the whole nearly fifty deep—the other hoplites of Thebes. Off to their right, but “refused,” as the military term is—thrown back considerably behind the line of the left wing—stood the battal-

ions of the centre, and to their right and still further "refused" the other troops of Bœotia there enlisted. Epaminondas was the first general to attack in *échelon*, as though his battalions formed a succession of steps from right to left.

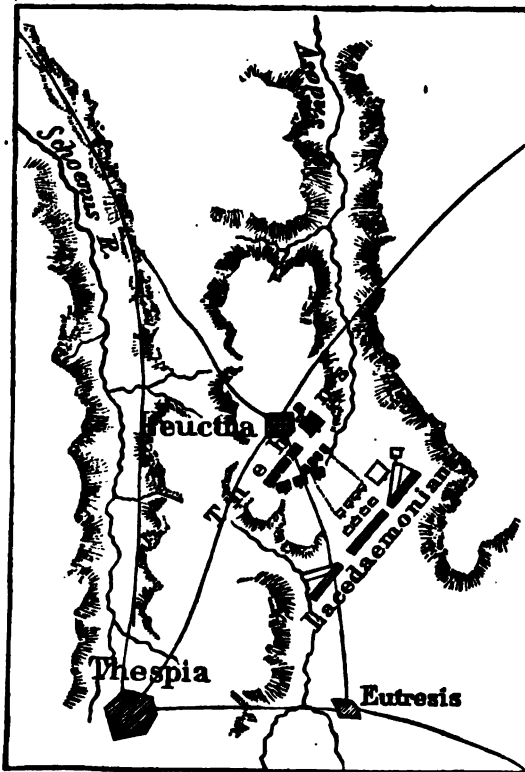
Now, as the Spartan band reaches the foot of the slope and begins the ascent, he gives the word to advance; and his left wing, with levelled spears, with great shields close locked, for all the world like one bristling battering-ram, with all the impetus of down-hill charge in column of fifty deep is hurled upon the up-hill-struggling square of Sparta.

Desperately, heroically, inflexibly as the latter fights, what possible chance has it? On purely mechanical principles the Thebans are sure of success. The phalanx of Lacedæmon is hewn to pieces. Cleombrotus himself receives his death-wound; Deinon, the polemarch, is slain; all the most eminent officers of the Spartan army fall there with him. Despite obstinate resistance and fearful slaughter, the strength of Sparta is wasted against the science of Thebes. Science and generalship win the battle for Epaminondas. All the stress of the battle fell upon the limited front where Spartan and Theban were locked in their death-struggle. Hardly anywhere else were the infantry lines engaged. Leuctra was fought and won just where Epaminondas intended it should be—on his Sacred Band.

And now, bearing their dying leader as their forefathers had borne Leonidas at Thermopylæ, the Spartans fell back fighting until they reached their camp. Then the Thebans were called off, and in perfect order Epaminondas retired his wearied left wing to the support of the rest of his line. The Lacedæmonians could fight no longer, for their losses had been from their very best. Their general dying, their leaders killed, only three hundred of the city troops of Sparta left of the seven hundred who so confidently swept forward in the triumphant charge of the morning, the allies now lukewarm or utterly disheartened, there was nothing left for them but to beg permission to bury their dead and go. Fifteen hundred men of Lacedæmon were, by the grace of Thebes, gathered and interred there upon the field where they had fought so fruitlessly and well, and five hundred

years afterwards the shields and weapons of their principal warriors still ornamented the temples of Thebes.

Only twenty days had elapsed since he quitted the hall of convention in Sparta, and here, on the field of Leuctra, with a loss of not more than four hundred of his men, Epaminondas stood the conqueror of the time-honored leaders and heroes of Greece. Sparta had gone down before the phalanx of Thebes.



BATTLE-FIELD OF LEUCTRA.

MANTINEA.

362 B. C.



INE years after Leuctra, Thebes and Sparta again met in battle far more important in point of numbers engaged and in its results. Leuctra is memorable as the first battle fought on the new tactical ideas introduced by Epaminondas; Mantinea as the last he ever fought, and the end of Theban supremacy.

During the eight intervening years there had been no peace between the rival states. Pelopidas, the great coadjutor of Epaminondas, had been killed in action in 363 B. C., and a large Theban army in 362 was marching to and fro in the Peloponnesus striking at Sparta and her allies. Epaminondas himself was in command. He had made an unsuccessful assault on Sparta, and followed it up by another equally unsuccessful against the city of Mantinea. Both attempts had been defeated by fortuitous accidents, and now two large armies were confronting each other on an elevated plain in the very heart of the Peloponnesus, about forty miles due north of Sparta.

This plain, now called Tripolitza, is about 2,000 feet above the sea-level. It is hemmed in on all sides by mountains; is about ten miles in length from north to south, and in its widest part is about eight miles across. The city of Mantinea lay at the northern end, while that of Tegea was at the southern. The province in which lay the plain was then and is now called Arcadia, and the site of Mantinea is now occupied by a little town called Palæopoli.

About four miles south of Mantinea the mountains east and west seem to send out a long spur, forming a ridge across the

plain, through which, about the middle, was a depression, and through this depression ran the road from Tegea to Mantinea.

Along this ridge, facing south, was formed the army of Sparta and her allies, old King Agesilaus of Sparta being himself present, it is believed, though now in his eightieth year. Besides the hoplites of his own city and of Lacedæmon generally there were gathered there a fine body of Athenian cavalry, and all the infantry of Mantinea and other towns of Arcadia; also the available troops of Elis and Achaia, the provinces bordering Arcadia on the west and north. The entire force numbered probably about 22,000 men, of whom 2,000 were cavalry.

And now Epaminondas (who had been resting his men within the walls of Tegea after the rapid marching required in the attempted surprise of Sparta and Mantinea) determined upon a pitched battle with his antagonists. Of the exact number in his army we have no definite account. Xenophon and Diodorus are both accused of strong leaning to the Spartan side, exaggerating the numbers of the Thebans. It seems probable that the forces actually engaged in the battle were about equally matched. Epaminondas had between two and three thousand horse, but they had been roughly handled in the cavalry fight with the Athenians around the wall of Mantinea a few days previous. They were all native Thebans and Thessalians. The infantry of his army was made up by the celebrated Theban Sacred Band and the Bœotian hoplites, footmen of Eubœa and Thessaly, Locrians and other allies of northern Greece. Then from the Peloponnesus he had been joined by all the Arcadians living along the Spartan frontier and hating the Spartans for old aggressions, and the Argeians and Messenians who had joined him for similar reasons. Both armies were filled with long tried and hardy soldiers; both were confident of success, and eager for the coming battle.

In the army of Epaminondas the order, "Prepare for battle," was received with great enthusiasm; the horsemen whitened their helmets; the hoplites burnished up their arms and shields and sharpened sword and spear. Even the Arcadian peasants and villagers, who had nothing but clubs, were eager to take

their part in the fray, and so decorated their puny wooden shields with the Theban colors. The army marched out from the gates of Tegea full of hope and confidence.

Once outside the gates, Epaminondas arranged his order of march. He with his chosen Thebans and Bœotians in the extreme lead; the Messenians, Arcadians, Eubœans followed, and last of all came the Argeians. The formation must have been peculiar, and was evidently the result of a good deal of study and planning. The road was broad; the plain open and unobstructed. At the head of column strode the phalanx of Thebes, marching in files fifty deep, each "lochús," or company of fifty, headed by its "lochage," or captain, acting as file leader. Just how many of these files of fifty there were marching side by side we do not know. The Sacred Band alone would have six files, and it is probable that the other Theban battalions were no smaller than it—300 men, and it would seem that at least two, and probably three or four, of these battalions marched side by side, forming a front of at least twelve and possibly of twenty-four men. This very deep, compact and heavy formation, however, was confined to the Thebans and Bœotians. The Eubœans, Thessalians, and the Peloponnesian allies marched in lighter order, but all well closed toward the head of the column; no such thing as straggling or opening out being permitted.

From the gates of Tegea to the ridge on which the army of Sparta stood waiting their coming was perhaps five miles and a half, and until the last of his army was well outside those gates Epaminondas marched squarely up the road towards the centre of the enemy's position. Then all at once the whole army began to incline well over to the west until it almost reached the foothills of the range, and now, disposing his cavalry along his right flank, the Theban commander resumed his northward march. He was aiming so as to march between the right flank of the Spartans and the mountains to the west. The move puzzled them, and the Spartan leaders could not understand its object. They crowded together in consultation, for the same extraordinary system prevailed, no one man being in chief command. Up to the day of Leuctra, as has been said, there was

only one recognized way of fighting a battle—a simultaneous attack along the whole front. There, however, Epaminondas had taught Greece a lesson in fighting tactics that kept them all in awe of him. They were prepared to have him throw forward his right or his left in heavy charging column now, but—what did this mean? From all accounts it would appear that by keeping his cavalry well out between him and the enemy Epaminondas prevented their seeing his formation. Otherwise there can be no excuse for the inaction of the Spartans then, or after the Thebans had halted.

At all events, utterly unmolested, Epaminondas marched his column on up the ridge until the head of it was beyond or at least squarely in line with the Spartan right. Here he halted his men, closed their ranks, and then, deliberately facing them to their right, toward the east that is, he commanded "ground arms;" and the wondering army of Lacedæmon came to the conclusion that Thebes did not mean to fight that day. They had simply marched up to get within range, and now they were going into camp for a good rest before trying conclusions on the morrow. Nobody seemed capable of explaining the matter otherwise. They could not see what Epaminondas himself was doing at the head of column because that veil of horsemen was still out between the Mantineans on their right and the Thebans and Bœotians; but, back toward the centre and rear, it was plain to see that the Messenians, Arcadian renegades, as the Mantineans regarded their countrymen serving with Thebes, and the Argeians had laid down their spears and shields and were idly waiting in ranks for the order to go into camp. Of course a corresponding change had to be made in the direction of the Spartan line so as to face that of Thebes, and probably before breaking ranks the change was made, swinging round in a great wheel to the west; but then, with the Mantineans and Lacedæmonians on their right and right centre, the allies in the centre, the Athenians on the left, and beyond them the skilled horsemen of Athens, the army of Sparta threw down shield and spear, horsemen took off their own breastplates and the bridles of their steeds, and in easy confidence and disorder sprawled about the

plain. On their right, however, their Eleian horsemen had to keep on the alert, for there they were confronted by the restless and mysterious movements of the Theban cavalry.

And now, behind that cavalry screen, what was Epaminondas doing? Resuming in silence its arms and shields, the phalanx of Thebes and Bœotia was wheeled to the right, so as to bring each "lochage" or file-leader toward the Mantineans. Standing as they now did the new front of these battalions projected some distance out beyond the general line, which was never more than eight files in depth except the mass with which Epaminondas proposed to charge; and here, just as at Leuctra, he had formed it on the left of his line. Next the cavalry are suddenly drawn aside, the Theban and Thessalian horsemen trotting into their places on the left of the phalanx so as to face the horsemen of Elis. Another body rides off to the right rear of the Bœotian battalions to protect them in case the Athenian horse should detect the move in time and strive to sweep down along the whole length of the line and take the phalanx in flank. Everything had been planned by Epaminondas beforehand. Everything moved like clock-work. Even the peltasts or light troops whom he designed to have act with the horsemen in the intervals between their squadrons, even they were in place as the cavalry swept off to right and left, and revealed to the amazed eyes of the Spartan army the grand phalanx of Thebes—a bristling, compact, metallic mass just springing forward to the attack. At the same instant the signal "Take arms!" rang along the Theban line, and the ready soldiers seized shield and spear, awaiting the signal to advance.

And now, in haste and confusion, the allies of the Peloponnesus run to their places in ranks. Only the Eleian cavalry has remained ready for action, but, before they can trot to the front to throw themselves upon the left flank of the advancing Thebans, with wild shouts and clangor the horsemen of Bœotia and Thessaly, ranged in deep columns somewhat like the infantry, come tearing down upon them in full charge. The men of Elis are only four deep; the squadrons of Thebes are at least twelve, and mass and velocity are both in their favor. In three minutes the

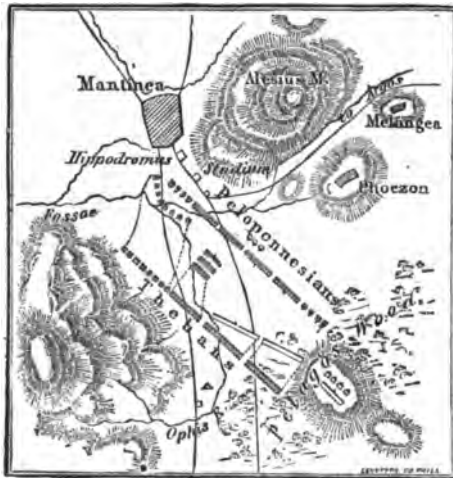
Peloponnesian horsemen are tumbled over the plain or sent scattering off to the rear. Meantime the infantry has formed its lines, eight deep, and yet the men have barely got their places before the phalanx is upon them. There, foremost of all, after the fashion of the day, fights Epaminondas; the general-in-chief, armed and equipped like any of his comrades, on foot, with spear, sword, and shield, leads his men into battle. The stoutest, bravest of his officers fight by his side. Then comes the front rank of the phalanx, made up as it is of the most stalwart soldiers of them all, the "lochages;" then, close at their heels, the compact thousand, moving with cadenced step as one powerful man. The shock is irresistible. In vain Spartans and Mantineans throw themselves upon the wall of shields. They cannot penetrate that solid front; they cannot bring mass enough, to check the headway of that united rush. They fight desperately, gallantly; they back one another up; their overlapping flanks crowd in towards the centre. No man shirks, but they have no organization to resist this organized assault. Epaminondas with his tactics and science is sweeping all before him. Still the Spartans will not turn; they are borne backward, but fighting every inch of the way. Greek has met Greek in deadly grapple, and now indeed is the tug of war. Then the Theban cavalry falls upon the flank of the Mantineans, and at last, as the head of the phalanx bursts through the opposing masses, the Spartans had to turn, *had* to run. And when Sparta could turn tail no other Greek need be ashamed to go. *Now*, as the Theban right and centre sweep forward in support, their opponents, even the men of gallant Attica, make no resistance of any consequence. In consternation at the utter rout of Sparta they too fall back before triumphant foemen, and the whole army of the Peloponnesus is in full retreat.

But at what cost? Pressing forward in the ardor of pursuit, after killing a Spartan officer in hand-to-hand conflict, Epaminondas receives a thrusting spear full in the breast, and is brought to earth. He had turned probably to cheer on his soldiers, had forgotten for an instant his guard, and a Spartan officer, seizing the opportunity, had dealt the fatal blow, leaving his spear

quivering in the body of the victor; the handle broke, but the barbed point had taken deep root.

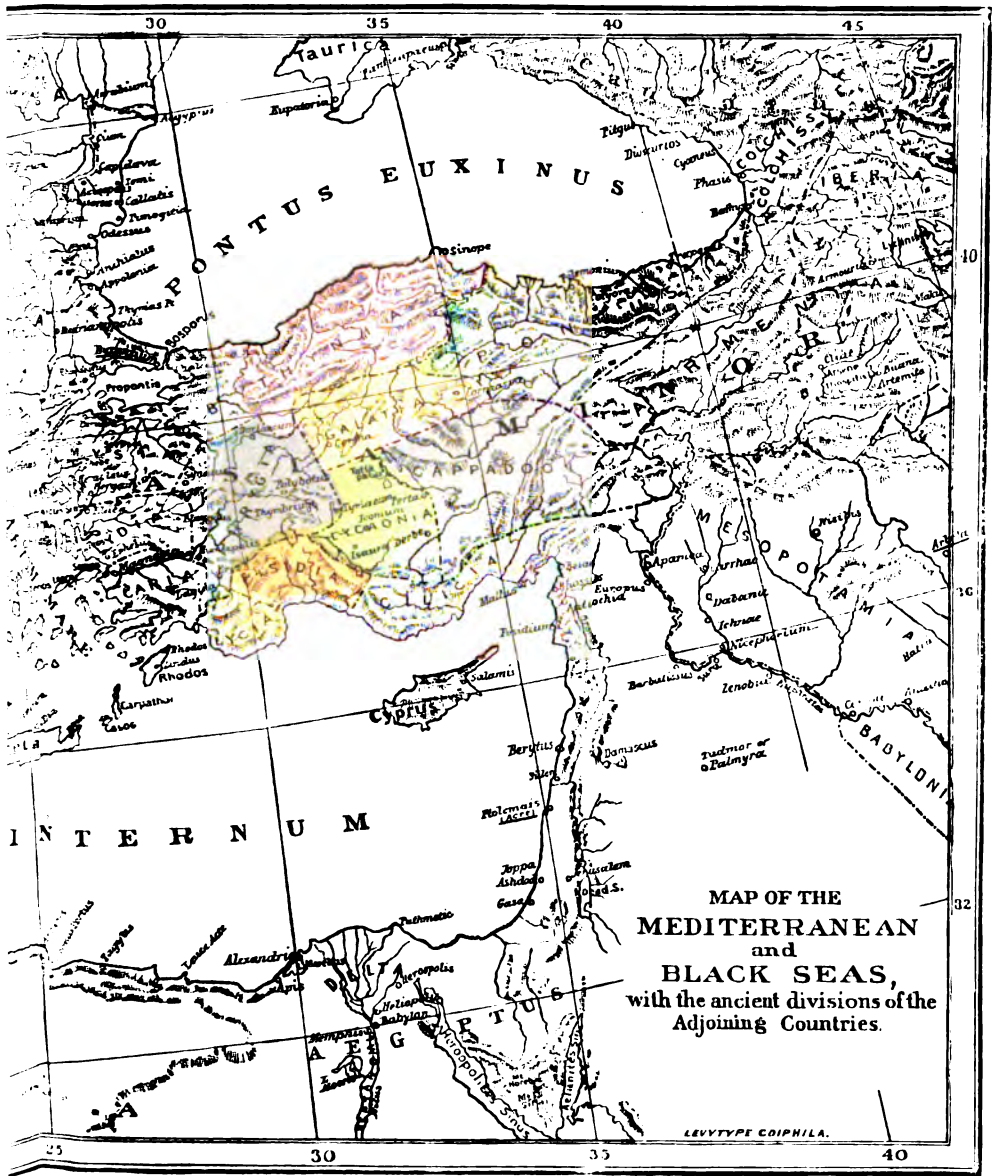
The news spread like wildfire. The pursuit was instantly abandoned; the army of Sparta was allowed to form again some few miles away. All the Thebans crowded in dismay about their prostrate chief. All their hopes, all their confidence had been centred on him. Without him they were paralyzed, and what should have been an overwhelming and decisive blow to Sparta was turned into a mere temporary victory for Thebes.

Epaminondas felt that his wound was mortal. The surgeons assured him that if the spear-head were withdrawn the rush of blood would end his life. First he inquired if his shield and arms were safe, and was assured that they were. Then he called for the two officers whom he most trusted, and to one of whom he probably intended to delegate the command. Both had been killed in the charge. "Then you must make peace with the enemy," said he, for there was now no one left who was competent to command. Then he directed the spear-head to be withdrawn, and with it the life went out of the greatest soldier Greece had yet known. With it the power of Thebes departed. Peace was signed on the basis of an independence of the separate states, and the era of Epaminondas was over.



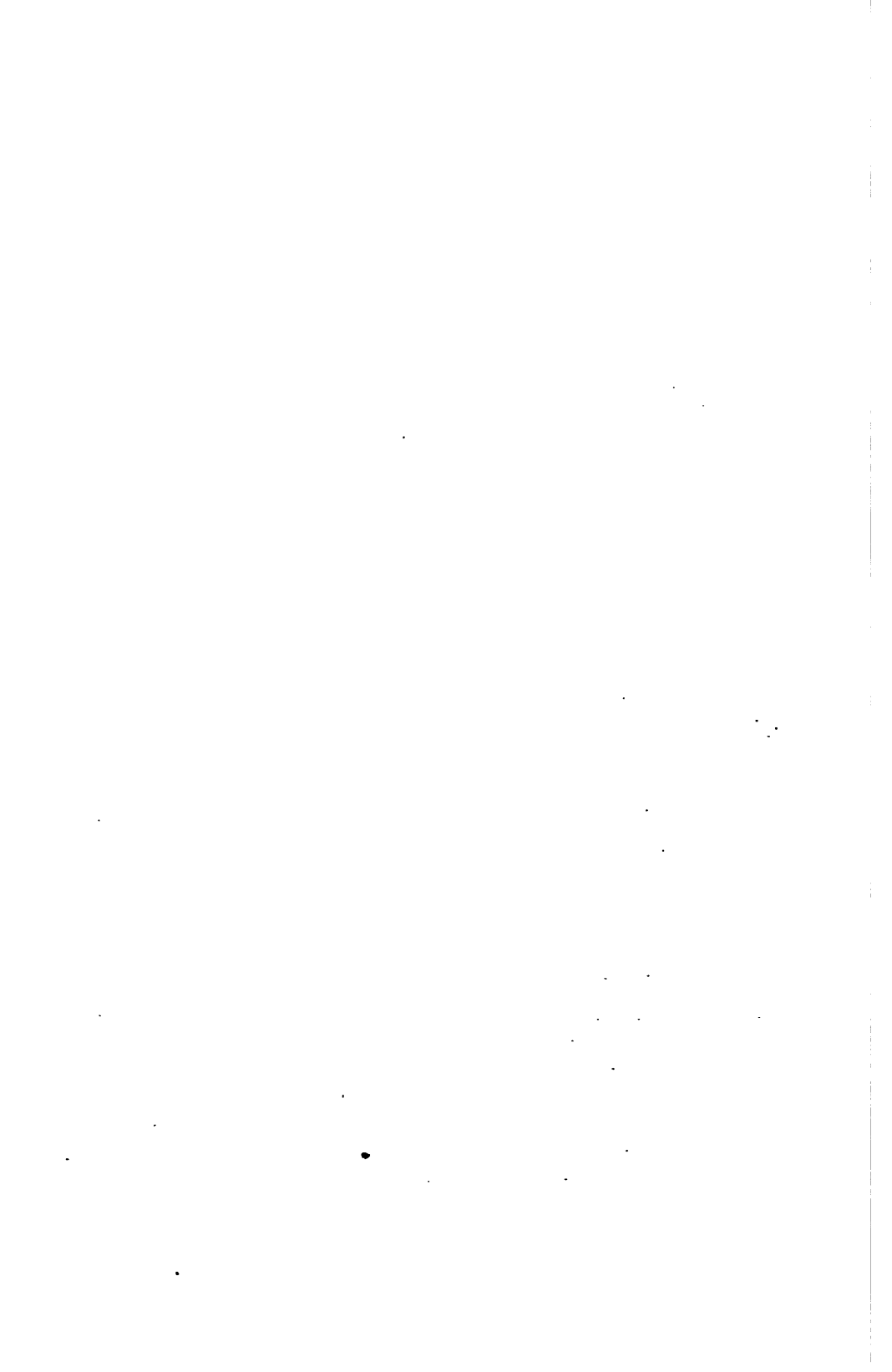
BATTLE-FIELD OF MANTINEA.





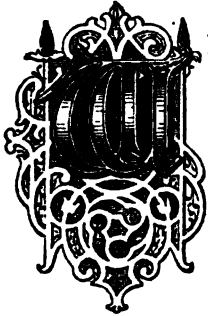
MAP OF THE
 MEDITERRANEAN
 and
 BLACK SEAS,
 with the ancient divisions of the
 Adjoining Countries.

LEVY TYPE CO PHILA.



ARBELA.

331 B. C.



MITH the death of Epaminondas at Mantinea all thought of Theban conquest died with him. His was the master mind of his day, and without him his state fell back to her former rank, and then, some twenty years after, all Greece found itself attacked and speedily overcome by a new antagonist—a neighbor hitherto little known and less feared. Rugged Macedon, her northern borderer, swept down and became mistress of the confederacy.

In the old days of the military school at Thebes, while training his Sacred Band, Epaminondas had received and educated a soldierly young Macedonian, a man who three years after Mantinea became ruler of his own province, and who speedily turned to good account the teachings of his youth. Philip, King of Macedon, began his reign in 359 B. C., and to him is due all credit for the adoption or invention of the most perfect military system known even to warlike Greece—a system that speedily made him the conqueror of all the nations around him; that eventually made his renowned son the conqueror of the known world. Alexander the Great, when only twenty years of age, sprang to the throne vacated by the murder of his father, and during the eleven years of his reign he won a name as warrior, leader and general that has never been excelled. As a successful soldier he stands perhaps without a peer.

The boyhood of this renowned chieftain had been spent mainly at the court of his father, King Philip. For his tutor and mentor, no less a scholar than the great Aristotle had been selected,

and his education, mental and physical, had been far more thorough than that of the noble youth of his day. His delight was in the history of warfare, however, and all his energies were bent to the mastery of that one science. His boyhood had been passed in scenes of strife, for the drunken old king on more than one occasion had striven to slay him in some insane fit of rage. Between father and son there was no accord; and it was with eagerness, not filial regret, that Alexander took up the reins of government before he had fairly reached his majority. A brief campaign in southern Greece secured him the submission of Athens, already crippled by Thebes and Sparta. Then in solemn convention at Corinth he was chosen Emperor of the Greeks, despite the opposition of Sparta. Then followed his sharp and decisive war with Thrace, and a short campaign across the Danube, both eminently successful from a military point of view. But during his absence, emboldened by rumors of his death in distant lands, the Thebans rose and threw off the Macedonian yoke, and then, to their consternation, after a wonderfully rapid and skillful march, Alexander appeared suddenly before their gates to avenge the insult of their disloyalty. Thebes was razed to the ground and its garrison, scorning to plead for mercy, died to a man, sword in hand, while, to the lasting shame and subsequent bitter regret of the conqueror, hundreds of helpless women and children were slaughtered in cold blood.

All this was accomplished within a year of his accession to the throne. His rule throughout the states of southeastern Europe was now undisputed, and with eager eyes he turned eastward. There lay the fabulous wealth of the empire that for years had threatened and, up to the day of their crushing defeat at Plataea, invaded Greece. From his very boyhood the dream of his life had been the conquest of that array of nations still following the banners of the Great King, and, now that all was peace and quiet at home, he rapidly prepared for a counter-invasion.

Alexander had neither wealth nor even 100,000 men. Macedon was poor, and Greece had been engaged in ceaseless civil strife

for an entire century and was well-nigh reduced to poverty. Alexander had the upper hand, however, and held it with iron grasp. It was indispensable that he should leave at home a sufficient force and an energetic viceroy to check incipient insurrection before he could feel at liberty to move; and the home garrisons having been selected, and one of his father's most trusted officers—Antipater—assigned as ruler in his absence, with full power to summarily crush any sedition or revolt that might arise, the young King of Macedon proceeded at once to Pella to organize his invading force.

With only 30,000 infantry, 4,500 cavalry, and a small "train" of projectile-throwing machines, Alexander was ferried across the Hellespont in his own vessels and entered upon a series of conquests the like of which the world never saw. Macedonian by birth, he never again returned to the state of his nativity; he never recrossed the straits. Adding year by year, month by month, to his immense possessions in Asia, he lived and died in the new empire won by his sword.

Small as was his army, it was the most efficient ever yet seen upon the plains of Greece. It was the perfected machine of a century of experiment.

Already the Macedonian phalanx, the creation of King Philip, had made itself known in Greece. Designed only to fight on open ground, and mainly to overcome the hitherto invincible hoplites of Athens, Sparta and Thebes, it was an established success. It had hurled back the heavy-armed pike and spear-men of Hellas, and the ponderous depth of the charging column, the tactical offspring of Epaminondas, was powerless against it. Unwieldy as an anvil though it may seem to us to-day, it had its uses. It was never beaten, says the historian Polybius, when attacked in front or on ground suitable for its massive manœuvres. Later we shall see how a still more scientific order, the Roman legion, ground it into powder.

At the time of the first campaign of Alexander the "phalangites" of Macedonia were drawn up in separate files, each called a lochus, of sixteen stalwart men; the first man, or file-leader, was selected for superior strength, skill, courage and endurance;

he was graded as a non-commissioned officer; the second, third and last men of the file were also picked soldiers, receiving higher pay than their fellows. While the lochus may have been the unit of organization, the lowest subdivision which appears to have been maintained and manœuvred as a distinct command was the syntagma, a square battalion of sixteen lochi: a solid mass of men sixteen front, sixteen deep, each man having about two feet "fighting space."

Allowing one foot depth and about twenty-two inches width or front as the space occupied by a soldier in ranks, and two feet space from back to breast throughout the files, we have a depth of forty-eight feet for the syntagma, and the front being equal to the depth there was a trifle over one foot of space between the shoulders of the men in the same rank or line. This space was needed, as will be seen when their armament is described. To each syntagma, posted outside the square, were attached five officers—the commander, a syntagmarch (corresponding to our major), whose position was in front of the centre; a second in command, who stood in rear of the battalion; an adjutant, a herald and a trumpeter, who accompanied the chief.

When the casualties of war reduced the number of men in a syntagma and the vacancy could not be filled, a reduction was made in the front of the command, never in its depth. Sixteen deep was the invariable formation of the Macedonian phalanx, far deeper than had been considered necessary by any nation except Thebes.

Such was the massive formation of the phalanx of Alexander. Now as to its armament—this, too, the device of King Philip. All Greece had done its fighting for years past with a sharp and heavy spear, falling back on its short sword only when the spear was broken or wrenched away. This spear, heavy as it was, and somewhat unwieldy, was handled only with the right, the left arm being cumbered with a ponderous shield that covered almost the entire person, and which could itself be used as an offensive weapon in headlong charge.

Philip discarded the great shield, put a breast-plate on his phalangites, and into their hands, both of which it took to wield it,

a tremendous spear, not less than twenty-one, some say twenty-four feet in length from tip to butt—the far-famed Macedonian sarissa.

Advancing to the charge, or repelling attack, this weapon, grasped in both hands, was lowered nearly to the horizontal. It projected at least fifteen feet in front of the spearman, and the remaining six or eight feet behind the hands was weighted to form a partial balance. The spears of the second rank projected twelve feet, those of the third nine feet, those of the fourth six, and those of the fifth three feet beyond the soldiers of the foremost rank, the lochages themselves; so that any soldier armed with pike, poniard or sword would have to hew his way in through all these spear-heads before he could hope to reach the foeman himself. The sixth and following ranks did not lower the spear to the horizontal, but held it sloping over the shoulders of the ranks in front.

This was the heavy infantry of Macedon, and to aid them, to cover their flanks and rear, were the light infantry of the line—shield and pike-bearers, drilled and disciplined like Grecian hoplites, but trained for hand-to-hand combat. At first Alexander had but few of these guards, as he termed them—*hypaspists* as they are generally known—but they proved their usefulness on many a field, and were soon greatly added to. These infantrymen of the line occupied an intermediate place between the phalangites and the skirmishers (*peltastæ*), who were selected always from the auxiliaries, and at the time of his review of the army after entering Asia Minor and before his first encounter with Persia, his infantry was divided as follows: Phalangites and hypaspists, 12,000; *peltastæ*, 7,000; mercenary troops, 5,000; Thracian and Illyrian footmen, 5,000; archers, 1,000.

Admirable as was the organization of his infantry, Alexander seems to have taken most pride in the Macedonian cavalry, the favorite arm of the nation for years. "Companions" he termed his heavy cavalry, who were all native Macedonians, and of these, one pet squadron, the Agema, was the "King's Own," for at its head Alexander himself charged in person. Heavily clad in defensive armor, these horsemen carried a *xyston*, or heavy

thrusting pike, a dreaded weapon in a *mêlée*, and a terrible toeman did this heavy cavalryman prove in the shock of combat. To aid him and to cover his flanks, as the hypaspists sheltered those of the phalanx, was a large and well-trained body of light horse—lancers, in fact—armed with a light but long and powerful sarissa. Then, again, it was soon in the power of Alexander to organize a very efficient body of irregulars from among the horsemen of the nations he overran, so that both in cavalry and infantry he was provided with three distinct classes of troops: the "heavies," for attack in solid mass, bearing all before them in the impetus and weight of the charge; the intermediate, or light linesmen, covering the flanks of the unwieldy mail-clad foot and horse, but fighting in serried ranks themselves; and third, skirmishers and irregulars, hovering like falcons over front, flank and rear, the eyes and ears of his army.

In addition to these troops and a rude artillery useful only when it came to the assault of fortified cities, Alexander had grouped about his person a corps of chosen men, the Body Guards, recruited from the sons of the chief men of Macedon, organized first as Royal Pages; then, after severe training, to fit them for the bodily wear and tear demanded of those who were to accompany the monarch, himself the most energetic, untiring athlete of them all, they joined his guard, and from this prominent position under his vigilant eye were selected for various important duties, being detached as adjutants for the various generals or frequently assigned to high commands. The Royal Pages were the cadet corps of Macedon.

Over them all was the monarch himself, a man of superb physique, a man of iron constitution and dauntless courage, a man who added to infinite personal bravery and restless energy the rapid inspiration of a military genius. Quick to seize on every and any advantage, quick to act, making his strategical combinations with unerring skill, and handling his troops upon the field of battle with rare tactical ability, planning everything before the fight, giving his orders with the clearness of day, then sharing the brunt of battle with the humblest soldier.

Opposed to him and them was a new Darius. Of this mon-

arch we know very little. He was accepted as ruler without much opposition apparently by the Persians; was a descendant of one of the brothers of Artaxerxes Memnon, and had killed a formidable antagonist in single combat, so his authority was passively accepted. He made himself conspicuous, however, by boasting that he had instigated the murder of Philip of Macedon, and by sneering at the boy-king who succeeded him—two things he learned speedily to regret.

Persia had no such infantry as in the old days, either in number or discipline. Her cavalry was still powerful and efficient, but when Darius hastened his forces toward the Hellespont to confront the army of Alexander, he could muster less than thirty thousand footmen. The fatal error had been committed of permitting the Macedonians to cross the straits, and now with only twenty odd thousand infantry, but at least that many well-equipped horsemen, all under command of a skillful general, Memnon, an attempt was made to fight in the open field.

No more terse, comprehensive and soldierly critique of the campaign that followed has ever been written probably than that of the great Napoleon, who placed Alexander as one of the seven greatest generals of the world. Five days after leaving the Hellespont Alexander had forced the passage of the Granicus, scattering to the winds the army of Memnon. "He spent the whole year 333 in establishing his power in Asia Minor," says Napoleon. "In the year 332 he met with Darius at the head of sixty thousand men who had taken up a position near Tarsus, on the banks of the Issus, in the province of Cilicia. He defeated him, took Damascus, which contained all the riches of the great king, and laid siege to Tyre. This superb metropolis of the commerce of the world detained him nine months. He took Gaza after a siege of two months, crossed the desert in seven days, entered Pelusium and Memphis, and founded Alexandria. In less than two years, after two battles and four or five sieges, the coasts of the Black Sea, from Phazis to Byzantium (now Constantinople), those of the Mediterranean as far as Alexandria, all Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt had submitted to his arms."

Such, in brief, is the summary of one great soldier and con-

queror of the two years' campaign of a great predecessor. It was in the year 331 that, returning from Egypt, Alexander re-entered Damascus, crossed the Euphrates and Tigris, and won the bloody and decisive battle of Arbela.

Darius Codomannus had turned out to be a coward of the worst order. At the battle of the Issus, in the previous year, he fled from the field in absolute panic, leaving his mother, his wife and children to fall into the hands of the victor. He led the retreat in which so many of his thousands, hemmed in by the walls of the mountain defile through which they were compelled to rush for their lives, were trampled under foot by their own comrades. It is impossible to understand how the knights of Persia, who were unquestionably brave and warlike men, could ever have rallied to his defence a second time, but they did; and on reaching Damascus on his return from Egypt, Alexander learned that Darius with an immense army lay east of the Tigris or Euphrates ready to contest his march to the interior. At the Issus the Persians were compelled to fight on ground where their numerical superiority hampered rather than aided them, but east of the Tigris, near the village of Gaugamela, lay a broad plain most favorable for the evolutions of a great body of men, and here Darius determined to make his stand. To this end he established his camp of supply at Arbela, some twenty miles east of the position which he had selected, and then systematically prepared the field for the coming conflict. This was to be the third and final attempt of Persia to crush the now dreaded conqueror. Ruin must inevitably await the vanquished army. If Alexander should prevail, all Persia lay at his feet. Babylon, Susa, Persepolis, the wealthy capitals, lay but a short distance to the south. On the other hand, could Darius but gather sufficient force to overwhelm the Macedonian, there would be no further foe to dread, for with the Tigris and Euphrates behind them, the army of Greece would be cut off from all possibility of retreat to the seaboard, and their fate would be annihilation.

So far as number was concerned, Darius had no difficulty in bringing to his standard an army abundantly sufficient to overwhelm, outflank, surround and eventually destroy the solid

little force of Macedon. Forty-seven thousand, all told, was the limit of the command, at the head of which Alexander crossed the Euphrates; we have it from the journals of his two distinguished generals, Aristobulus and Ptolemy, whose records of the entire campaign have become the keystones of history, and against that number it was in the power of Darius to marshal at least ten to one. His cavalry force alone is put at forty thousand; his infantry, archers and javelin-throwers were in myriads. Arrian says there were a million, but half that number would be more than Darius could handle in action. Elephants armed and caparisoned for war made their first appearance on a battle-field at Arbela; for, with all his numbers, Darius knew that some device must be resorted to to break through the hitherto impenetrable wall of the phalanx, and now he believed he had solved the problem. Two hundred war-chariots, drawn by powerful horses, driven by mail-clad men, provided with sharp scythes jutting out from the axles, and sword-blades projecting from the end of the pole, were daily exercised in charging across the plain. Every hillock had been razed, every hollow filled so as to present a level track for their advance, and with these engines and his huge elephants, urged at headlong speed, Darius counted upon crushing his way into the heart of the phalanx, and then, launching forth his cavalry, to hew it into fragments.

Confidently awaiting the coming of Alexander, he posted his immense force upon this plain of Kurdistan, facing a little west of north, his left resting near the Tigris, his right near the river Zab, a rapid and difficult branch that had taken him five days to cross. In front of him lay the vast level, along which he invited the foe to advance; beyond that, three short miles away, lay the low range of hills, over which Alexander must come. Already Darius knew of his crossing of the Tigris, five days' march above him. Confident in his ability to crush, he had not opposed by a single arm the transfer of the Macedonian army to the eastern bank. He wanted them to cross. It would place them utterly in his power.

And now, deployed upon the field on which the destiny of Asia was to be decided, stood the army of King Darius. The

left wing, under command of Bessus, Satrap of Baktria, was made up of Baktrians, Dahae and Arachosians, the native Persians, both horse and foot, the Susians and Kadusians. In the centre of the entire line was Darius himself, with his chosen horse-guard, his division of Persian spearmen, successors of the "Immortals" of Xerxes, now carrying golden apples at the butt of their spears; Karians and Mardians, his best archers, and the strong division of hireling Greeks, the only troops he dared hope could successfully cope with the phalanx should the phalanx force its resistless way in upon his chosen position.

On the right lay the Syrians; then in order, from right to left, the Medes, Parthians, Sacæ, Tapyrians, Hyrkanians, Albanians, and Sakesinæ. This was the main line. To the rear were vast forces from Babylon and the deserts to the west, the wilds to the east of Susiana. These seem to have been the reserves. In front of the left wing, nearest the Tigris, were posted one hundred of the scythed chariots, guarded by picked bodies of cavalry, Scythians and Baktrians. Fifty more were in front of Darius in the centre, and the remaining fifty in front of the right wing, covered by cavalry escorts from the Armenians and Cappadocians.

From the fact that the preponderance of his force was from the centre to the left, it would seem that Darius expected Alexander to "hug" the Tigris in his advance, keeping his right secure from being flanked—a very reasonable supposition. And now, armed far better than they had ever been before, with strong swords and formidable thrusting-pikes in place of the puny javelins of the past, and protected for the first time in their history, the infantry by shields, the horsemen by breast-plates, the great army of Darius impatiently awaited the coming of the foe.

But Alexander was in no hurry. Throwing forward a sufficient force to hold the crossing at Thapsacus on the Euphrates, he, by easy marches, reached that point about the end of August, crossed and turned northward toward the mountains instead of southward through the deserts, beyond which lay Babylon and Susa. Carefully watching the bearing of his men, guarding them against unnecessary suffering or fatigue, he felt his way along the foothills towards the Tigris, and about the 20th of September

learned that somewhere down around the town of Gaugamela Darius awaited his coming. Then, for a day or two, he hurried forward, seized the fords of the Tigris, and, unopposed by the Persians, but with great difficulty and danger, marched his army through the deep, rushing waters, and halted on the east bank to take breath, and two great rivers lay between him and his ships and supplies, three weeks' march away.

A short rest is taken here while the scouts feel their way down to the southward, but they bring no definite tidings, and once more cautiously, steadily, the army of Macedon sets forth. For four days it moves down along the left bank of the Tigris. It is toward the evening of the fourth day that the advance sends in word of the presence of hostile cavalry, and Alexander, dashing in person to the front, charges, scatters them, captures a few prisoners, and from them learns that Darius with an immense army awaits him near Gaugamela on the plain below. He halts his army and goes forward to reconnoitre. Gaugamela lies beyond a low range of hills to the southward, and there a tremendous struggle must take place. With wise discretion he rests his men four days more, that they may be fresh and vigorous for the fray; intrenches meantime his camp, places therein all stores, engines of war and equipage not needed in conflict in the open plain; weeds his army of all weak men or ineffectives, fills up every gap in the sturdy phalanx; and then, with nothing but a superb and unhampered fighting force, he moves forward on the night of the fourth day of rest, deploys his line of battle, and in serried order marches upon the northern slope of the low hills, once again halting at their summit. From east to west the plain below swarms with the countless hordes of Darius. It is just daybreak, and Alexander pauses to survey the field. Away off to his own right flows the rapid Tigris; far over towards the east leaps the torrent of the foaming Zab, and nearly from stream to stream stretches the great line of Asia's countless soldiery. With the practised eye of the veteran soldier, Alexander marks their vast superiority of numbers. Extend his line though he may, even in thin rank, he cannot cover that front. He marks the solid formation of the mercenary Greeks in the Persian cen-

tre, the threatening squadrons far out beyond his left, the massing of the war-chariots on the Persian left and centre; and, gazing along the plain, he sees where the engineers have been at work, the patches of freshly upturned earth—what do they portend? Pitfalls for his cavalry? What else, if not that? Too much is at stake to hazard an ill-advised move. He summons his generals to immediate council. There on the heights they cluster, well out in front of the lines of Macedon, and the trained warriors, resting on their spears, watch with eager yet trustful eyes the deliberations of their chiefs. Fiery, impetuous men are there, leaders who have learned contempt for Persian prowess or valor, and many and vehement are the appeals for immediate attack. Around the king are grouped such soldiers as Aristobulus, his recorder and trusted aid; Philotas, chief of his horseguards; Nicanor, general of hypaspists; Meleazer, Cœnus, Perdiccas, Simmais, Polysperchon and Craterus, brigade commanders of the great phalanx; Eriguius, of the allied cavalry; Philippus, of the Thessalian horse, and, above all, the veteran Parmenio, cool, clear-headed, cautious, but indomitably brave. The men of Macedon were safe in the hands of such tried warriors as these. Urgent as were some appeals for instant attack, the wiser counsel of Parmenio prevailed. Alexander spent the day in personally reconnoitring the entire plain, escorted by a small band of cavalry, but undisturbed by the enemy. His stores, supplies, "ineffectives" were moved forward from the camp of the night before, a new position intrenched for their protection on the heights, and, as the sun went down, Alexander summoned his generals once more to his presence, and in brief, ringing, soldierly words explained to them the situation, and then dismissed them, hopeful and enthusiastic, for their needed rest.

All through the still September night the Persian army waits and wakes expectant of attack. Parmenio indeed had urged upon his sovereign the propriety of such attack because of the known tendency of the Asiatics to become timid and confused except in the open light of day, but Alexander disdained "to filch a victory." In fair, soldierly conflict he meant to contest with Darius the empire of the East, and so while Persia watches

and wearies through till dawn, the veterans of Macedon sleep soundly and well, waking with the rising sun vigorous and refreshed.

And now the lines of Greece spring to arms, and before the eyes of overwhelming Asia the devoted little army straightens out its ranks, the phalanx silently, solidly, moves to the crest, the troopers vault into saddle and the squadrons sweep into line. Insignificant as may be its numbers when confronted by that vast host across the plain, there is that air of confidence and determination about the men of Macedon that bids the observer think twice before hazarding an opinion as to the result.

"You fight for the dominion of Asia," Alexander impressed upon his men. "Be silent, be steady. Let each man act as though the result of the battle depends upon his individual effort, and when the time comes to charge let the silence preserved until then make your war-cry the more ringing, the more terrible."

And now as it calmly awaits the signal to advance, the army of Alexander is drawn up in two lines, ready, if need be, to instantly form an immense hollow square, to repel attack on flank or rear. In all his career the youthful conqueror is destined to fight no battle so glorious as this, his greatest and most decisive; therefore every item of preparation becomes of interest.

On the right of his front line rode the regiments of horse guards, eight in number, each commanded by its colonel, all commanded by Philotas, the intrepid son of old Parmenio. On their left, at short intervals, are drawn up the light infantry of the line, hypaspists. Then, in the centre, in six magnificent brigades, stand the massive syntagmata of the phalanx itself, and to their left again are the other divisions of hypaspists protecting the deep flanks of the heavy brigades, while the light infantry in turn are covered by cavalry, as in the right wing; the regiments of Eriguius, all allies, being nearest the footmen, while the extreme flank is held by the five squadrons of Thessaly.

In every detail of its formation the line is scientific and symmetrical. The reserve line is equally so. Its centre is composed of phalangite infantry, heavy and solid as the brigades of the

first line, each flank covered by light infantry and archers, with regiments of horse, heavy and mail-clad near the centre, light and armed with lances on the extreme flanks. The tried troopers of Aretus are among those on the right, and their orders are to watch well for any attempt of the Persians to wrap around the flank of the first line, to charge instantly if the attempt be made, and so to outflank the would-be flankers. Similar dispositions and orders are given the cavalry of the left wing. A division of Thracian footmen is detailed to guard the camp, and all is ready.

Not quite. His careful examination of the plain has taught Alexander that those fresh patches of earth are not pit-falls, but depressions filled and hillocks graded down. The conclusion is obvious. Darius means to attempt to rush his chariots at racing speed upon the phalanx and hurl down the hitherto impregnable wall of spears. What can be done to checkmate so powerful a move? Out from the ranks of the allies and light troops spring a cloud of elastic, nimble-footed young fellows, keen-eyed and daring. For all the world like our modern skirmishers, they swarm to the front; their arms are bows or javelins; their quivers bristle with arrows. Out still farther they run, two—three hundred yards—till the entire front of the phalanx is covered by little knots and groups of these eager hunters. Trained shots and swift racers as they are, woe to charioteer, woe to horse that may dash among them: few will ever penetrate half-way toward the bristling wall of spearmen.

And now, glittering in his brilliant armor, Alexander of Macedon rides with his noble agema to the right front. Parmenio takes his station with the left. Well out beyond his bravest squadrons the conqueror reins his steed, gives one searching glance along his line, and then with mighty throb at heart signals the advance. In ominous silence, in perfect order, in massive, stately array, with one accord the compact army of Greece begins the descent.

It is the first day of October, three hundred and thirty-one years before the birth of Christ, and the stake for which the contest opens is the empire of the world.

Macedon makes the first move—a general advance of the entire line until it clears the crest. Then a deflection. Darius, nervously watching the machine-like perfection of the manoeuvre, waiting until those confident lines shall have swept clear of the slopes and entered upon the open plain before making his countermove, suddenly starts with impatience and disquiet. Alexander, instead of coming squarely at him, is now inclining to the west. The solid phalanx is obliquing to the right, and they are still well up the slope. What does it mean? He pauses irresolute, staring at the placidly, smoothly moving troops of the opposing array. At this rate the extreme left of the lines of Macedon will soon be directly in front of his own position, and the phalanx he desires to crush is edging over to his left. As yet the vast length of his line far overlaps towards the west the right flank of Macedon, but soon even that advantage will be lost. Stupefied, possibly, by this utterly unlooked-for move, he fails to see and grasp the immense advantage he now has over the Grecian left. He is puzzling over the object of Alexander's oblique, and while precious moments are wasted, makes no sign. Suddenly it flashes upon or is pointed out to him. His wary antagonist has read the secret of those tell-tale patches on the plain, he expects the dash of those terrible chariots, and is edging over towards the Tigris where the hillocks have not been leveled, and where the chariots will be powerless. Already he is well out upon the plain; already the phalanx is opposite the Persian left. Now or never, Darius, in with your chariots! There is still time for them to act, provided you can check that oblique and force him back to the leveled ground. Now, Scythians and Bactrians, out with your pikes and cimeters! sweep well over to the left and front, then wheel and crash in on that western flank. Away they go—four thousand glorious horsemen, their burnished weapons flashing in the sun, their wild war-cry thrilling on the air; but even as they circle like poisoning hawk upon their prey and come thundering in upon the Macedonian right, a thunder as deep, a war-cry low, hoarse and intense, bursts in upon their own advance. The squadrons of Menidas have met them. Aretus has charged forward from the

second line, and the horsemen of Bactria and Scythia go down in scores before them. No chance for the chariots yet. All the cavalry of his left wing Darius launches in to the rescue of his first assault, and again the Macedonian second line is equal to the emergency, and the regiments of Ariston and Cleander whirl to the front. Persia has numbers; Greece has discipline and skill. For a brief half hour, while the first line sturdily moves unbroken—while Darius, paralyzed with chagrin, holds in impotent halt his entire centre and right—the battle of Arbela is a cavalry combat on the side of the Tigris, and the serried squadrons of Greece, animating, supporting, relieving one another, are hewing through ten times their number of better armed horsemen, and presently their disciplined array sends the whole force of Persian cavalry of the left wing reeling and broken from the field.

But the oblique is checked, and now for once at least displaying some degree of soldierly vim and dash, Darius hurls forward his impatient charioteers. With one simultaneous rush, with hue and cry, the thunder of hoofs, the rattle of harness, the roar of wheels, tossing skywards huge billows of dust in their wake, the two hundred armed chariots sweep down upon the undismayed phalanx. Those in front of the Persian left drive straight to the front; those from the centre find their objective point directly opposite; but those from the right centre and right wing have to wheel over to the left, converging on the spears of Macedon. For an instant the uproar is terrific. Nothing can be seen from the Persian centre through that dense cloud of dust; but the shouts of defiance, the horrible din of hammered shields, then shrieks and cries of wounded men and the neigh of terror of many a stricken horse, come floating back to the eager listeners, where, bending forward in their saddles, fresh bodies of cavalry impatiently await the result and the signal to charge. The roar of the wheels, the thunder of hoofs, is subsiding; then back through the dust-cloud come maimed and limping horses; back come empty chariots, and, as the cloud settles to earth, yon stands the phalanx impregnable as ever, while the ground in front is "heaped with bleeding steeds," dismantled cars and dead

or dying charioteers. Far to the rear of the phalanx some eight or ten have managed to push through long lanes made for them by the nimble soldiery; but there their drivers are hewn to earth and the war-horses are easy prey. More than three-fourths of their number never get within reach of the spears. The light-footed, daring archers and dart-men pick off drivers and horses as they advance, or, racing beside them, cut the traces or rip open the bodies of the steeds. King Darius marks with rage and dismay that the arm on which he had placed his main reliance is as impotent, as harmless as the summer breeze. He had ordered a wary advance, calculating on finding confusion and dismay in the ranks before him; but, as the remnants of his chariot chargers come drifting back, he sees with utter consternation the unbroken lines of Macedon, silent, unmoved, impassive as ever. Now comes the vital moment. He must meet those spearmen after all.

And now, with all its Oriental splendor of costume, all its half-barbaric pomp, the great line of Darius surges forward in obedience to the orders given as the chariots rushed in. Far over to the right Mazæus, impatient of delay, swings out a great body of horse from his flank and sends them charging home upon the exposed left and lightly defended rear of the Macedonian line, while he himself, with a vastly superior force, pushes to the front and vigorously attacks the Thessalian horse of Phillipus, and crowds in upon the Locrian and Phocian and Peloponnesian cavalry nearer the centre. This, indeed, is a spirited attack, and one well calculated to overthrow all before it. But Parmenio, cool, steady as a rock, calls up his second line, and with ringing shout the Thracian horsemen charge to the rescue. Bold riders are they and experts with pike and short sword; nevertheless they are but few compared to the mighty host into which they dash so recklessly. They halt, and even hurl them back, but weight of numbers is telling sorely against them. For the next half hour the left is locked in dubious strife, a rattling hand-to-hand combat. Meantime, what of the right?

Up to the moment when the dust-cloud settled over the wreck of that mad chariot charge not a sound had been heard from

the main body, the phalanx of Macedon, or from the heavy cavalry on their right. Now, as the Persian array sweeps forward and its eastern flank swings round to envelop his left, the stern-set features of the young king light suddenly with an eager joy. He points to the front. There, directly on the west flank of the Greek mercenaries of Darius, a great gap appears in the line. Before the chariot dash, a division of Baktrian cavalry was there massed in close column, but now they have been moved around in support of the thwarted attack on Alexander's right, and as yet they have not been replaced from the second line. It is a magnificent chance. Quick as ringing words can shout the order, the silence of Macedon is broken; with one mad, terrific shout the body-guards, the devoted "companions," the cuirassiers of Greece spring forward at the heels of their daring chief. The cavalry of Macedon plunges into that fatal gap, hewing and rending right and left, while the grand phalanx, shouting its war-cry, bears down in solid, resistless onslaught upon the Persian centre. Before them the Greek hoplites, hirelings of Darius, go down like reeds before the blast. They are ashamed of their part in the contest. They cannot fight manfully against kith and kin for a king whom they despise and only serve for gold. They make but faint resistance: they upon whom Darius dared base his hope of firmness. And now—his chariots gone, his Greeks going—he looks in dismay about him. He cannot see how superbly on the distant right his cavalry have engulfed the reeling wing of Parmenio; he cannot see that there are yet myriads of his troops unemployed, only waiting the order of some inspired chief to send them in to check and overthrow these daring foemen; he will not see that still between him and the advancing forest of spears there stand the guards of his realm—the heroic and devoted knighthood of Persia; the enthusiastic soldiery of Karia; the Sakæ; the men of the valleys of Euphrates and Tigris, who now are fighting for their homes. Brave as lions they, far outnumbering the phalangites, whose six charging brigades are surrounded by their dense throngs. He forgets that an army of lions led by a lamb is of no avail against an army led by a lion. He sees before him the invincible

spear-men who routed him in panic at the Issus. Worst of all, over there to the left front, he sees a sight that freezes the craven blood in his veins—a stalwart, herculean, centaur-like warrior, clad in burnished mail, hewing his way with frightful force through men-at-arms, archers, horse-men, all; he sees him pointing towards the very spot on which he is standing quivering in growing terror; he hears his voice ringing above the roar of conflict, urging on his invincible guards: "Strike home; cut through. Get *him*, dead or alive—get him—Darius. There he stands. Follow me!" and Darius can stand no more. Shame, dishonor, disgrace, a craven death are before him as he turns; but before his guard can realize it, long before his nobles will believe it, he has turned his back upon them; again, as at Issus, basely, foully, contemptibly deserted them, and while they are dying by scores in supposed defence of his royal body, he, the dastard and poltroon, is spurring from the field. With victory in his grasp, he is sneaking to the mountains.

Soon the news of his shameful flight is passed from mouth to mouth along the panting, bleeding cohorts. Band after band, group after group, the faint-hearted ones are falling away; then whole squadrons, whole battalions, begin recoiling upon the lines in rear; and they in turn are hearing the tidings, "Darius has fled. The king has gone!" and so, little by little, as the cavalry of Macedon hew their way in after their glorious leader and those terrible spear-heads at the front thrust deeper into the yielding mass before them, the weight of numbers that so long has borne against their advance loses its power, and, sudden as the burst of mountain torrent through yielding gorge of ice, the men of Macedon hurl aside the last remnants of the Persian centre, and now all is mad carnage and pursuit.

Away, stretching out across the plain to the southeast, the fugitives, broken, disordered, making no pretence of stand anywhere, are fleeing for the bridge across the swollen Zab. The centre gone, the best troops slaughtered or scurrying after their king, the Persian left lost heart, and here the worn but gallant cavalry of Menidas and the Pæonian horse-men of Aretus overthrew, after long and desperate battle, five times their weight

of foes. The Baktrian horse tore away in the wake of Darius, and all that was left of the crushed line lay dead or dying on the field, or gasping in the dense cloud of dust that obscured their path.

Eagerly Alexander pushes in chase. Above all things, he must secure the person of Darius. Great, indescribable as is his triumph, it is incomplete without the capture of the Persian king. It is with bitter disappointment, therefore, that he receives the message from Parmenio: "Come back to us or we are lost." The left wing of Macedon was utterly surrounded and cut off.

We left Parmenio struggling in dire earnest with ten times his force, while the cuirassiers and the phalangites of Macedon charged and broke the Persian centre. Even before that grand advance the chiefs of the two left brigades of the phalanx, those of Simmais and Craterus, were apprehensive as to the safety of the light troops of the left wing. So much so that, though taking part in the general rush to the front and attack on the Persian centre, they stopped short when it came to pursuit, leaving the other brigades to complete the rout while they promptly faced about and returned to the aid of Parmenio, now desperately in need. Even as they retired for this purpose a large force of Indian and Persian cavalry, led by some adventurous and gallant spirit who had determined not to join the retreat until he had made his mark upon the foe, dashed through the gap between the two separating bodies of the phalanx, and driving way to the rear without meeting much opposition (the second line being almost entirely absorbed in the combats on the flanks), succeeded in surprising and capturing the guards of the camp, liberating Persian prisoners and playing havoc among the supplies of Alexander. Engaged in plunder, they took no note of the rapid rally of a portion of the troops of the second line who now came tearing to the rescue of the camp, and in the struggle that followed a large number of the hostile cavalry were killed, the rest driven off southward and eastward again, not even stopping to assist their fellows in the desperate struggle going on between Mazæus and Parmenio.

And now, although no succor had yet reached him from

Alexander, that sturdy old soldier had taken heart again on seeing the ruin and dismay of the Persian centre and left. The horsemen of Mazæus were, on the other hand, as profoundly depressed, and the result was that, unsupported, the firm Thesalian and allied Greek horse and light troops succeeded, after a mighty effort, in bursting through the myriad soldiery encompassing them, and, sturdily charging ahead, drove them from the field. The whole army of Darius, led by the king in person, was now in ignominious flight.

Returning from pursuit with his heavy cavalry and horse-guards, Alexander encountered several fine brigades of Persian horse seeking to retire from the field in dignified and soldierly manner. Cut off from retreat by his dispositions, they had no alternative but surrender or force their passage through, and chose the latter like men. Accustomed as they were mainly to missile-fighting, they were no match for the mail-clad pike and swordsmen of Macedon, and here again the losses of the Asiatics were very severe. They fought with desperate valor, killing no less than sixty of the Macedonian horse and wounding a much greater number, among them the generals Hephæstion, Cœnus and Menidos, who had fought gallantly on the right earlier in the day. With the departure of those who succeeded in cutting through, the last fighting foeman had left the field. The glorious battle of Arbela, the greatest and most decisive of his career, of his time, was won, and Alexander of Macedon had virtually conquered Asia.

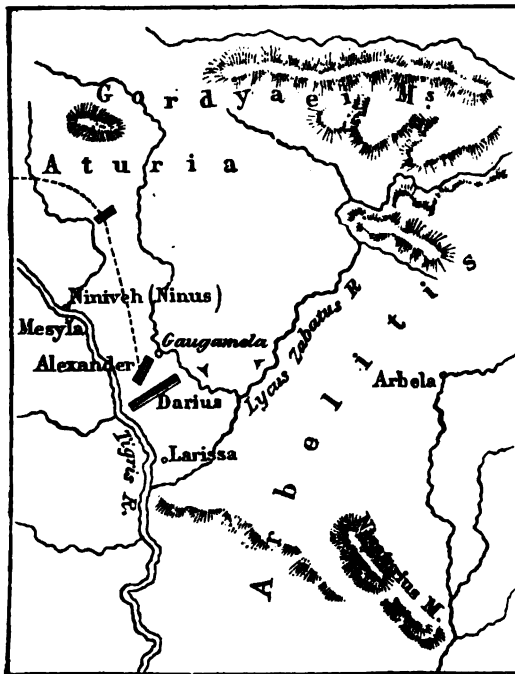
Accompanied now by Parmenio, he presses forward in vigorous pursuit. No time, no place must be given that routed army to make a stand. A vast portion of the Persian force had not been engaged at all, but stood huddled together in helpless confusion, and when the rout began only, as at Issus, swelled the panic. Large numbers were taken or hunted down and slain, especially at the bridge across the Zab, where for a time the chase was arrested, as both horses and men were greatly fatigued; but early on the morning of the following day Alexander again pushed on, entered Arbela only to find Darius gone, and the city, with immense treasure, with arms and equipage, together

with the great camp, its supplies, its camels and elephants, all fell into the hands of the conqueror.

Of the losses in this momentous conflict we have to decide between accounts which vary widely. Arrian puts the Macedonian killed at only one hundred, and that of the Persians at three hundred thousand, which is incredible—on both sides. It is probable, however, that the loss of Alexander, in killed, did not exceed three or four hundred, though his wounded were far more numerous. As for the Persians, whatever may have been the actual loss in slain—and it must have been immense—the moral effect of the battle was as great as though the entire force had been put to the sword. The prodigious army was utterly ruined. It never rallied, it never could be reassembled. Arbela was the grave of the Persian empire. Babylon and Susa surrendered forthwith, and the conquerors marched in to the enjoyment of a spoil exceeding their wildest anticipations. Even the soldiery were enriched by the lavish distribution of captured gold.

The causes of this great defeat may be briefly ascribed to the dastardly cowardice of Darius and the stolid uselessness of much of his force. It is estimated that not more than one-fourth of his army took any part in the affray, except as spectators, and when Darius did give any order, it was almost sure to be unfortunate; the detachment of his Baktrian division from the left centre, front line, for instance, was an incredible blunder. He had dozens of regiments of cavalry, equally reliable, in his reserve line; but he must needs open this fatal gap in his very centre, and the genius of Alexander drove therein the entering wedge that rent the army in twain. On the other hand, the skill, the promptitude, the masterly generalship of him of Macedon shone forth in every combination and move, and the superb dash and bravery which prompted him to fight ever among the foremost troopers was in vehement contrast with the wretched break-down of the Persian monarch, the first to take refuge in cowardly flight. Treacherous as was the conduct of his satrap Bessus, in the near future, one can almost forgive him the cold-blooded slaughter of such an arrant dastard and poltroon as Darius.

Two hundred years before, Persia was mistress of the Eastern world. Attempting to sweep over Europe, she was checked at Marathon, overthrown and driven back at Plataea and Salamis; then, little by little, sapped of her once prodigious strength. Three hundred and thirty-five years before Christ the little kingdom of Macedon marched eastward its armies to turn the tables on the would-be conquerors. At the Granicus its young king overrode a more numerous army than his own; at Issus he administered an overwhelming defeat; at Arbela he became master of Asia. Had he lived he might have been monarch of the world; but, dying at Babylon in the midst of his triumphs, his great empire was divided up among his generals, and within less than a century in strife among their descendants the fruits of his conquests were consumed, and Macedonian sway in Asia died out forever.



BATTLE-FIELD OF ARBELA.

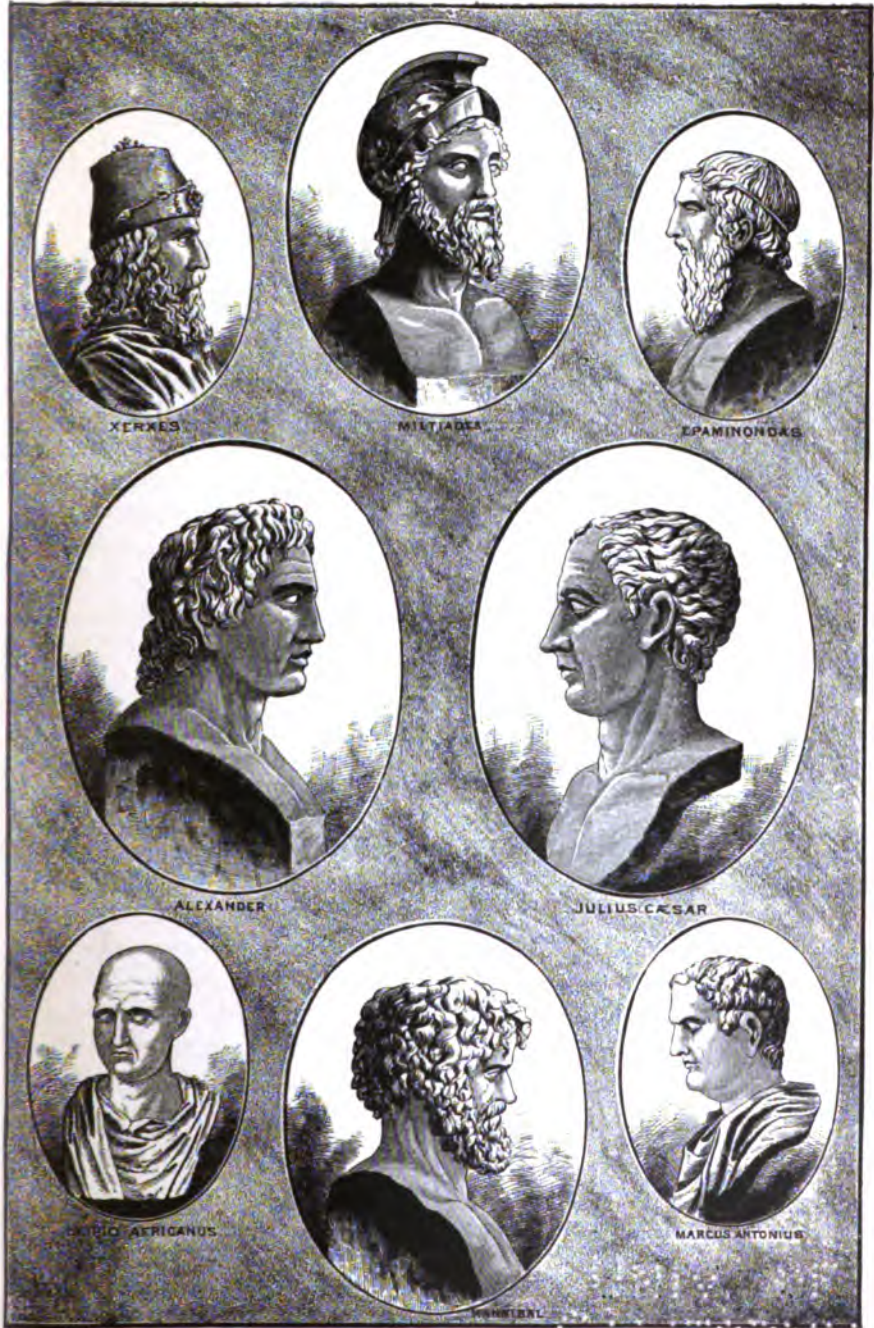
CANNÆ.

216 B. C.



EANTIME, while Greece was occupied with her internal dissensions, two new powers were rising into prominence to the westward; and north and south of the Mediterranean those great nations that soon were to contend for the control of western Europe, as Macedon and Persia had fought for the dominion of the East, Rome and Carthage, were, year by year, developing into sturdy and dominant states. Three centuries before Christ, while the great generals of Alexander were dividing among themselves the provinces won by their heroic chieftain, now lying in his grave, Sicily had risen to be a power on the Mediterranean. Syracuse, her great seaport, rivalled Tyre before its sack by Alexander, and Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, had waged war for years against the shores of northern Africa, and, invading Carthage, had brought about great havoc and distress. But Carthage rallied from the blow, and finally expelled her foeman, rebuilt her ships and shrines, and two hundred and seventy years before Christ had determined on a counter-stroke. Doubtless she would have been successful in her projected assault, but the rival power that had now at last succeeded in mastering the whole Italian peninsula, from the Rubicon to the Straits of Messina, claimed a prior right to the fertile and populous island at its foot, and Rome clashed with Carthage in a battle of the giants.

Like Carthage, Rome, too, had risen from late humiliation and defeat. Samnium had driven her under the yoke after a capitulation that shamed the whole nation; but in the indomit-



I. PORTRAITS OF GREAT WARRIORS OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

(Famous and Decisive Battles.)

able will and patient, steadfast effort and endurance of the people, Rome had gone firmly onward and upward. Samnium was finally conquered, Etruria brought to terms, and the savage Gauls of the north defeated again and again. And now, to establish her claim to Sicily, she found it necessary to war with Carthage, and in 264 B. C. the first Punic war, the first of those historical campaigns that are studded with names so brilliant in military history, broke forth upon the Mediterranean. Partly by sea, partly by land, for twenty-four years the fight went on, and then Carthage sued for peace. Sicily became a province of Rome.

Then Carthage suffered at home from a new cause. The mercenaries she had brought back across the sea from Sicily revolted and nearly destroyed her, and, profiting by those domestic troubles, Rome wrested from her prostrate rival the rich island of Sardinia. This intensified the bitterness of feeling already existing, and Hamilcar Barca, the valiant leader of Carthage, resolved upon invading and conquering Spain, and from there renewing at some future time the struggle with Rome. The revolt being crushed at home, he speedily put this project into execution, taking with him a beloved son, a mere boy at the time; and thus in Spain, Hannibal, the one soldier of those years whose achievements vie with those of Alexander, learned his early lessons in the art of war; and, like Alexander, when in the first flush of manhood, only twenty-six years of age, he found himself chief-in-command of the armies of his nation, 221 years before Christ—one century after the conqueror of the East had met his fate at Babylon.

Hannibal's first martial achievement was the attack and capture of Saguntum on the Ebro, an ally of Rome; and, quick to take offence, Rome declared and opened the second Punic war. At this time it was in the power of Rome to put into the field a force of seven hundred thousand foot and seventy thousand horse. She had for five or six years been waging spirited war with the Cisalpine Gauls and had conquered their country along the Po, forming the colonies of Cremona and Placentia, which were soon to play so important a part in the grand struggle now

fairly entered upon. Against her Carthage could muster nowhere near so large a disciplined force, but her ranks were filled with soldiers admirably equipped for war, and her Spanish infantry and her own footmen were as reliable as those of Rome. The general appearance of a Carthaginian army must have been motley in the last degree; for the most opposite nations, from regions the most remote from one another, were crowded into her service. Mobs of half-naked Gauls marched side by side with disciplined Iberians, clothed in their scarlet-trimmed coats of glistening white linen. Carthaginians, native, and Africans from all along the northern coasts, were mustered with the savage allies from Liguria. Stone-slingers from the Balearic isles covered their advancing front, and while, under the vehement administration of Hamilcar and his brother, and the great son who succeeded him, the cavalry of Carthage rose to rank as the most powerful and efficient the world had yet seen, there rode on their flanks, ready for any emergency, wild bands of light horsemen on the fleetest chargers. These were the savage warriors of the Numidian deserts, men who rode like centaurs, scorning saddle or bridle. Of these undisciplined but invaluable light troops Carthage had myriads, and in strange contrast with their agile dash and scurry were the ponderous movements of the great war-elephants driven by skilled negroes. The Spanish infantry were protected by massive shield and helmet, and bore as weapons only the short, sharp, two-edged, weighty sword, with which they did terrible execution at close quarters and which weapon Rome had before this learned to respect, to adopt and to use. The African linesmen bore at first only a light shield and long spear. The Gauls carried long javelins and huge broadswords, and there were scores of allies who served as archers and dartmen. Deficient as Hasdrubal had been in the numbers of his cavalry, Hannibal had too great respect for the arm to move without a strong force of horsemen, and of these we shall hear later.

Once assured of the capture of Saguntum by Hannibal, Rome sent envoys to Carthage demanding that he and his principal generals be surrendered to their nation for this attack upon her

ally. A war of words ensued, and a dramatic scene in council, where Fabius, the Roman envoy, swung loose his toga in the face of the dignitaries of Carthage, exclaiming: "Then here we give you war!" and news of the declaration was speedily conveyed to Hannibal in Spain. He was thirsting for it. He had vowed eternal vengeance against Rome. Already he was the master spirit of Carthage, as he speedily became the great central figure of his time. With Rome, consul after consul might fall in defeat; legion after legion suffer annihilation, but still the people and their indomitable senate rose superior to all disaster. No one man could represent Rome. Even Scipio, he who carried the war into Africa in after days, was but a son of Rome: a servant of her senate, the elect of her people; but Hannibal was the giant of his century. Hannibal was Carthage, and for a time we shall see how the almost superhuman energy and will of this one great soldier ruled one nation and well-nigh ruined another.

His great opportunity lay now before him. Quickly he summons from Africa, under his own brother, Hasdrubal, all the native troops left in Carthage; sends to replace them sturdy garrisons from Spain, and then at New Carthage marshals his army, announces to them his long-cherished purpose, the invasion of Italy, and with 90,000 foot, 12,000 horse and a number of war-elephants, he marches northward. The reduction of the tribes between the Iberus and the Pyrenees detains him less time than Rome had expected, but costs him many men, whom he is forced to leave behind as garrisons or lost in action. He bursts through into France with but 50,000 foot and 9,000 horse, but the celerity of his move is such that Rome, springing forward with her fleet to the mouth of the Rhone and disembarking Scipio (P. Cornelius) with his army to meet the invader, finds to her dismay that Hannibal has already gone on his way up that broad valley. No use to follow. The tribes are hostile, the country unknown. Hannibal has a commanding lead and probably cannot be overtaken. Scipio hurries back to Italy to organize a force to meet him as he issues from the defiles of the Alps, but, by a master-stroke of genius, sends his army on to Spain,

there to hamper and break up the power of Carthage; to destroy her influence, and eventually to rob Carthage of the Spanish forces that might have made her invincible when herself invaded. Publius Cornelius Scipio was laying the foundation for his son's superb victory at Zama.

Meantime, through the dry heat of September, Hannibal was striding up the valley into the heart of France. The crossing of the Rhone was difficult, dangerous, contested by hostile tribes on the eastern shore, but science had carried him over, even his unwieldy elephants; and now he begins that marvellous passage of the Alps that has won the admiration of all soldiers to this day. Only a narrow, tortuous, treacherous mountain trail leads across the great barrier, and swarms of savage natives hang over the precipices with rock and boulder to dash upon the climbing column below. It is the slow work of weeks. He ascends the valley of the Isere and finds himself under the Little St. Bernard, with Mont Blanc towering off to the left, on the ninth day after leaving the plains of France. It is the end of October now; snow is deep on those lofty summits; great suffering and hardships have been endured by all. His starving elephants are well-nigh exhausted, and he had only thirty-seven on crossing the Rhone. Hundreds of his Numidian cavalry, accustomed only to the sands of the desert, have perished from cold; hundreds have been hurled down the yawning gulfs below or crushed by the rocks tumbled from above. All are weakened and wavering—all but Hannibal. His energy, spirit, ardor never desert him. He calls them together, worn and haggard as they are, and strives to inspire them with his own buoyant hope. He points eagerly to the valley far below to the southeast. "That valley is Italy," he says, "and there, but a few days' march away, shall we find corn and wine and oil. Beyond it, rested, strengthened, reinforced by the Gauls already eager to join with us against their hated foe, we shall find the road to Rome." Two days of rest and then the descent begins. It is even more difficult than the climb from France. In many places the road is gone entirely, but he urges on his army, and at last in triumph leads them forth upon the level watered by the Doria Baltea, and

out upon the bright, broad valley of the Po. But in that adventurous march from the Pyrenees to the Po he has lost 33,000 men. He has but 20,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry left him, and men, horses and the remaining elephants are well-nigh exhausted. Yet with this little force he dares continue.

Meantime Scipio had crossed the Apennines, assumed command of the Roman forces, and moved rapidly forward by way of Placentia. Both generals were eager for action. The armies met near the Ticino, and in a sharp and decisive conflict the Numidians and heavy cavalry of Carthage overthrew the horsemen of Rome and scored a victory for Hannibal. Scipio fell back, amazed and discomfited, and took refuge under the walls of Placentia. Hannibal followed, passing by, and, throwing his army across the Roman line of communication with Ariminum, strove to taunt him to another battle. Meantime heavy reinforcements were hurrying forward to Placentia under the other consul, Sempronius. They joined Scipio on the Trebia, a little stream flowing from the southward into the Po, west of Placentia, and here, with 40,000 men, Sempronius (who found himself in command owing to the severity of the wound received by his colleague at the Ticino) conceived himself strong enough to attack Hannibal in camp. It was midwinter; the stream was full to the banks; snow, sleet and hail were threatening, but Sempronius led his men, cold and without breakfast, through the icy stream and deployed his lines in front of the Carthaginians, who, with calm deliberation, had eaten their morning meal, oiled their bodies and donned their armor around the blazing fires, and then marched out to meet the Romans. Near the Trebia lay secreted a small body of picked men, mainly cavalry, in a depression that had escaped the vigilance of the Romans as they advanced in the dim light of early morning. Mago, a younger brother of Hannibal, commanded. The Roman light troops had early opened with dart and arrow on the opposing lines, and been received by the slingers of the Balearic isles; but when the massive infantry of the legion swept forward to the assault of the outnumbered centre the day looked dark for Carthage, until, with furious rush and shout, the horsemen of Mazo's

ambuscade burst forth and hewed down the Roman rear. Then Hannibal drove his elephants in on the flanks, followed up vigorously with the light infantry and ubiquitous Numidians; the Roman light troops broke and scattered in confusion, rushing back towards the Trebia, while the legions in the centre, finding themselves vehemently charged in rear, forced through the lines in their front and marched off with little opposition to Placentia. The consular army was cut in two. Those who went eastward escaped, but those who ran back toward the Trebia were slaughtered without mercy. Despite his own losses in action and from cold (the last-named cause having robbed him of most of his elephants), Hannibal had won a great victory, the battle of the Trebia.

The consular armies of Rome despaired of holding the valley of the Po. Scipio fell back with what he had left to Ariminum on the Adriatic. Sempronius crossed his army through the Apennines into Etruria, and all Cisalpine Gaul was in the hands of "the dire African." Thus ended his first campaign in Italy.

The consuls having failed them, the Roman people chose Flaminius and Servilius in their stead. New levies of troops were made at once. Scipio went to Spain as pro-consul to take charge of matters there; large reinforcements being sent with him, as well as to Sardinia, Sicily, Tarentum and the armies of the new consuls in the north. Humiliated and saddened by defeat the great heart of Rome was constant in its faith in ultimate success.

Early in the spring Hannibal astonished the outposts of Flaminius by appearing through an unused pass of the Apennines, and plundering the valley of the Arno. Having devastated the Arno country, Hannibal pushed southward, passed by Flaminius without paying him any attention, and went on his leisurely way, plundering everywhere, and the cry went up for Flaminius to act.

Spurred into motion, the consul came on after the Carthaginian, caught him close by Lake Thrasymene, and there, in the dense mist and obscurity of a marshy defile and an early morning of an Italian spring, Hannibal turned fiercely, savagely, upon

his rash pursuer, and after a terrible onslaught and a resistance of brief duration, caught as they were between overhanging heights and the shallow waters of the lake, the Romans were almost utterly destroyed, and the solemn disaster of Thrasymene was added to that of Trebia. Only six thousand of the soldiery of Latium escaped.

Occurring, as this noted battle did, so much nearer home, the effect upon the citizens of Rome was far greater than that of Trebia; indeed, it was a far greater catastrophe, not particularly because of the death of Flaminius, who fell, sword in hand, since his administration of affairs in Etruria had been far from happy, but rather because of the heavy losses sustained at so desperate a crisis. It is asserted with good reason that the number of men lost by the Romans on the day of Thrasymene and during the vigorous pursuit which followed was fully 30,000, while Hannibal had lost but 1,500 all told.

Freeing the Italian allies of Rome who had fallen into his hands, the victor gave his men a few days' needed rest, then crossed the Tiber near its source, and marched into Umbria. And then venturing no farther towards Rome itself with his small force, preferring to lay waste all Italy, all that might be tributary to Rome before dealing with the great city itself, he turned abruptly eastward, crossed again the Apennines, reached the Adriatic near Ancona, and swept down the coast. Now, indeed, were his promises to the soldiery fully realized. It was a land of plenty through which they leisurely marched, camping in pleasant places, pillaging, plundering, ravaging everywhere. The rough linesmen lived on the fat of the land, faring as they never did before. But, everywhere he went, rigorous search was made, and wherever Romans or Latins were found, capable of bearing arms, they were ruthlessly butchered.

Yet again Rome rallied. The Senate for day after day sat from sunrise to sunset, devising measures for the relief of the beloved fatherland. No one spoke of peace. No soldier was to be recalled from possible victory in Spain, Sicily or Sardinia, but sterner measures were resolved on at home, and Fabius Maximus was made dictator. Two new legions were raised in the city, and

a number of the home-guards proper were ordered for other service. Even the navy was recruited from Rome, for now the Carthaginian ships were scouring the Adriatic, and, on the west coast, capturing the fleets of supply-vessels sent to Spain and Sardinia.

All the ships at Ostia and from the Tiber were ordered forthwith to sea, and then with the two new legions and the consular army of Servilius (which had fallen back from Ariminum after learning of Thrasymene), with powerful horse and numbers of allies—in all with a force largely outnumbering Hannibal—the dictator marched southeastward through Campania and Samnium, and crossed the Apennines in search of the African.

And now for a time the advantage lay with Rome. The Carthaginians were living on the country, compelled to scatter and forage. The Romans were enabled to keep together in mass, as their supplies were forwarded direct in bulk, and, at the same time, they harassed and broke up the detachments of the Africans scouring the neighborhood for provisions. Hannibal had well-nigh exhausted this tract of Apulia by the time the Roman army marched in and camped near him, and finding that the Apulians would not join him, he decided to again cross the mountains and sweep down into the hitherto undisturbed regions of the Caudinian Samnites, old enemies of Rome. But Beneventum shut her gates against him. Thence he moved up the river Volturnus, crossing it finally, and came down into the far-famed Falernian plain in Campania.

This was almost more than even Roman discipline could stand. Fabius the dictator had kept his men on the track of Hannibal, but prohibiting a general engagement. He planted strong garrisons in all the roads and passes around the plain, rightly conjecturing that Hannibal would soon exhaust even the wealth of store in that productive region, and then, hemmed in as he now was, unable to obtain further supplies to carry him through the approaching winter, he would be compelled to sue for peace or strive to fight his way through the chosen positions of the Romans.

But Hannibal had no thought either of wintering there or

starving elsewhere. He had accumulated great supplies of food and wine, several thousand head of beef cattle, and some 5,000 prisoners in the course of his recent wanderings, and he proposed to move back to Apulia and take all his supplies with him, despite Roman hindrance. He had nowhere near enough men to fight his way through, and guard and transport the provision train and prisoners at one and the same time. Hannibal first put his 5,000 prisoners to death, and then set about clearing the way for a march through the defiles over into the upper valley of the Vulturinus. Fabius, with his main army, lay along the lower hills between the defiles, with strong outposts in the passes themselves.

Selecting 2,000 of the strongest of his captured cattle, Hannibal caused a quantity of pine light-wood to be fastened to their horns; notified his army to be ready to move soon as darkness set in, and then, despatching his light infantry with the drovers and ordering them to scale the heights behind and overlooking the passes, he started the cattle for the hills, and, as soon as they reached the slopes, caused the tinder-wood on their heads to be set on fire. The cattle speedily ran wild and charged up the slopes in front, the light infantry followed, and presently the range of hills was lighted up by a strange, unearthly glare from the darting fires on these hundreds of stampeding cattle. Bewildered, unable to comprehend its meaning, fearful of being led out into some trap of the vile African, as Flaminius and his thousands had been trapped at Thrasymene, Fabius dare not move from camp till morning dawned. Meantime, the guards of the passes, convinced that the whole army of Hannibal was scattering over the hills in attempt to escape, quitted their assigned positions and clambered up the heights to head them off, and were aghast to find only wild cattle and some few skirmishers; but when they attempted to return to their posts, they found these few skirmishers multiplied by hundreds, who hemmed them in and prevented their retirement, and Hannibal, relying on the success of the trick, hastened forward, seized the defiles, passed his heavy infantry, cavalry and baggage and plunder safely through, detailed the Spaniards and the Gauls to

cover his rear and assist the light troops, and, when daylight appeared, to the shame and consternation of the Roman dictator, it was apparent to all that "the dire African" had again outwitted him. It was now impossible to pen him in again, and Hannibal, after visiting and plundering portions of Samnium to the north, leisurely, as before, crossed for the fourth time the Apennines and came down on the eastern slope into the rich Pelignian plain near Sulmo (not more than ninety miles on a "bee-line" east of Rome), and towards the end of the season was comfortably settled again near his old quarters in Apulia.

Seizing the little town of Geronium, he established his magazines within the walls and camped his army around it. Here, with corn, grass and water in abundance, his horses and cattle were well provided for, and supplies in plenty were already gathered and stored for his men. Without allies he could not conquer Rome, but, could he successfully maintain himself on Roman territory, allies would be sure to join him sooner or later.

And now Rome had raised a clamor against its dictator. Fabius was slow, over-cautious, timid. The Fabian policy had been not to make a move until the right one could be determined on as sure of success, and then the Fabian execution had been the wrong one. That winter, as custom required, both dictator and "master of the horse" Minucius resigned, and the army was placed again under the consuls—Servilius, who thus reappears, and Regulus (M. Atilius), who had been elected *vice* Flaminius killed at Thrasymene. Then came the spring elections, unusually bitter party spirit running at the time, and the choice of the people for first consul proved to be a veritable butcher-boy, who had been enabled by a fortune left him unexpectedly to quit the shambles and go into politics, and Caius Terentius Varro, who had risen step by step from small offices, as of a ward politician to those of prætor, now by voice of Rome became her general-in-chief. As his colleague reappears Æmilius Paullus, a vehement aristocrat, who but a short time before had held office as consul, was accused of peculation, and was as detestable to the general public as Varro was popular. But Paullus had proved himself a good soldier.

For a time Servilius and Regulus retained command of the "armies of observation" in Apulia, where, watching the movements of Hannibal like wary mastiffs, but keeping out of reach of his claws, they established a large magazine of supplies at the little town of Cannæ, some sixty or seventy (Roman) miles southeast of the camp of Hannibal.

One bright morning in early summer, as the corn was rapidly ripening along the lowlands and the Roman army was still dozing in its winter camp, "the dire African" sprang from his lair, leaped over or around the stupefied watchers, and possessed himself of Cannæ. There is something absolutely electric about this superb dash. No matter where one's sympathies may lie, the reader can hardly refuse his admiration of such brilliant, daring and successful generalship. His own provisions were giving out. It was still cold and raw up there near the mountains. Down by the sea lay sunny Cannæ with all those accumulations of military stores piled tier on tier; with all those countless acres of corn ready for the harvest—and for him. Sudden as the spring of the lion of his forests, the African hero drops upon the plain below him, swings round the flank of his lazy, unsuspecting watchers, grasps the prey they were supposed to guard; then, with bristling mane and flashing eyes and teeth, confronts them as, crouching for another spring, he warns them, "Come not here." Rome is checked again.

And now, speeding with new legions and levies, the consuls haste to the front. "Hold him there," are the orders breathlessly despatched to wretched Regulus and his colleague; "hold, but risk no battle; wait for Varro." And now, in the blithe summer weather, under the soft breezes of the Adriatic, two hating, hostile armies are drawn up across the plain of Apulia. Those grim, wiry, half-savage men in battered armor and time-worn garb—those daring, reckless fellows on the keen Spanish and Arabian steeds, facing north—are the soldiers of Carthage.

Those eight brilliant legions, far outnumbering them, glittering in all the glory of brazen helmets, breast-plate, greaves and shield, their martial plumes of black and scarlet, their golden eagles, their blazoned standards flashing in the sun—these, facing

southward, are the troops of Rome. Only slightly reinforced by accessions from the Gauls, Hannibal, with not more than 50,000 men, must hold his own against 90,000 or die. But other odds are in his favor. Throughout his armies—African, Spaniard, savage Gaul—all have learned to look up to him as invincible; a leader under whom defeat or disaster would be impossible. His command is absolute, undivided. On the other hand, Rome sends two leaders, men who, like the generals of Athens in the days of Miltiades, could only command one day at a time. One is Varro, the hero of the lower classes, a political figure-head of the masses, a demagogue and a stump-speaker of no little shrewdness and ability in his peculiar line, but unfit to handle an army in the field. As his colleague he has an admirable but most unpopular soldier—an aristocrat throughout, and an experienced campaigner. The two were violently antagonistic from the start—in character, in methods, in plans. They were harmonious in only one point, an undoubted and unflinching patriotism. They found the army of Hannibal placidly occupied in gathering in the rich harvest of the low country along the sea, the main body posted on the left bank of the Aufidus, not more than eight or nine miles from the Adriatic. All around them the land lay level and open, a capital battle-field for armies equally matched. *Too* good a field for Hannibal, said Paullus; *far* too good for the superb cavalry of Carthage, whose chief, Maharbal, was the most skillful and daring cavalry leader in the annals of ancient history; and under him were such young generals as Mago, own brother to Hannibal, he who led the furious flank attack and decided the day at the Trebia. Well indeed might Paullus preach caution and urge a falling back to the foothills, where the African cavalry would be far less efficient over broken and hilly ground, but Varro was frantic for instant fight and would listen to no such counsel. It being his day in command, he marched the army rapidly and boldly into a position below Hannibal on the Aufidus, interposing between him and the sea, and there he halted and faced to the southeast, his left resting on the river, his right extending over to the town of Salapia. Paullus was compelled to

submit, and when, on the following day, he assumed command he found it impossible to extricate the army from the trap into which Varro had led it. Hannibal had promptly moved down stream (the Aufidus here flows northeast, or, to be more accurate, east of north), and, with his right resting on the river bank, took position confronting the army of Rome. A portion of the force of Paullus was immediately thrown across the stream and encamped on the right bank with the view of checking the advance of Hannibal in that direction, should he attempt such a move, and of driving back his foraging parties gathering the spoils of the corn-fields on the southern plain.

On the morning of the next day, which strictly was about the middle of June, Varro again came into command. He was feverishly impatient for battle, and had determined to bring matters to an issue at once. To his perplexity, however, he saw that Hannibal had made no move to meet him. The Carthaginians hung to their lines; busy preparations of some kind were going on within the camp, but the day passed by without a responsive move on the part of Hannibal. Varro could not induce him to come out and meet him, nor did he dare attack him in camp itself.

But Hannibal had spent the day in quiet, methodical preparations for the coming conflict and in a close study of the opposing lines, and with the dawn of the next day (August 2d of the Roman calendar) he marched forth upon the plain ready to do battle with Rome. And now Rome held back. Æmilius Paulus was chief for the day and could not be dragged into a fight. He held that if the armies remained a few days longer as they stood the Carthaginians would be compelled to fall back towards the mountains in search of more corn and supplies. Then his project of fighting in the foothills and avoiding conflict with the terrible African cavalry could be carried out. Despite the eager, impatient murmurs of many subordinates, and the taunts of Varro, Æmilius remained unmoved. He would not risk the issue on such ground even though he doubly outnumbered Hannibal. The latter waited some time, then seeing plainly enough that he had a very different man to deal with,

sent his infantry back into camp and despatched Maharbal with a strong force of cavalry to assail the Roman troops on the right bank. The Aufidus is shallow in June and easily fordable, and the wild Numidian horse swept down on the water parties of the Romans, penned them up in their camp, and held the ground so that all the rest of the day, all the long, hot night that followed, the unfortunate Romans on the eastern shore thirsted for water and could not get a drop. But on the morrow Varro once more would draw his sword, and then, come what might, there would be an end to this senseless delay. And surely enough at dawn the red ensign, the well-known signal for battle, was flung to the breeze from the tent of the champion of the democracy.

And now before the opposing armies meet in battle let us take a careful look at the ground on which this never-to-be-forgotten scene is to be enacted. By the Roman calendar it was the 3d day of August. Actually, however, it was about the 20th of June, the sixth month of the modern year. The corn was ripe in all the fields along the lowlands, and most of it had been gathered in by the foragers of Carthage. The shallow, sluggish Aufidus flows placidly along between the level fields, lazily winding toward the sea. Far off to the eastward the blue waves of the Adriatic sparkle and flash in the early light, and white-caps dot the billows under the influence of the strong southerly breeze that springs up with the rising sun. Far off to the west the spurs of the Apennines are looking down upon the fertile plains below. Here in the near distance, well out to the right bank of the stream, are the roofs and walls of Cannæ. Four or five miles away to the southwest, also east of the Aufidus, is the walled town of Canusium, still loyal to Rome; and far away northward, on the left of the river, the early sun is gilding the battlements of Salapia.

There rests the right flank of Rome. Between it and the Aufidus the legions are tramping out upon the plains in front and forming line under cover of the clouds of light troops who advance before them. Over on the right bank the Numidian horsemen of Hannibal are still hovering between the water and

the detached camp of the Roman left, and the main army of Carthage, forming with the calm precision of veteran soldiery, is moving forward from its tents so as to deploy upon the open plain. Varro, the political appointee, with 90,000 valiant men at his back, is to try conclusions with the trained soldier Hannibal, who leads but 50,000 all told, and Varro takes the initiative. Before anything can be done those men of his, thirsting over there on the extreme left, must be relieved and their assailants driven off. Detailing a strong force to hold his camp on the west bank, Varro orders his army to face to the left, cross the Aufidus, drive off the Numidians, supply those suffering kinsmen in the beleaguered camp with water, then face to the front again and be ready for Hannibal. In some surprise, the latter notes the move. To fight he must follow. To cross involves the placing of his entire army on an open plain, thrusting his right well out "in the air," as it is termed, with no defence, natural or improvised, on which to rest it, with an outnumbering army on his front, a hostile town in and near his rear. It is not a safe move, but he looks at his stern, battle-seasoned infantry, greatly inferior in numbers to the brilliant legions of Rome; he carefully studies his eager cavalry—there at least he can afford to be confident, for the world cannot match them, and the plain on the right bank is to the full as open, as favorable as on the left. East or west, then, it is all the same. Hannibal laughs with hope and triumph and thrilling confidence, as he too faces his men eastward, fords the Aufidus in cheery order, marches well out on the eastern plain, then halts and confronts the shouting, spear-brandishing, shield-clanging army of Rome. At last in open conflict, in fair field, where neither surprise, nor deep defile, nor treacherous morass can aid him, he means to meet, and he means to overthrow the surging power of the great rival of his country.

Each army is formed practically on the same general plan. Infantry in the centre; cavalry on the flanks; but, in detail, there is this important difference: Varro has so formed his legions that though far outnumbering the force of Hannibal his line is no greater in extent. The right flank of the Carthaginians is far

out there on the open plain, and with his great superiority in numbers Varro ought by every principle to overlap that exposed flank, but it does not seem to occur to him. A breach has widened between himself and Paullus, and, if the latter suggests that such a disposition should be made, it is more than probable he is impatiently rebuked for officious interference. Whether counselled or not, Varro utterly fails to avail himself of the advantage thus opened to him. He forms his lines in what would now be termed columns of masses; the front of each subdivision of the legion is less than its depth. It would seem as though he had resolved on a formation akin to that of Epaminondas—a deep charging column, and with it an impetuous assault on the Carthaginian centre, before which everything must go down. But it never seems to have occurred to him that, notwithstanding his vastly inferior force, Hannibal would take the initiative and himself become the attacking general.

With much pomp and martial clangor the army of Rome had dressed its lines. On the extreme right, next the river, were the picked cavalry of the army, the knights and gentlemen of the city. Few in number, comparatively speaking, they represented the best blood of the republic and could be relied upon to fight to the death. Immediately on their left were drawn up the grand legions, stretching far across the plain, their battalions formed with diminished front but extending to a great depth to the rear. In the full panoply of Rome's sturdiest soldiery, they presented an appearance well calculated to inspire their demagogue of a leader with confidence. On their left were extended the battalions of light infantry of the allies, and then farthest out of all were the cavalry of the Italian provinces, notably of Latium. But these last were facing the most accomplished light horsemen of the world, the Numidians. Well out in front of the entire infantry command were ranged strong lines of skirmishers from the velites, and between these and the Balearic slingers of Hannibal the battle had already begun. No sooner were the men of Carthage well across the stream than the impatient Varro ordered out his skirmishers; the Balearic slingers sprang forth

from the opposing lines, and, under cover of their movements, the army of Africa takes up its station.

Far out on the Carthaginian right are the swarming hosts of Numidia. They are at least equal in number to the cavalry who stand opposed to them, but not so perfect in armor or equipment. Their superiority lies in their steeds and their horsemanship. Between the Numidians, drawn up under the watchful eye of their renowned leader Maharbal, and the cavalry of the left wing the infantry forms its lines. An odd disposition it seems at first glance. The centre of the foot force is occupied by alternating battalions of Spaniards and Gauls, and this centre is thrown well forward. The right and left centres are filled by the African infantry, armed precisely like that of Rome, and they are withdrawn slightly so that the front of Hannibal is convex toward the enemy, and on its extreme left, between the Africans and the river, confronting the nobles of Rome, the squadrons of Spanish and Gaulish horse are formed under command of Hasdrubal. Throughout the entire Carthaginian line there is jesting and laughter and easy confidence, for Hannibal has been laughingly rallying one of his generals, a "croaker," who shook his head dolefully at sight of the overpowering force of Rome.

Already the skirmishers have begun. There is something terrible in the force and vim and accuracy with which those Balearic slingers whirl their missiles in among the velites. The latter are at a great disadvantage; their darts are no answer at all, and they dare not risk a charge for fear of getting too far from their supports. The heavy stones come crashing in from the south with frightful force and precision, tumbling them over in every direction. To add to the trouble the morning breeze has increased to a stiff gale, and is blowing clouds of dust from the Carthaginian lines into the faces of the Romans. They are stung and blinded with the dust; bruised, hammered, felled to earth by shooting stones: stones that penetrate far beyond and rattle like ponderous hail upon the armor of the main line. One of the first to fall, stunned and severely wounded, is the consul Æmilius himself, and, bad augury for Rome, the soldier of the two commanders is temporarily borne away from the fight.

Varro is left to his own devices. Rome cannot long stand this long-range fire which she has no means of answering; but before Varro can decide what to do, with terrific rush and impetus, Hasdrubal hurls forward the horsemen of Spain and Gaul, and in an instant they are crashing in upon the valiant knights of Rome. Doubtless the leader of the latter was quick to move forward to meet them, to gain impetus equal to their own, else he was no cavalryman, for mounted troops must never receive a charge at halt. Certain it is that for some time the Roman right sturdily holds its own, the knights doing valiant battle. But they have no defensive armor; their spears are light and inefficient; even in number they are inferior to Hasdrubal, and Varro has no cavalry on that flank with which to reinforce them. Little by little, they are borne back; still fighting bravely, are overpowered, and, presently, fairly driven from the field and sent whirling down the banks of the Aufidus. The surviving knights are fleeing for their lives, and all the serried cavalry of Spain is in hot pursuit. The right of the Roman line is swept away.

Meantime, far over to the other flank, the Numidians had engaged the cavalry of Latium and the provinces, and here stout resistance is encountered. Maharbal, having only lightly equipped light horsemen, cannot make headway against the determined ranks of Italy, and the battle there is by no means going in favor of the Carthaginians, when, to the dismay of the Romans, a compact and admirably handled force of cavalry is seen riding up from their right rear. It is the division of Hasdrubal returning from victorious pursuit, and about to plunge in to the aid of Numidia. These latter horsemen redouble the energy of their wild charge as they see the approach of comrade cavalry; and, caught between two opposing forces, the horsemen of Latium scatter over the plain in headlong flight toward the sea. The Roman left is gone. All the cavalry of Varro is vanquished.

But here still is his infantry, alone sufficient to outnumber the total horse and foot of Hannibal. Here are the legions, fresh, impatient, valorous. He has held them inactive a while, watch-

ing, with manifest stupefaction, the discomfiture of his horsemen. But now the lines of Hannibal advance. The centre is fairly bulging out far to the front. Varro orders the legions directly in front of the ranks of Spanish and Gaulish infantry to charge squarely forward, while those to the right and left incline inwards, converging, crushing in the Carthaginian centre. With all his might he speeds them on, and with mighty shock the legions of Rome close in combat with a disciplined but inferior foe, and, utterly unable to make a stand against such immense masses as those charging columns of Varro, the ranks of Spain and Gaul, confusedly intermingled, fall slowly back. The great wedge of the legions bursts through the Carthaginian centre, and presently, in triumphant rush, the plumed helmets are hewing their way, a black and scarlet and brazen torrent, squarely through the solid ranks and back upon the supports and reserves. Rome wins in the centre.

But, converging as are the legions on these advanced footmen in the centre, they now crowd, jostle and hamper one another; the free fighting space of the soldier is filled up; the legions on the flanks of the charge have jammed in those in the interior. Men can no longer hurl the pilum or brandish the sword; their shields are entangled, they trip over one another, and their freedom of movement is utterly gone. Worse than that: they have rushed together to pierce the projecting centre of Carthage without a thought of the troops on their own flanks, and now, though they have forced their victorious way through, and well to the rear of the African line, just what happened to the Sacæ and Persians at Marathon befalls them. They are overlapped, right and left, by the African infantry. Their front is still struggling with the Spaniards, but their flanks are open, and now these sturdy spearmen of Carthage face inwards, and down they come. The legions of Rome are hemmed in on three sides.

And now from south, from east and west the barbed lines of spearmen close with fresh vigor upon the huddled mass of legionaries. Brave, devoted, heroic as are those trained warriors, they have been horribly misled, they are penned like

dumb driven cattle where only those on the outskirts can battle at all. Thousands of stalwart, valiant men are crushed together in a struggling mass, unable to extricate themselves, unable to fight, unable to fall back and reform for another attack. In all the din and uproar, in all the fearful confusion that ensues, the orders of officers are unheard or unheeded. The corn-fields of Apulia are trodden down and beaten into dust by the dense mob of helpless humanity, rapidly being trodden under foot in its turn. The legions of Rome are being ground into powder. Farther and farther along their heaving flanks lap the lines of Carthage. Spanish sword, Gaulish spear drip with blood from thousands of ghastly wounds. Only one chance is left. Fall back, fall back and form, is the cry. And partly in obedience to the summons, partly yielding to the savage pressure on front and flank, the crested torrent begins to surge back towards Cannæ. Already the rearmost men are turning back and giving way, but all too late. Exultant, frenzied from their triumphant pursuit, back come the squadrons of Hasdrubal, Mago, and the wild irregulars of Maharbal. A few seconds suffice to range their disciplined ranks; then, in headlong charge, with deafening war-cry, they rush in upon the hitherto unassailed rear of the legions, and now, *vae victis*, Rome is hemmed in on every side. All is lost, but honor.

For hours the dreadful work goes on. It is mere slaughter, carnage now. Little by little the great square contracts, the lines of Carthage close in, the brazen armor of Rome becomes the pavement of the lithe Spaniard or swarthy African. The valor, the manhood, the brawn and sinew of Italy is sacrificed to the criminal blundering of the idol of the populace, and, true to the teachings of his youth, the hero of the pavement and shambles has butchered the army of his countrymen. In almost unparalleled slaughter the eight superb legions of Rome are hewed and hacked to death. Consul, pro-consul, quæstor, prætor, tribune, senator and brave heroes of the infantry, all are heaped among the slain. Æmilius Paullus lies there, victim of the mad blunder he strove in vain to avert. Servilius, the gallant pro-consul; Minucius, valiant chief of cavalry, all are down, and

with them one hundred of the highest officers in the Roman nation; thousands of officers of the line, tens of thousands of the betrayed and butchered soldiery.

But Varro was not among them. The idol of the masses, the self-taught, self-sufficient general managed to slip from the meshes of the net, and, leaving his betrayed comrades to their fate, to spur in safety from the field, and take refuge behind the walls of Venusia.

And now, with eighty thousand Romans, dead or dying on the field; with two great camps, and all their munitions of war open to his pillage; with a loss of only six thousand of his own men, Hannibal is, for the third time, victorious over Rome, and the final victory is the most death-dealing of all. It is the Carthaginian's greatest triumph. It is Rome's most crushing defeat. Any other nation would probably have sued for peace on any terms, but the city, Rome itself, still stood upon its seven hills; the indomitable Senate was still there, and despite Cannæ, its fearful slaughter and awful lesson, Rome was still steadfast. Nation against nation, Rome was still unconquered.



DESTRUCTION OF THE ROMAN LEGION.

ZAMA.

202 B. C.



HAD Hannibal been promptly reinforced after his great victory at Cannæ, there is little question as to what would have been the fate of Rome. But the Carthaginians were not a warlike people. Shrewd merchants, bold navigators and traders, they preferred the arts of peace to any glory of conquest. They could not be brought to realize that so jealous and powerful a rival as Rome must be crippled once and for all, or she would never rest content with a divided rule over the Mediterranean and its islands and sea-ports. It was their love for commerce and trade, their natural indisposition for war that prompted the Carthaginians to sue for peace, after successfully battling with Rome for over twenty years, in the first Punic war. It was this same trait that impelled them now to withhold from Hannibal the men and means he needed to crush the Roman capital. It was this very trait that now turned the tide of war against them, brought the "Second Punic" to a close with the terrible and decisive battle of Zama, and led, in the next century, to their utter annihilation. Penny-wise and pound-foolish, Carthage was swept from the face of the earth when, had she supported Hannibal in answer to his call, she might have ruled the world.

The great victory of Cannæ produced no great enthusiasm at home. The people could not see what their leaders saw: that Carthage must ruin Rome or Rome would ruin Carthage. Hannibal had been away five years. His influence was not felt in the home councils. The Peace party had the upper hand.

His brothers, Hasdrubal and Mago, were with him in Italy. No fit representative had been left behind, and as peace reigned at home the short-sighted patriots would have it that no necessity existed for maintaining the army abroad. The golden opportunity was frittered away, and before Carthage could realize it, and despite the appeals and efforts of Hannibal and Mago, Rome had sprung from her stupor, rallied from the blow of Cannæ, Scipio Africanus had "carried the war into Africa," and Rome was at her throat.

Then was fought the battle of Zama. A brief account of intervening events is necessary to an understanding of the loss of the immense advantage gained by Hannibal at Cannæ.

Rome was now practically alone. She had not more than one hundred thousand men, and all Italy had deserted her. Hannibal ruled supreme in Southern Italy, for Samnium, Campania, Lucania and Bruttium could no longer stand by Rome. They had to furnish war supplies, and even soldiers for Hannibal's army, or be sacked for disobedience. Then, too, the Gauls sent him large reinforcements, but his favorite arm was the cavalry, and this he could not strengthen abroad. He needed horses and horsemen from Spain and Carthage, and Mago was sent thither after them.

But all this took time, and meanwhile Rome was straining every nerve; the valor, the grandeur of Roman character, was never shown to better advantage. In Spain, thanks to the army sent thither by P. Cornelius Scipio, she had been steadily gaining ground. In Italy Hannibal had been compelled to divide his force into three armies. He could only be with one at a time, and Rome again sent out her legions under Fabius, Gracchus and Marcellus, avoiding battle where they had to meet the cavalry but striking incessantly elsewhere, at the communications and supply depots of the invaders. Hannibal failed in his attack on Tarentum. Gracchus fought and defeated Hanno at Beneventum, well-nigh destroying his army of 17,000 men. And though Hannibal subsequently won Tarentum by surprise, and Hanno partially retrieved his losses, enough had been done by Rome to revive hope and confidence.

Mago returned from Carthage, with some few cavalry and more elephants, at last, and Hannibal again took the field. The brave Roman general, Gracchus, was trapped in ambush and killed in Lucania, and Hannibal won two more bloody and desperate battles in Lucania and Apulia over the forces of Centenius and Fulvius Flaccus. The Roman consuls kept up vigorous siege of Capua, however, and Hannibal remained in the extreme south of Italy, well away from Rome, still waiting for reinforcements. In the following year, it is true, he made a rapid march against the capital, but found the garrison ready and determined and an assault hopeless. Then Rome took Capua and mercilessly murdered such of its senators as had not poisoned themselves, and though unable to cope with Hannibal in the field, her garrisons were indomitable. But then came bad news from Spain. Hasdrubal had been sent thither; had successfully fought the Roman legions of the Scipios. Both Scipios were killed, and Hasdrubal, with a large army, was coming to the support of his brother, Hannibal.

In the year 208 B. C., eight years after Cannæ, Hannibal was still master of Southern Italy, but simply holding his own. A new, a young Scipio was at the head of the reorganized Roman army in Spain, and among the prætors of the year appears for the first time a name that will live forever in history borne by an ancestor of him who made it famous one hundred and fifty years later—the name of Julius Cæsar.

It was evident to all that, with the summer of the following year, Rome would be attacked from all sides by the converging armies of the sons of the Thunderbolt, as Hamilcar had been named, and the Romans sought among themselves for leaders to meet and drive back that of Hasdrubal. Caius Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius were chosen consuls of Rome. The former was sent to hold Hannibal in check, while to Livius was confided the battle with the column from Spain. Then fortune favored Rome. Nero intercepted letters from Hasdrubal to Hannibal which betrayed to him the whole plan of the campaign. With admirable energy he took a strong detachment from his army, marched rapidly north, joined Livius, and to-

gether they attacked and terribly defeated the northern army of Carthage, killing Hasdrubal and winning for Rome the decisive victory of the campaign. Less than a week later the ghastly head of Hasdrubal was flung at his brother's feet, and Hannibal groaned aloud. It was the death-blow to Carthage.

Meantime young Publius Scipio, son of him who had been killed in action there, was carrying all before him in Spain. As a mere boy he had fought at Cannæ, and when only twenty-seven years of age was elected pro-consul for the Spanish war. His first exploit was the capture of New Carthage; then the news of the great victory of Nero and Livius at the Metaurus spurred him into further effort; he boldly attacked and defeated a large Carthaginian army at Elinga or Silpia, drove the Africans out of the country, returned in triumph to Rome, and was immediately elected consul.

After events crowded thick and fast. Rome was elated. Carthage depressed and alarmed. Scipio carried the war into Africa. He landed near Carthage, laid siege to Utica, and, during the winter that followed, by dint of a well-planned surprise and night attack, burned and destroyed the camp of the Numidian and Carthaginian army, then commanded by Hasdrubal, a cousin of Hannibal's, utterly dispersing or killing 60,000 Numidians and 30,000 Carthaginians. This terrible blow was speedily followed by another, and then, in desperation, Hannibal and Mago were recalled. Italy was freed from the presence of the invaders, and Carthage humbly sued for peace on the victor's own terms. These were hard enough. Carthage pledged herself to abandon Italy and Gaul; to cede Spain and all the islands between Italy and Africa; to give up all war ships but twenty, and to pay an immense sum of money. This was early in 202 B. C.

As we have no Carthaginian historian the Roman account has to be accepted for all that followed. All the blame is thrown on Carthage, and "Punica Fides" became a sneering by-word to all posterity. Rome alleged that within a few months, emboldened by the return of Hannibal, Carthage broke the terms of the treaty and, in violation of the law of nations, strove to seize some Roman officers sent to inquire into an illegal

detention of Roman vessels in the harbor of Carthage. At all events the war broke out again. Hannibal had landed at Lep-tis and gone into camp at Zama, five days' journey southwest of Carthage, and there Scipio hastened to meet him. The armies confronted each other on a broad, open plain. Of the exact numbers of each there is no authentic account, but the belief of historians appears to be that they were equally matched, except that Hannibal had with him eighty trained war-elephants, and this fact gave him a decided advantage. On the other hand, he was deficient in the very arm on which he had hitherto been so accustomed to rely—his light cavalry. Only 2,000 Numidian horsemen remained to him of the great numbers he formerly controlled, and, to his great annoyance, he found them confronted by 4,000 of their own countrymen under Massinissa, one of their own chieftains who, for a long time, had been an active ally of Carthage, but who had become a convert to Scipio's wonderful influence while in Spain. He was now passionately devoted to the cause of Rome, and only a day or two before the battle of Zama had rejoined his great leader, whom he had previously served so well at the destruction of the Carthaginian camp and in the battle which followed a month later. Besides his 4,000 light horsemen Massinissa brought 6,000 veteran infantry.

Scipio Africanus was a soldier of the very first order. He had fought and beaten the armies of Carthage again and again, but only once had he encountered them when fighting under the great Hannibal; that was at Cannæ; and he well knew that now there was need of all his energies. Those war-elephants were a source of some perplexity. Their charge and rush upon the ranks of the legions had always been attended with disaster or, at least, confusion, and he determined on a plan to neutralize their power.

Ordinarily the legions were drawn up in what might be termed loose order, though moving with all the precision of machinery. Each man occupied about three feet "fighting space"—three feet to his right and left hand neighbor, three feet to the rank in rear; and these rear ranks covered the inter-

val between the men in front. Scipio resolved on another system for the battle about to be fought. The men, instead of standing in this "quincunx" order, "covered" one another accurately. Then the files were closed in towards one another, leaving, at regular intervals along the front, lanes or avenues from front to rear through the legions, each lane wide enough for an elephant to rush through unimpeded. These lanes were then loosely filled with light, unarmored troops, who were instructed to break away before the rush of the animals, and so entice them in through the lanes, so on out to the rear of the legions, where they could be easily surrounded and lanced to death, or, at least, put out of the way of further usefulness for the time being. By posting a few legionaries at the head of each of these avenues, so that the front of the line might look uniform, these traps were entirely concealed from the Carthaginians, who placed great reliance on the powers of their elephants, and who confidently expected to throw the beautiful array of the glittering legions into the wildest confusion.

His footmen being thus disposed, Scipio posted his cavalry on the flanks; Massinissa, with the Numidians, on the right; Lælius; with the Italians, on the left; and serenely awaited the result.

And now Hannibal moved forward with his army. All had gone wrong with Carthage of late, and he was to make one supreme effort to right her. His veteran soldiers followed him with little hope, but absolutely without fear. They were sublime in their confidence in the leader who had never yet made a blunder—never yet met a victor.

First came the eighty elephants, dispersed at regular intervals, covering his entire front. Behind them marched the first line of his infantry, twelve thousand strong, made up entirely of the foreign troops in the service of Carthage—Moors, Gauls, Ligurians and Balearic islanders. Behind them, and probably a hundred yards or so separated from them, marched a second line, composed of African subjects of Carthage and of Carthaginians themselves. And still further in rear came the fourth line—the veterans of Italy, the flower of the African army, the soldiers

who had marched, fought and bled with him all over southern Europe. On them he looked with reliance that nothing could shake, and with them Hannibal himself took his station. The two thousand Numidian cavalry marched on his left front, so as to be opposed by their own brethren under Massinissa; while the few Carthaginian horsemen still left to him were posted on his right.

The battle opened by a wild scurry and dash of the Numidians on both sides. Very probably nothing was expected to come of it, for almost immediately Hannibal gave the signal to let loose the elephants, and then all eyes were strained to see the result of their lumbering but tremendous charge. On they come—huge, rolling, unwieldy monsters in headlong dash across the sandy plain—but not a sign comes from the army of Rome. The legions stand like burnished statues; the hot sun of Africa blazes on their brazen shields and crested helmets; the solid earth trembles beneath the thunder and tramp of the excited brutes now so near. Suddenly, with discordant blast, from right to left every trumpet in the Roman lines bursts into wild alarm—a frightful, ear-splitting sound: never have the elephants heard anything to equal it, and they are scared out of all possibility of use. Some, panic-stricken, tear off to the right and left around the flanks; others turn and rush back; others still, urged on by their maddened drivers, dash onward at the legions, and eagerly availing themselves of the friendly lanes so suddenly opened before them, pitch headlong in and are decoyed far to the rear; few do any damage whatever. Hannibal's most dreaded chargers have been tricked into failure. Rome has outwitted Carthage. In their panic several elephants on each flank have dashed back among the cavalry of Carthage, throwing them into disorder. Quick as a flash Lælius and Massinissa note it, and away they go with their squadrons to complete the rout. Quicker than the work of Hasdrubal and Mago in Italy, the cavalry of Carthage is swept away in hopeless flight.

And then the lines of footmen crashed together. But the legions had now resumed their old formation. The foreign mercenaries of Carthage could not stand before them. They broke,

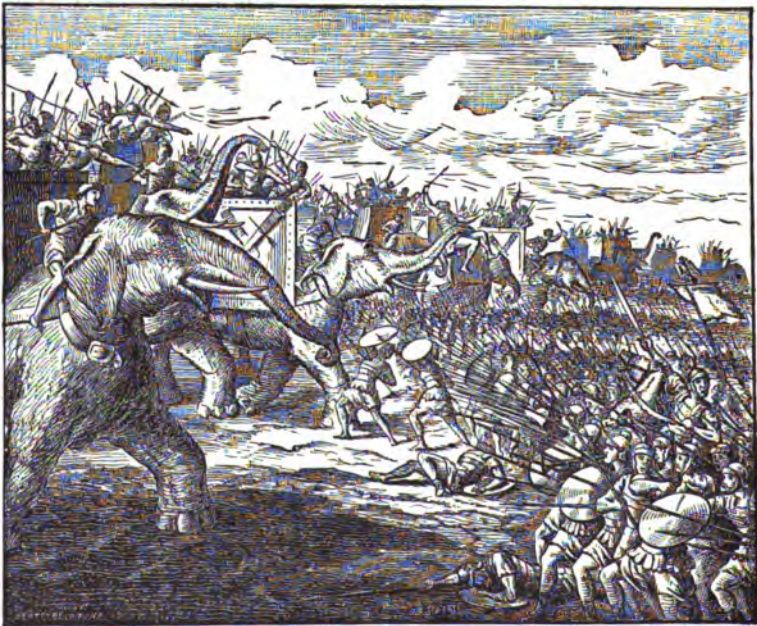
reeled back on the second line, and hacked and hewed their way through their own supports, the legions close behind. Attacked thus by friend and foe, the Carthaginians could not long hold their ground. Thousands fell in the vain attempt, and at last the whole army recoiled upon Hannibal with his veteran reserve. Scipio restrained his victorious men a few moments to extricate them from the swarms of dead and dying and prisoners—then hurled them forward on the spears of the veterans. Then indeed the battle became hot. On both sides courage and discipline were well-nigh perfect. The men fought under the eyes of the two finest chieftains of their century. Neither side would yield an inch, and had the legions of Scipio and the veterans of Hannibal been left to fight it out, there is no telling how it would have ended. For over an hour, hand to hand, steel to steel, the savage work went on; but at last the cavalry of Lælius and Massinissa came back from pursuit, and with exultant shouts charged home on the rear of the Carthaginian reserves. Then almost to a man the veterans of Italy died in their tracks. Surrounded, cut off from all chance of escape on the level plain, they could only court a soldier's death. The sun went down on a ruined army and a ruined cause. Zama was the last hope of Hannibal.

Twenty thousand soldiers of Carthage were there slain; twenty thousand more were taken prisoners. Hannibal himself cut his way through when his presence could no longer result in benefit, and made his way to Carthage, where his services would be needed more than ever.

This splendid victory of Scipio's resulted in the utter subjection of Carthage. She acceded to the harsh terms of her conquerors sadly but helplessly, even giving one hundred of her youth as hostages for future observation of her treaties. She retained only ten war-ships, surrendered all prisoners, deserters, even her elephants, and agreed to engage in no war even in Africa without Roman consent, besides paying an immense fine. As for Rome, as the result of Zama and the end of the second Punic war, she now became the ruler of Italy, Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, most of Spain and virtually of Northern Africa and the

Mediterranean. Hannibal was driven from his native country, and wandered about from kingdom to kingdom striving to find a command in any service that might be at war with hated Rome, finally dying at the age of sixty-four at the court of Prusias, in Bithynia—probably by suicide to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans.

Broken as she was, Carthage still retained her superb city and harbor, with her seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and, in her jealousy, Rome oppressed and humbled her until at last again she was goaded into resentment. One hundred and fifty years before Christ, in misery and desperation, the Carthaginians took up arms for the third Punic war. It was brief enough. In four years their proud city was razed to the ground—not one stone was left upon another. Their territory became a Roman province, and they themselves—those who were wretched enough to survive—wanderers upon the face of the earth. Carthage was no more.



CHARGE OF HANNIBAL'S ELEPHANTS.

CYNOSCEPHALÆ.

197 B. C.



NDER Philip of Macedon, pupil of Epaminondas and father of Alexander the Great, Macedon rose to power and prominence, and the Macedonian phalanx became the most perfect military machine of the old days. Under another Philip of Macedon, 150 years afterwards, both phalanx and monarchy went to pieces before the legions of Rome.

Three times did Macedon become involved with the great nation that rose to the west. The first war was indecisive and of no lasting importance. The second was the outgrowth of the first, and in a measure brought about by the active sympathy shown by King Philip to Hannibal during the second Punic war. No sooner was Zama won and Rome at liberty to turn from Carthage and settle her quarrel with Philip than, in 200 B. C., the Senate declared war against Macedon. Six new legions were formed, and with two of these the consul Galba landed at Apollonia, on the shore of Illyria. As part of the spoil of Carthage he had with him also several war-elephants and 1,000 Numidian cavalry.

Up to this time the Macedonian phalanx had been invincible. Its arms and formation have been described under the head of Arbela, but now it was destined to meet its conqueror in the superb legion of Rome, and, though it must be remembered that for over a century the Macedonians and Greeks generally had been steadily falling off from the high standard of discipline and physical powers for which they had been renowned

under Lycurgus, Epaminondas and Alexander, and that the Romans had as steadily been arriving at an almost perfect development of military strength and prowess, it is impossible to understand how the hitherto impenetrable phalanx was ruined, as it was in the second and third Macedonian wars, without a description of the legion itself. At Cynoscephalæ and Pydna the legion laid the phalanx at its feet, and it is here, therefore, that its description seems most appropriate.

The Roman soldier of the Cæsars was the result of nine centuries of experiment in actual war. At the end of the second Punic, 200 years before Christ, he had not yet reached the degree of perfection attained two centuries later, and the legion itself differed materially from that which maintained the standard of the emperors. But even before the days of Cannæ and Zama military education had become compulsory throughout the Roman provinces, and military duty was exacted of all able-bodied citizens when the need of the republic so demanded.

The consular legion of 200 B. C. comprised 4,500 men, divided as follows: 1,200 *hastati*, the newest and least experienced of the legionary troops; 1,200 *principes*, well-trained soldiers; 1,200 *velites*, light troops or skirmishers; 600 *triarii*, veterans in reserve; 300 *equites*, knights and gentlemen of families of rank, acting as cavalry. The legion when formed in order of battle or for martial exercise was drawn up in three lines; the *hastati* and *principes* being divided into ten maniples or companies of 120 men each; while the veteran *triarii*, who formed the third line, had only sixty to the company. Each maniple was commanded by a centurion, or captain, and for other officers had a second centurion, or lieutenant, and two sergeants, with a *decanus*, or corporal, to every ten men. Each of the three lines was commanded by its senior captain; no such offices as our modern colonelcies, majorities, etc., being adopted, and the senior centurion of the *triarii* commanded the whole legion when its general was absent. He was called the *primipilus*. The staff of the legion consisted of six tribunes, who attended to all the details of feeding, clothing and paying the men, and who commanded the legion two months at a time in turn, until, during

the civil wars, a *legatus*, or lieutenant-general, corresponding to our modern brigadier, was assigned to the command.

The cavalry of the consular legion was divided into ten *turma*, or troops of thirty horsemen each, and as these little troops were composed of youths of noble families whose services in war were to be the stepping-stones to prominence in public life, their officers were greater in number than those of the foot soldiery, there being three *decurions* to each *turma*, the senior commanding.

The *velites* were divided equally among the maniples of the lines of battle, each company having a certain number of these active and light-armed troops to protect its front and flanks from sudden attack.

Now while in point of numbers the consular legion differed from that of the empire, and while some alterations were made in the order of battle, the armament and the individual instruction of the soldier remained practically the same. The footmen of the line of the legion were equipped alike with two barbed, iron-headed javelins, one of them, the *pilum*, being six feet in length, terminated by a massive, eighteen-inch point, and this terrible weapon the soldier was constantly exercised in hurling with a sure, steady hand and muscular arm. The other, a lighter spear, was generally retained as defence against cavalry. Besides his spears the soldier carried on the *right* hip a short, heavy, two-edged cut-and-thrust sword, a Spanish invention that Rome had adopted before the days of Hannibal's invasion. He was taught to hurl the *pilum* when about ten or twelve paces from the enemy, then to draw his short sword and rush in for close combat; and here the Roman soldier was a foe to be dreaded. His defensive armor was a massive helmet of brass, surmounted by tall plumes of red and black; a breast-plate or coat of mail; greaves, or metal-bound boots, worn at first only on the right leg but afterwards on both; while on his left arm he carried a ponderous, oblong shield, four feet long, two and a half wide, made on wooden frame, covered with bull's-hide, but banded and plated with brass, the whole being semi-cylindrical in shape.

Drawn up in order of battle the legion was a superb sight.

Its armor glistened in the sunlight and its plumes waved and nodded in the breeze. The men by incessant exercise were developed to great physical strength, and handled their massive weapons with the utmost ease. Modern soldiers could not begin to stagger along under the weight with which the Roman footman cheerily trudged his twenty miles in six marching hours: for, besides his shield and arms, the Roman carried about him his food, his cooking kit, portions of his tent, or hut, and his intrenching tools; and the instant the legion was halted or called to prepare for action these "*impedimenta*" were thrown aside and the soldier stepped forth fresh and vigorous, ready for battle.

Constant practice, constant discipline and exercise was the secret of the grand series of successes that soon attended the Roman arms; and one notable thing to be remembered is that the arms, with which their daily instruction was conducted, were just *twice* the weight of those with which they rushed into battle. His fighting tools felt like playthings in the grasp of the stalwart Roman, and, as all these points had been neglected more and more among the nations to the east, it is easy to begin to see how those terrible short swords were soon to hew their way over the Hellespont and into the heart of Asia.

But now comes the point in which, most radically of all, the legion differed from the phalanx. The latter, we have seen, was one compact mass; the *syntagma* being sixteen front, sixteen deep, armed with the long, unwieldy "24-foot" sarissa; and covered by locked shields. A terrific force when charging down hill or on level ground; a terrible foe to meet spear to spear; but clumsy, helpless if attacked in flank or rear, and easily broken on rough ground. The formation of the legion was science and strength combined. It was far more soldierly.

Each man had three feet "fighting space" to begin with, three feet from shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, three feet from breast to back in the files. It was an open order. More than that: instead of "covering" each other in file, the men of the even numbered ranks stood opposite the intervals between the men of the odd numbered, in what is called quincunx order.

By two short steps to the front the even numbered rank could come into line with the odd, forming four solid ranks (for the legion was generally drawn up eight deep). By a side step to the right the even numbered ranks could place themselves in rear of the men of the odd ranks, forming the maniple in closed files with three feet interval between them. A great advantage, for a wearied or exhausted line of *hastati* or *principes*, without falling back one step, could instantly be replaced by a fresh line from the rear which, rushing up through the open spaces, could hurl its *pila* in the faces of the pressing foe, draw its swords, and then, as the wearied line fell back, the new men sprang into their places with the quickness of thought, and the panting foemen were confronted by a regiment of perfectly fresh antagonists.

The legion could face to the right, left or rear, was ready to fight at any instant, in any direction. The phalanx was led-like in its weight, the legion steel-like in elasticity, and could it once hew its way in through the hedge of Macedonian pikes, or entrap the solid mass of Macedonia's *hoplites* into boggy or broken ground, there was no question as to which formation would be the more effective.

Remembering now that with the Romans all was discipline, skill and enthusiastic faith in their physical prowess; that with the Macedonians there had been no such soldiers as Alexander for more than a century, and all martial exercises had been neglected; the reader who has seen the phalanx sweep resistlessly through an hundred times its weight in foemen, will be prepared for what follows: its utter demolition at Cynoscephalæ.

The present Philip of Macedon was a good soldier, a man of much energy and intelligence, but of no principle. He had made many enemies in Greece, and his kingdom was very generally assailed when the Romans, under Galba, landed at Apollonia. Hastening to meet them, he moved with an army of about equal size into Western Macedonia, a wild and unsettled region. He was somewhat confounded by this sudden move of Rome, and would gladly have made peace could he have done so without dishonor.

Rome's pretence for the war was that in a recent invasion of

Attica, King Philip had made "an attack on a state in alliance with Rome," but jealousy and fear of Macedonian conquest in Asia and her power over the Greeks generally, was the real cause.

It was late in the year 200 B. C. that the Romans landed. In the following spring some indecisive encounters took place, and yet nothing of importance occurred until the Ætolians, Dardani and Illyrians joined in the uprising against Macedon, a Roman fleet appeared off the eastern coast, and Philip had to fall back pursued by Galba. A battle was fought in a wooded mountain pass, and the Macedonian spears proved clumsy and useless in such a position, and Philip had to retreat still farther. But Galba was timid and went back to the coast, and as between Rome and Macedon nothing further happened until the summer of 198 B. C., when the new consul, Titus Quinctius Flaminius, came over, heavily reinforced the legions already in Illyria, and started a new campaign. Like Rome's most successful generals, Flaminius was a young man, only thirty, skillful as a soldier and successful as a diplomatist. Philip met him in conference and proposed terms of peace, but the Roman demands were too exacting, and they parted to settle the differences in battle. Treachery of some Epirots enabled Flaminius to win the first advantage and drive Philip from his camp. Then the Achæans allied themselves with the Romans, and the affairs of Macedon became desperate. Philip fell back, and during the winter endeavored once more to make peace. Two months armistice was agreed upon while envoys were sent to Rome. They came back disappointed. Nothing would satisfy the Senate but the total surrender by Macedon of all her foreign possessions, and Philip would not listen to such a proposition.

Then began the spring campaign of 197 B. C. Flaminius had managed to possess himself of Thebes in Bœotia, and by this means to break off communication between the Macedonians to the north and their garrison at Corinth. From this point he marched northward into Thessaly, intending to assault Philip, whom he expected to find guarding the pass of Tempe.

But Philip had gained confidence, his wrath against Rome was

now very great, and in his eagerness for battle he determined not to await the coming of Flaminius, but to march southward to meet him, and so it happened that one gloomy, rainy day the Roman vanguard suddenly and unexpectedly ran into the advance of Macedonia.

North of the little town of Scotussa in Pelasgiotis, a district of Eastern Thessaly that was comparatively level, there rises from the flat plateau of the Karadagh a rather high and abruptly sloping hill then called Cynoscephalæ—Dogs-head. Some distance south of this landmark the Roman camp had been established the night before, and though in total ignorance of the nearness of any enemy, the invariable practice of the Romans had been carried out, and even when only halting for the night the camp was carefully intrenched. Here Flaminius had a force of 26,000 men, all told, mainly Roman legionaries, though several thousand allies, Ætolians, Apolloniates and Cretans had joined him on the march. His great superiority lay in cavalry, for therein he had the best blood in Rome: young soldiers full of intelligence, zeal and ambition, and some of these troopers it was who, early on this memorable day, rode suddenly over the crest before them and found themselves in the midst of the Macedonian light troops.

Philip's army was about equal in numbers, but only 16,000 were *phalangites*; the remainder being made up of vassals, conscripts and irregulars. Even old men and young boys, too, had been drafted in to fill the squares of his *hoplites*, for Macedonia was strained to the utmost. The cavalry of Macedon, once the favorite arm of the great Alexander, had fallen off greatly, both in numbers and efficiency, from their old standard, and were now not to be compared with the Roman knights on their fleet and sturdy Spanish horses. But Philip was hopeful and confident. Flaminius was a long way from his base of supplies, and, were they to meet in Thessaly, where the ground was so favorable for his phalanx, the chances were, he thought, heavily in his favor. He, too, had encamped for the night not far from Cynoscephalæ, but facing south, and it is hard to say whether he knew of the proximity of the Romans or not. At all events there is nothing

to indicate preparations to receive them on that ground, and perhaps one side was no more astonished than the other when the advanced guards stumbled upon one another at the crest.

From the camp Flaminius could see scurry and commotion along the distant slopes, and instantly divined that his light horsemen had met the enemy. Next, as his horsemen and the skirmishers, well out to the front, came hurrying in, he realized that the enemy must be in force; and, while the ranks of the stately legions were quickly forming, he ordered the Ætolian cavalry and the velites out to the front to support the Roman knights. Charging impetuously they in turn outnumbered the Macedonian advanced guard, drove them up the slope, over the ridge and then, rashly pursuing, went thundering down the northern side and ran squarely into the whole Macedonian army, now rapidly advancing in line of battle. All the northern cavalry, all the irregulars, archers and dartmen swarmed in upon the Romans, whose own *velites* had been unable to keep up with them; and, with very great loss in killed, they were forced to turn and spur back again, closely pursued and well-nigh surrounded by the enemy's horsemen. This time there seemed to be no hope of reforming. In the ardor of their pursuit the knights of the Roman horse had utterly broken their ranks, the *turmæ* were confusedly mixed, officers scattered here and there, some with no officers at all; they had simply raced the Macedonian vanguard back over the hill towards the north, had left the thousand horsemen of Ætolia far behind them, and were practically alone when they found themselves halted by running into the line of battle. This last was a fortunate accident, for, having kept their ranks, the Ætolians were ready once more to come to the rescue, and by a well-timed charge succeeded in checking the Macedonian horse and giving the *turmæ* time to rally and once again straighten out their lines.

But all this was mere preliminary to what was to come. Both generals had been compelled to hurry their armies into ranks and to move forward in support of their advance. Roman discipline and steadiness had enabled Flaminius, in a few minutes, to deploy his beautiful legions, and, with steady step and fronts

perfectly aligned, to move them forward along the plateau. The importance of seizing and holding that intervening height seems to have flashed upon him and upon King Philip at the same instant. Rome had farther to go, and the front of the line was still encumbered by the fighting groups of horsemen. On the other hand, the instant the soldiers of the phalanx had seen the Roman knights and horsemen turn and spur back up the slope, followed by the whole force of Macedon's cavalry, they demanded to be led at once against the enemy, and impetuously started forward. Philip, with the right wing, could not resist the impulse; and so, calling to the left wing to follow speedily as it could form, and leaving it to the charge of Nicanor, he pushed up the slope, reaching the crest and forming in order of battle just as his cavalry and light troops came tearing back, before the advance of the legions of Rome.

Through eddying mist and plashing rain he could see their long brazen ranks just breasting the slopes. Looking back he could see that the left wing of the great phalanx was now moving up to his support. Eager to close at once, realizing the vast advantage mass and velocity would give him could he charge at once down-hill upon the perfect order of the Roman lines, he could wait no longer. "Forward" was the order; down crashed the long *sarissa* to the charge, and with confident, exulting hearts, the men of the Macedonian right were launched in upon the lines of Rome. Sixteen deep, mail-clad, massive—what could withstand them? In vain, as they came within range, the *pila* were hurled upon them, and the ready short-swords leaped into air. In vain Roman valor strove to check that terrible advance. Just as at Leuctra, thundering down that smooth, graded slope, the phalanx was like one vast engine of war sweeping all before it. Rome's javelins, swords and brawny arms were all impotent against it. The Roman left was overturned and brushed out of its path, and crashing through the lines of the *hastati* and *principes* the spears of the phalanx were buried deep in the disordered swarms of legionaries now flocking about the flanks. Trampled under foot as were some few of the Romans, their light and elastic formation enabled them to

bend before the shock. The limb of the stout oak is torn off by the tempest, while the slender willow bows and bends before, yet triumphs over the blast. An opposing phalanx unable to give way would have suffered terrible loss. Rome's nimble legions, seeing the impossibility of stopping this iron avalanche, jumped to one side and let it through—then fastened on its flank and rear. The Roman left was broken, not beaten.

Meantime Nicanor, with the left wing of the phalanx in very loose array, had hurried up to the crest, arriving just as King Philip dashed forward in charge with the right. He was not ready to attack. The *syntagmata* were not completely formed, but believing it to be his duty to lose no time in supporting his king's assault, he never stopped to take breath or straighten out his lines, but impulsively kept on. It was a fatal error.

In front of King Philip the slope was smooth and regular. In front of Nicanor it was broken and cut up by ravines. In front of Philip was the unsupported line of the Roman legion. In front of Nicanor, in the Roman right wing, there came a dozen huge war-elephants. It was too late now. As best they could, the spearmen of the Macedonian left were struggling through the broken ground in their dash down the hillside, but the order of the phalanx was broken, and all of a sudden, long before they could close with the Romans, the elephants came thundering among them, scattering spearmen in every direction, spreading confusion everywhere; in helpless wonderment they were left to deal with these novel enemies against whom their unwieldy spears were of such little account, and then before anything could be devised to rid them of their torment, with fierce shout and blare of trumpet, with the terrible javelins of the Romans hurtling through the air upon their now unguarded bodies, they were set upon by the stalwart infantry of the legions. The Roman right wing was upon them.

Even while this disaster had befallen the Macedonian left wing, the legions of the Roman left had reformed and closed in upon the flanks and rear of the phalanx under Philip. Once started it had proved hard to stop, had burst through towards the Roman camp, and was now hopelessly separated from its com

panion under Nicanor. With nothing to rely on but the now useless *sarissa* the Macedonian right found itself suddenly assailed on both flanks and rear by the vigorous swordsmen of Italy. Consternation seized them. Already terrible slaughter was going on, for the Romans were hewing their way in almost unopposed. They had only to thrust vigorously with that deadly sword, and down would go the opponent in a torrent of his own blood. In dismay and terror the Macedonians of both wings now raised their spears, their signal for surrender, but the Romans had never seen it before, knew not its meaning, and the ghastly butchery went on. The two phalanxes were utterly destroyed, and while the Roman loss had been comparatively slight, over ten thousand Macedonians lay weltering in their blood. The legion had triumphed over the invincible phalanx, and Macedon was prostrate at the feet of Rome.

Flaminius proved a generous victor. His Ætolian allies demanded the annihilation of Macedon, but they had disgusted him by their boastings after the battle and by styling themselves the "victors of Cynoscephalæ," and he rebuked them for their arrogance, treated Philip with all courtesy and respect, and finally secured to him the terms granted to Carthage. Macedon lost all her foreign possessions; all her war ships but five; agreed to maintain no larger army than five thousand men; to engage in no war without consent of Rome, and to furnish troops as allies for Rome against Asiatic powers when required. These conditions complied with and a fine of one thousand talents (nearly \$1,220,000) paid over to Rome, Philip was allowed to go in peace, and Macedon was reduced to a mere impoverished state. Her political importance was gone forever. Rome was now undisputed ruler of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Her next move was upon Asia.

MAGNESIA.

190 B. C.



T will be remembered that after the death of Alexander the Great at Babylon in 323 B. C. his great conquests in Asia and Africa were divided among his prominent generals. Antigonus, Ptolemy, Lysimachus and Seleucus were the four chiefs. Antigonus was killed in battle 301 B. C., and twenty years afterwards Seleucus was assassinated, but not until his title of king had been firmly established and his monarchy extended over all the country between the Indus and Phrygia.

Under his descendants, the Seleucidæ, this great empire dwindled gradually away, but even at the time of the second Macedonian war with Rome it comprised Syria, Palestine and much of Asia Minor, and now in 197 B. C. Antiochus the Great, as he called himself, a great-great-grandson of Seleucus, was on the throne.

Of Macedonian descent, his sympathies had been with King Philip during the war just brought to a close by the disaster of Cynoscephalæ; but this sympathy was due more to a jealousy of the rising power of Rome than to any especial sentiment of friendship for Macedon. He had hoped to conquer Egypt by the aid of Philip, in which case he would have been compelled to divide the spoil, but now that Philip was humbled and powerless he set about winning it without him, and presently his interests clashed with those of Rome. Marked successes with which he had met in the Egyptian provinces made him overconfident, and his next move was to risk a war with Rome by



BATTLE OF MAGNESIA.

crossing the Hellespont and invading the Thracian Chersonese. Then Rome's old enemy, Hannibal, came to visit Antiochus at Ephesus, and was received with such distinction that Rome was justified in looking upon the king as an avowed enemy and should have prepared to meet him.

But, by some strange error, Flaminius withdrew at this moment all the Roman garrisons from Greece, and, doubly encouraged, Antiochus became more openly hostile. The Ætolians now broke out against Rome, and were so warmly supported by Antiochus that there could be no further delay. In the spring of 193 B. C. Rome demanded that Antiochus "should either evacuate Europe and dispose of Asia at his pleasure, or retain Thrace and submit to Roman protectorate over Smyrna, Lampascus and Alexandria Troas." Antiochus would do neither, and war was declared in the spring of 192.

And now, though the fight was between Rome and Asia, Greece became the battle-ground, as she lay midway between them. Antiochus, with a small army of about 10,000 men, landed at Pteleum on the Pagasæan Gulf, in southeastern Thessaly, and a Roman army of 25,000 at the same time disembarked at their accustomed place on the opposite side of the peninsula—Apollonia, in southwestern Illyria.

The first advantage was gained by the Asiatics, who captured Chalcis, the principal city of the island of Eubœa, established head-quarters there and annihilated a Roman division at Delium, on the opposite shore of the straits. Then came a winter with no decisive actions on either side, but in the spring of 191 heavy reinforcements arrived from Rome, and Antiochus, who had taken up a strong position at time-honored Thermopylæ, and had intrusted to the Ætolians the defence of the mountain pathway by which Xerxes had "turned" Leonidas, was totally surprised and had his army cut to pieces before his eyes. He himself escaped with only 500 men to Chalcis, and, abandoning everything, hurried back to Ephesus. His European scheme of conquest was ruined. He had lost everything but some trivial possessions in Thrace.

All the winter that followed was filled up with important naval

movements, the fleets of Antiochus and of Rome constantly meeting everywhere from the Hellespont to the Mediterranean, and finally in August, 190, a great sea-fight took place at the promontory of Myonesus, where the Romans took or sank forty-two ships and totally defeated the Asiatics. After that there was no farther attempt on the part of Antiochus either to meet the Romans at sea or to check the crossing of the army at the Hellespont. In fact, he was so panic-stricken by this unlooked-for disaster to his fleet that he hastily ordered the abandonment of a strong position still held by his troops at Lysimachia, near the Thracian Chersonese, and left other garrisons at Ænus and Maronea to their fate.

And now the hero of Spain and Africa, the conqueror of Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, was called upon by his fellow-citizens to carry the war into Asia. The Roman reserve in Italy was sent forward into Greece, and the army in Greece under Glabrio was destined for the advance into Asia under the gallant young soldier who had triumphed over Rome's most powerful enemy. Such was the enthusiasm of the army when it was announced that Scipio was again to take the field that 5,000 of his old comrades, veterans of Spain and Africa, volunteered for the hazardous campaign on new and untried fields. They were to serve under him whom they regarded as invincible, and that was sufficient.

Scipio joined the army in March; found the Ætolians hostile and troublesome, and was compelled to waste valuable time in a mountain warfare with those rather unprincipled characters. Finally he arranged a six months' armistice, and then set forth upon his march to the Hellespont. It was a long, tedious, uneventful journey along the shores of Thrace and Macedon, King Philip obediently supplying rations and securing them from interruption, and the army reached the Chersonese in August, and, utterly unopposed, as opposed they should have been, crossed the Hellespont and were fairly in Asia Minor. Rome had invaded Asia.

Thoroughly alarmed, Antiochus now begged for peace; offered to pay half the expenses of the war and to cede the Chersonese

and certain Greek cities in Asia Minor. Scipio, however, demanded the whole cost of the war and the surrender to Rome of all Asia Minor. Having come that far, and feeling sure of his ground, it is probable that Scipio determined on complete conquest or a pitched battle. His manner therefore was intentionally arrogant and haughty. Antiochus was enraged by it, and instead of falling back into the interior, drawing the Romans after him and then breaking up their sources of supply, he was goaded into desire for battle, and battle there was forthwith.

Just north of where Smyrna now lies, on the extreme eastern end of the gulf of the same name, there rises a tall eminence, Mount Siphylus by name, and around its northern base there flows from east to west a placid stream, the river then called Hermus, now the Sarabat. On the left or southern bank of the river, at the foot of Mount Siphylus, lay a little town called Magnesia. There was still another Magnesia close by Ephesus, farther to the south, but it is this little town in the valley of the Hermus that is memorable as the scene of the one land conflict which gave to Rome her ascendancy in the East.

Here, late in the autumn, while marching southward on the capital of Antiochus, the Roman army encountered the Asiatic forces, and the battle began without further ceremony. Scipio had been taken ill and was left behind at Elæa, but, with perfect confidence in the result, had pushed his army ahead under the command of Gnæus Domitius. It was a small force to venture in through a hostile country, but the line of march was near the coast and aid could be relied on from the Roman fleet should disaster befall them. But Scipio feared no disaster. His men were in perfect discipline and condition, and, though he had not more than 35,000, all told, he entertained no fear as to the result.

Against them Antiochus formed in battle order no less than 80,000 men, 12,000 of whom were cavalry. The battle-ground was hemmed in by heights and so narrow that he was compelled to mass his forces, in order to get them into position at all. His was an unwieldy and very heterogeneous army. All manner of

soldiery served therein, so that the variety was almost as great as in the days of Xerxes. He formed them in two lines. In the first were posted the light troops, archers, stone-slingers and *peltastæ*; the mounted archers of the Dahæ and Mysians; Arabs on dromedaries, and the dreaded war-chariots with their cruel scythes and spear-tipped poles. In the second line on both flanks were posted the heavy cavalry who, being armed with breastplate and helmet for defence against javelin and arrow, were an innovation on all former ideas of Asiatic horsemen, and were copied probably from the Macedonians, as was the massive phalanx, 16,000 strong, which was posted in the centre of the second line, and was regarded as the very flower of the whole army. The confined space made it necessary to draw up the phalanx in double deep order, thirty-two instead of sixteen files, and there it stood, armed and equipped in all respects as was the phalanx of Alexander, a dangerous foe to withstand should it come to the charge, but a bulky and unwieldy mass in a crowded or broken ground. Between the compact battalions of the phalanx and the *cataphractæ* or heavy cavalry were the light infantry, Gallic and Cappadocian, recruited from Eastern Asia Minor; and, finally, between the two divisions or lines were placed fifty-four elephants, trained, as were those of Hannibal, to charge and break up the ranks of the enemy. All the strength and solidity, all the real force of the mixed array of Antiochus seemed to be in the second line. All in front was of light or irregular order.

And against this motley army the soldiers of Rome, in disciplined silence, took up their position.

On their left flank, securing it from assault by cavalry, flowed the river Hermus. Here, therefore, only a small command of horsemen was placed instead of the equal division usually noted on each flank. The main body of the Roman horse was out on the extreme right of their line, 3,000 in number, all under the leadership of Eumenes. Under him also were the light troops and the allies, some 5,000 in number, Achæans, Pergamenes and Macedonians. But in the centre and left-centre were drawn up the glittering legions, and herein lay the strength and confidence

of Rome. Back of the line, some little distance, stood the Roman camp, guarded by only a handful of picked men, for Domitius never doubted the result and never dreamed that a possibility existed of attack on the camp itself.

Eumenes opened the ball. The archers and slingers were launched out to the front and, in compliance with their orders, opened fire, not on the opposing soldiery but on the teams of the chariots and on the camels. Wounded, stung and frightened, teams and camels were almost instantly thrown into disorder, became unmanageable, and many turned and dashed off to the rear. This being just what Eumenes expected, he had his fine body of cavalry in readiness, and the instant the lines of chariots and camels began to break up and turn about in panicky confusion he signalled the advance, led in at full gallop, and the camels and team-horses hearing the uproar behind them could not be controlled, and, worse still, dashed headlong into the midst of the heavy cavalry of the second line just as their general was essaying to lead them out to meet the advancing Romans. The cataphractæ of the Asiatic left were thrown into confusion and their efforts to advance rendered powerless, and at this instant the Roman horsemen rushed in at the charge, directing their main attack upon the light infantry on the left of the phalanx, who made no stand whatever against such impetuous assault, but while some ran for their lives to the rear, others, the greater portion of them, huddled in under the spears of the phalanx where alone they were safe, but where they utterly impeded its movements and threw it in turn upon the defensive just at the very moment when Antiochus expected and ordered it to advance upon the legions.

Never doubting that his grand phalanx was moving in support, he now threw forward his entire right wing, leading it in person, and easily overthrew the few Roman cavalry between the legions and the river; and, followed by swarms of his men who were glad enough to sweep through the opening thus afforded without having to come within range of the javelins and swords of the Roman infantry, he rushed ahead, leaving the battle behind him, and fiercely attacked the Roman camp.

Several thousand of his soldiers having followed him, this proved a far more attractive undertaking against the little garrison than facing those dreaded horsemen out on the open plain, and yet the Roman guard made so vigorous and determined a defence that even their overwhelming force was repulsed, and while forming anew for another attack, Antiochus learned, to his dismay, that all had gone against him in the battle itself. The phalanx was in full retreat. This was stunning news, but only too true. When he, with his right wing, advanced to the attack of the Roman left, he had ordered the whole phalanx to charge and overturn the legions in front of them. But the phalanx was blocked; first, by the swarms of its own allies huddling about it for protection; then, as these were let in through the intervals, the Roman cavalry vehemently assailed them on both flanks, compelling them to face outward and "couch" their spears. Then, as the horsemen by preconcerted signal drew back, the whole 5,000 irregulars, archers, slingers, dart-throwers, came swarming lightly around them, just out of reach of the long spears, but rattling in upon them an incessant hail of barbed missiles or heavy stones, every one of which found its mark on some one in the jammed and goaded ranks. The one thing for the phalanx to do was instantly to advance in concerted movement, sweep, as it easily could sweep, all before it and bear down on the legions; but, whether because no orders could be heard in the din and confusion, whether because their leaders were already down, or the battalions of the phalanx were cut off from one another in the *mêlée*, it seems that after some time helplessly and irresolutely standing their ground, the 16,000 massively armed *hoplites* began slowly, and with very fair order, to fall back before a far less number of foemen. Then the elephants, who all this time should have been employed in tearing to and fro through the legions, being stung by darts, rocks and javelins, and frightened by the uproar around them, became new elements of mischief, turning about and trampling through the retreating masses of the phalanx itself, tearing huge lanes among the spearmen, and utterly destroying their organization. This was the very thing for which Eumenes was praying.

Once more he launched in the cavalry, front, flank and rear, and now the Roman horsemen were able to dash in among uplifted spears and hew their way into the heart of the mail-clad squares. Another moment and with despairing cries the phalanx utterly broke, and, turning backs to the foe, took refuge in wild and disorderly flight. It was all over with Antiochus. At the camp a rally was attempted, but only added to the carnage. The heavy cavalry had long since disappeared in cowardly retreat, the footmen were left to find what shelter they might, and, hunted down, pursued, relentlessly butchered, as was the savage fashion of the day, the army of Asia was utterly cut to pieces and destroyed. Incredible as it may seem, fifty thousand of the soldiers of Antiochus were either killed, desperately wounded or prisoners, and this magnificent victory had been won without even calling upon the legions. They had not hurled a single javelin. The triumph of Magnesia, that gave to Rome a third continent, cost her just twenty-four troopers and three hundred footmen.

And now Antiochus sued for peace. His army gone, his navy blockaded, what there was left of it; he had no alternative. Asia Minor was surrendered to Rome, even Ephesus going with the grand total of cities and provinces, and, the kingdom of the Seleucidæ having gone to pieces under the fifth ruler of the race, there remained to Asia no monarchy or combination of powers to resist Roman invasion. Winning Magnesia she had practically won everything. If not absolutely the ruler, she was beyond question "the arbitress of the world from the Atlantic to the Euphrates." Three great nations had successively gone down before her. Three great states had become virtually merged in Rome, since they had no independent existence: the fourth, Egypt, was already under her protection. All others were prompt to call themselves allies of Rome, and she stood without a rival, leader of the known world.

PYDNA.

168 B. C.



N 179 B. C. a new ruler appeared in Macedon. Philip died in his fifty-ninth year, broken-hearted and disappointed, leaving to his son Perseus the consummation of a project he had long been brooding over—revenge on Rome.

The last years of his life had been bitter. All Greece seemed to turn against him. Rome listened to every complaint from the lips of his neighbors and would believe nothing in extenuation. One humiliation succeeded another, and nothing saved him from punishment in 183 but the intercession of his younger son Demetrius, who had lived years in Rome as hostage for his father's conduct, and who had there become very popular with the people and an avowed Roman in sentiment. This last cost him his life. Visiting Macedon on a mission for the Senate, he was accused by his elder brother Perseus of treachery to his country's cause; a letter from Flaminius was urged as evidence against him, and the blinded and embittered old king ordered him put to death at once. All too late he learned that it was but a vile plot gotten up by Perseus to rid himself of a dangerous rival. He died in misery, leaving to the murderer of an innocent brother the throne of a well-nigh ruined kingdom.

Perseus, black at heart as he was, and dastard and poltroon as he turned out to be, was a man of great executive ability. Just thirty-one when he ascended the throne, he brought to aid him a fine physique, dignified and martial carriage, a habit of command and great energy and perseverance. With unlimited faith

in his ability sooner or later to throw off and keep off the Roman yoke, he set vigorously to work at the reorganization of his kingdom and his armies.

For twenty-six years there had been no invasion of Macedonian territory by hostile armies except the raids of the few wild races to the north. A new generation of vigorous young men had sprung up since Cynoscephalæ. The peace provision which after that disaster limited the standing army to five thousand men was ignored or in some way set aside, and Perseus had speedily at his command thirty thousand native Macedonians, without taking mercenaries into account, and these soldiers, young, hardy, vigorous, were drafted into the phalanx and constantly trained and exercised in all martial and athletic pursuits. Perseus and his people still believed that, properly handled, the phalanx would prove invincible even against the legions. Of course all these preparations could not escape the jealous eye of Rome, but it was some time before matters came to a clash, and war was declared. By that time the power of Macedon was double what it had been under Philip, and Perseus, if he had half the military ability of his father, could prove a most dangerous foe.

In 197 the treaty of peace between Rome and Macedon provided that the latter was "to conclude no foreign alliance without the previous knowledge of Rome," but Perseus saw fit to make alliances with Byzantium, with cities of Bœotia, and with those inveterate mischief-makers, the Ætolians. On one side or other they had been mixed up in every quarrel that had taken place in Northern Greece for years past, and, basing her action on these forbidden alliances and on the expulsion by Perseus of a Thracian chief who was in alliance with Rome, the now mistress of the world for the third time declared war against Macedon.

In the spring of 171 B. C. the Romans landed on the west coast as usual, having previously sent a large fleet around into the Ægean. Perseus, without allies or ships, stood on the defensive in his own kingdom. He had an army of 43,000 men, 21,000 being phalangites, and 4,000 native cavalry. The rest

were mercenaries and of little value except as light troops and skirmishers. The Roman forces amounted to over 30,000 regular troops and some 10,000 in allies. In addition to the land forces a powerful fleet of forty vessels of the largest class, with 10,000 soldiers destined to take part in sieges should they be required, had been placed under the orders of the admiral Gaius Lucretius, who was to act in conjunction with the consul Publius Licinius Crassus.

Pushing forward into Thessaly, the advance-guard of the Romans met the outposts of Macedon near Larissa, and the former were defeated with a very heavy loss in proportion to numbers engaged: 2,000 foot and 200 horsemen were killed and 600 made prisoners. It was a bad day for Crassus, who seems to have shown no soldierly spirit whatever, and to have allowed himself to be easily beaten. Perseus, knowing well that a vast power lay behind the small army advancing upon him, now offered terms of peace, hoping that his success might prompt the Romans to come to his terms. But Rome never made peace when defeated, and Perseus, who had made preparations for a defensive war, was so poor a general that now, with every advantage, he could not or dare not take the offensive, and both armies fell back.

Meantime the admiral had been doing little better than the consul. Rome recalled them both in disgust, and Lucius Hortensius took command of the fleet, and the new consul, Aulus Hostilius, of the army. They proved as worthless as their predecessors. The discipline of the fleet fell to pieces, and that of the army seemed utterly gone. On shore, in Western Macedonia, on the borders of Illyria, a division under Appius Claudius was beaten time and again, and the new consul, while vainly striving in a feeble and groping manner to restore discipline in his command, made two efforts to penetrate the mountain passes between Thessaly and Macedon, was easily repulsed each time and, had Philip instead of Perseus been in command in Macedon, it is probable that the Romans would have been driven out of Greece before reinforcements could reach them. But Perseus met every Roman blunder with one as great, and a third general

came out and took command, relieving Hostilius. Quintus Marcius Philippus arrived in 169; managed by supreme good luck to cross the mountains and frighten Perseus into retreating on Pydna, burning what ships he had and sinking his treasure. But the Roman provisions gave out, and their flight would have been a sorry one had not Philippus also had the good luck to secure the surrender of the garrison at Tempe, with all their stores and supplies, before Perseus could regain his senses and the possession of the pass.

And here Philippus seemed to be chained all through a long summer and winter. The Macedonians had strongly fortified their line along a little stream that flows into the Thermaic Gulf. The road to the north ran along a narrow strip of country between a range of mountains and the sea. He had forced his way through the pass itself, but could not push ahead without having a pitched battle on untried ground, with a force as strong, if not stronger, than his own. The one thing he could and should have done was to call upon his fleet to sail up the gulf to the rear of the Macedonian position, and so attack it simultaneously front and rear. But nothing of the sort was thought of, or, at least, carried out, and Rome at last picked out the right man, recalled Philippus, and sent thither Lucius Æmilius Paullus, son of the consul who died at Cannæ while striving to retrieve the blunder of his colleague, Varro. For the second time had this noble son of a noble father been elected consul—both times on his merits—and now, in his sixtieth year, but still hale, vigorous and hearty, this tried and trusted old disciplinarian and soldier came to the front and assumed command. The Roman army knew well it had found its master then and there. His mere presence restored order and discipline.

For three years had Perseus been holding Rome at bay. It was about the 7th of June, 168 B. C., that the new consul arrived. Fifteen days after, on June 22d (Julian calendar), Pydna was won, and the war was over.

The first thing he did was enough to show that he was master of the situation. The Roman army was intrenched in front of Tempe. Behind them lay the pass; to their right the dancing

waters of the Thermaic Gulf; to their left the range of Mount Olympus, nearly parallel with the coast; to their front the narrow strip between the mountains and the sea, along which lay the road to Pydna and the heart of Macedon. Some distance up the coast the little river Elpius emptied its waters into the sea, crossing the path from west to east. Here were fortified the lines of Perseus, stretching nearly from the mountains to the gulf. Behind him, to his right rear, a narrow pathway led over the mountains into the valley of the Eurotas. The consul sent Publius Nasica with a strong division up that valley, with orders to surprise, if possible, but to seize at all hazards that important pass, while he himself pushed forward with the cavalry and light troops and kept the enemy busy in front. The plan worked to a charm. The pass was seized and held; the position of Perseus, which he had so laboriously fortified, was "turned," and he was compelled to fall back. Pydna, some twenty miles up the coast, was his first stopping-place, and there, in front of his magazines and stores, with fair open ground for his phalanx, he proposed to fight and overthrow the Romans.

Deliberately as ever the army of Æmilius marched to within convenient distance of the halted enemy. Camp was pitched, duly fortified, and the outposts and vanguard were thrown well to the front. It is probable that the total force of the Romans did not exceed 35,000 men, though accessions of the allies may have brought it up to 40,000. The Macedonians had full as many and the choice of ground. But Æmilius had been careful to pitch his camp upon high ground, with abrupt slopes towards the north as protection against possible attack of that formidable phalanx, and the precaution was a wise one. It turned the fate of battle.

There was an eclipse of the moon early on the morning of the 22d, a fact duly foretold by a Roman officer, and announced to the whole army, that no superstitious fears might be excited; and along about noon the cavalry videttes and outposts of the two armies got into an indiscriminate fight among themselves while watering horses at a little stream. From an insignificant skirmish among a few score of troopers the affair began to grow

serious. First from one side, then the other, knots of horsemen would gallop out to the assistance of their comrades, and the linesmen of the phalanx and the legions, who stood for some time amused and interested spectators of this unpremeditated cavalry combat, began to pick up their spears and shields and look around for orders to "fall in." Neither general had intended to fight a battle on that day. Each had determined on giving his army a good night's rest, but the men had been facing one another for over a year without any satisfactory encounter, were restlessly eager for fight, and as squadron after squadron mounted and trotted out to the front to take a hand in the fray, and the light infantry and irregulars became involved, both camps seemed by simultaneous impulse to spring to arms; both commanders decided that the battle would have to be fought then and there.

Hastily, but in thorough order and with something of their old steadiness and discipline, the lines of the legions moved forward from their camp, down the rugged slopes to the plain below, and there deployed in order of battle. By this time all the light troops, all the cavalry, were heavily engaged out at the front; no special manœuvre or tactical evolution being attempted, but each corps, under its own officers, attacking or defending as the case might be, fighting without any general directing hand, but fighting stubbornly and savagely for all that.

Beginning in a mere quarrel between the outposts soon after noon, swelling in the course of an hour to a general engagement between the cavalry and light troops of both armies, the battle of Pydna now became of fierce intensity, for the old consul had barely had time, riding to and fro bare-headed and unarmored among his legions, to straighten his lines and get each division in its appropriate place, when the hoarse uproar and clangor at the front gave place to shouts of warning—to a new, concerted battle-cry, and the irregulars and skirmishers could be seen scattering in every direction. The Macedonian cavalry, a splendid body of horse, drew promptly off to one side, and then, through the dust and din of battle, extending across the field in solid, massive ranks; bristling with its long, deadly spears, in

one huge, human wave, the grand phalanx of Macedon came sweeping over the plain, brushing away everything before it like chaff and bearing down steadily upon the silent splendor of the legions. In vain the Roman cavalry dashed at its flanks and strove to goad them in to turning upon them. In vain running slingers and archers showered missiles of every kind upon them. Nothing could check their resistless advance. No wonder the stout old consul trembled for his legions. Hastily sending orders to his cavalry and the light troops to hang upon their flanks and rear—above all, to keep off the Macedonian cavalry, Æmilius quickly decides on his next move. There on level ground his legions will be powerless against that solid, machine-like attack. "Face to the rear," he orders, "and retire."

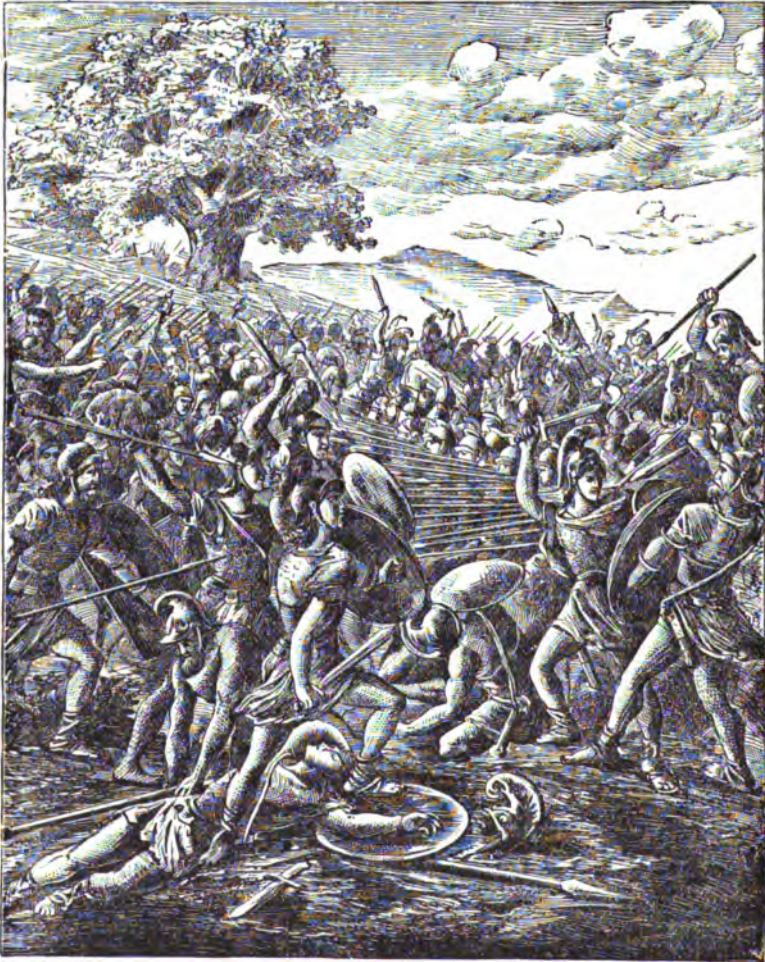
Steadily the legions obey. In perfect discipline they move southward across the plain, reaching presently the broken and irregular ground in front of camp. Meantime the phalanx, balked of its expected prey and hoarsely shouting its challenge, has quickened its gait. Already it has come a mile or more at charging pace over a field heaped with dead or dying steeds and riders. Already much disorder is apparent in the ranks, for many have stumbled and fallen, and the impenetrable front is broken in many places. Now, in their eagerness to overtake and bring the legions to battle before they can reach the protection of their camp, the men of the phalanx break into a run—some officers, knowing disorder to be fatal, strive to restrain their commands; others impetuously lead them on; the confusion becomes worse. Now the broken ground is reached, and here the breaks and gaps grow wider in the lines. Then come the slopes up which the legions are composedly marching. With taunts and jeers, but breathless now and with all semblance of their massive order destroyed, the phalangites rush after and toil up the incline; and then, as old Æmilius watches eagerly with shrewd and practised eye, he sees his opportunity. Instantly the command rings from his lips; the trumpeters sound the signal along the brazen lines; the plumed helmets face about; the sun that flashed but an instant before on glittering shields now shines on long ranks of brawny backs. The air is black

one instant with the hurtling flight of javelins, then the short swords gleam on high, and, down the hill, rushing into every gap and opening, easily avoiding the long, unwieldy spears, down leap the stalwart men of the legions.

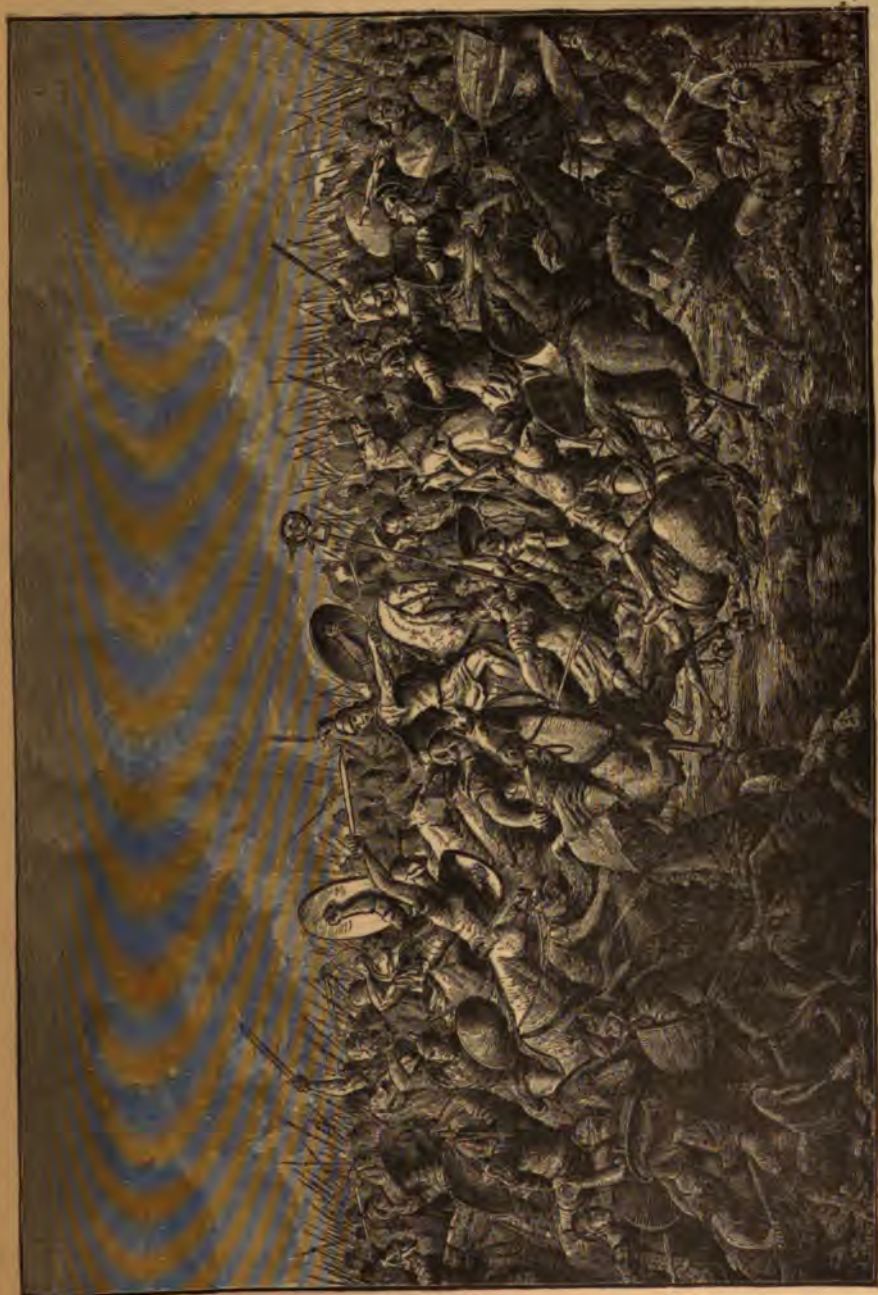
Their way checked, their inertia lost, their formation broken, their great spears now only in their way, the men of Macedon seem to know that all is over with them. Tricked and deluded into disorderly pursuit, badly handled by their commanders, the *phalangites* have but one hope of rescue: a charge to their relief by the entire cavalry of Macedon, now with Perseus, silent and distant spectators of the scene; but their king is craven and panic-stricken. He sees well enough the trap into which his grand phalanx has been decoyed. He dare not let his horsemen go to their rescue. In miserable irresolution he stands a few brief moments watching the slow recoil of his shattered spearmen, listening to the hoarse chorus of triumphant shouts or despairing cries growing each moment nearer and nearer, and then he turns and flees to Pydna, and the cavalry follows him. Surrounded, hemmed in by merciless foes on every side, the once invincible phalanx of Macedon was left to its fate. One brief half hour had decided the outcome of the battle, but for long hours the work of death went on; the spearmen died in their tracks. It was the last appearance of that world-renowned organization on any battle-field of fame, and, as though not caring to survive its defeat, the soldiers of the select phalanx, 3,000 in number, were cut down to a man; 20,000 dead were left upon the field; 11,000 were taken prisoners. It was the death-blow of Macedon.

In fifteen days, as has been said, Æmilius Paullus fought and won that brilliant campaign. In two days more the whole state had submitted. The king himself, with something like seven millions of dollars in treasure, succeeded in escaping temporarily, but only to find himself in a few days deserted by his last associates. Then, without a friend, without a harbor of refuge or an asylum left him, he surrendered, cringing and weeping, to his contemptuous conquerors. He soon died, a prisoner; his son earned an humble living in an Italian country town as a clerk,

and such was the mournful end of the once superb empire of Alexander the Great. Macedon was broken up into four pitiful and impoverished states, and from the date of Pydna "the universal empire of Rome" was fully established.



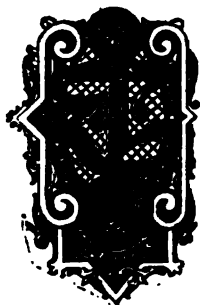
LAST FIGHT OF THE PHALANX.



BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

PHARSALIA.

49 B. C.



HE century that followed Pydna was one of incessant warfare for Rome. Ruling the world of civilization with a firm and often heavy hand, she had enemies in every direction. Carthage was maddened by her oppression and goaded into the war that ended her existence in the year 146 B. C. Then came a long and bitter war in Spain, closing with the destruction of Numantia in 133. Then followed "the revolutionary century" in Rome—one hundred years of ceaseless civil strife, beginning with the attempted reformation of the Gracchi, and ending only with the great naval battle of Actium, which made Octavianus Cæsar ruler of the Roman world; and all through these hundred years Rome was maintaining large armies abroad, fighting everywhere, and adding large conquests to her possessions. First came the Jugurthine war in Africa (118–106), and even while this was going on there broke out the bloody and terrible struggle with the Cimbri and Teutones, in which army after army of Romans was defeated and sometimes massacred by these savage northern nations, who finally became so elated by their victories over the legions as to resolve to invade Italy itself. But here they met a general who proved too skillful, and the consul Marius terribly punished the Teutones at the battle of Aquæ Sextiæ, near where Marseilles now stands, and then joining the armies of Rome retreating before the Cimbri, who had already forced their way into the valley of the Po, he turned fiercely upon the invaders at Campi Randii, and there utterly annihilated

their great force. The historian Livy states that in these two battles Marius killed or captured 450,000 men.

The next great war was with Mithridates, King of Pontus, who was strong and daring enough to overrun the Roman provinces in Asia and even to invade Greece. Sylla drove him back with heavy loss, but in 74 B. C. he again collided with Rome, and but for his death by poison would have invaded Italy from the north-east, bringing all the warlike nations along the Danube with him. At this time the Asiatic conquests of the Romans were immense, and extended almost to the shores of the Caspian and well down the valley of the Tigris.

But in 54 B. C. an unlucky name in Roman military history, that of Crassus, is again prominent. A century before the consul of the same name had brought disaster to the national arms in the Macedonian war, and now Marcus Crassus, at the head of the grand army of the Euphrates, fought and lost a desperate battle with the Parthians at Carrhæ in Mesopotamia, and, like his grand-uncle of the Macedonian campaign, chose a voluntary death rather than survive disgrace. As a disaster to Rome Carrhæ is ranked with those of Allia River, where in 390 B. C. the Gauls overwhelmed her soldiery and then pushed on and burned the capital, and with Cannæ, where the legions of Varro were slaughtered by Hannibal.

But at the same time that this ill-fated name was dying out, no more to be linked with disaster, another name, associated ever with valor and victory, was on every Roman tongue. Julius Cæsar, he who for eight years had been winning distinction and triumph at the head of Roman legions in the west—he who alone had been able to bring to terms the savage Gauls and to subdue the country west of the Rhine and north of the Pyrenees—he who had even invaded Britain—Julius Cæsar, the idol of the Roman soldiery, was now at the head of a large and devoted army, and a bitter feud had sprung up between him and his colleague Pompey. Civil war was threatened, and as the only means of averting such a calamity, it was proposed that both Cæsar and Pompey should resign their commands and retire from public life. This was in 51 B. C. Pompey flatly refused, and this determined the action of Cæsar.

To a man who had rendered infinite service to the state, and possessed of the ambition of Cæsar, such a proposition was unbearable. He had learned to look upon himself—and friends and flatterers had encouraged him so to do—as the one head of the Roman people. He would not resign. But Pompey was at the capitol, Cæsar in the field; and the Senate decided against the absent one. Cæsar was commanded to disband his army or be considered a public enemy, and Pompey was named commander-in-chief of the Roman army.

Cæsar was at Ravenna, on the Adriatic, just north of the Roman frontier, marked by the little river Rubicon. He refused to disband his army; the Senate declared war, and, prompt to accept the issue, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, invaded his native land, and in sixty days was master of all Italy, Pompey and his leading men having fled before him and taken refuge in Greece. The recognition of Cæsar as leader of the Roman people seems to have been immediate. He took possession of the rich treasury at the capital, raised and equipped a great army, conquered the adherents of Pompey in Spain, was named dictator, but resigned the office for that of consul, and then prepared to advance upon Pompey himself, who with a large and formidable army, backed by the knights and nobility of Rome, who hated Cæsar, was eagerly awaiting his coming in Greece.

At this moment Cæsar's available force was greatly scattered. His great rival had established his camp in Macedonia, and thither flocked hundreds of the nobility, hundreds of the officers who had escaped from Spain and Italy. They brought with them all the habits of effeminacy and luxury that had marked their life at the capital. The camp was no longer the scene of martial preparation and soldierly exercise. The grandees turned their tents into decorated bowers, and the simple campaign fare into luxurious banquets. Wine flowed day and night, and the soldiers who at first looked on in wonderment, soon fell into the ways of their lords and eagerly imitated them to the extent of their means. Discipline was at low ebb in the camp of Pompey. Worse still, he himself had been for years past losing ground in public confidence fast as Cæsar had been

gaining it. Formerly Pompey it was who had been looked upon as the general, Cæsar only as a subordinate. Now, everywhere the mistake was recognized; even those who envied and hated him confessed his superior ability, but—among the nobles and aristocracy—no one could be named as fit to supersede even so poor a commander as Pompey in his decline had grown to be, while Cæsar, the hero of the people, had dozens at his beck and call who were fit to handle armies in the field. In his camp all was Spartan simplicity. Food was coarse, but nourishing; drink was unknown; discipline was perfect. Never at any time, under any other commander, were the trained soldiers of Rome so prompt to move, so rapid and tireless in their march. Courage, obedience and endurance were cardinal virtues cultivated and rewarded with the utmost care, and in everything that pertained to the character and the bearing of the accomplished soldier Cæsar was at once their instructor and their example. Nothing but vast superiority in numbers could warrant Pompey in hoping for success against troops at once so disciplined and so devoted.

To confront Cæsar he had gathered a large but rather a mixed array. From Italy he had brought with him, in his flight from Brundisium; some 15,000 Roman soldiers. These, with the Romans then living in Greece and some Illyrian prisoners of war, were organized into five legions. From Asia Minor he succeeded in drafting three more—two being formed from what was left of the once grand army of the Euphrates, so recently shattered at Carrhæ; the third from the troops that had been stationed along the southern shore in Cilicia. Two more legions were raised from the Romans in Asia Minor, and one from veterans living in Macedonia and northern Greece or the neighboring isles; making in all eleven legions, only five of which, however, were at the time skilled and exercised in the duties of the Roman soldier. Some 2,000 volunteers were added from the old Spanish army; and the natives were called upon to furnish contingents to guard and garrison the coast. In addition to the disciplined velites of the legions, Pompey had 3,000 archers and about half that number of slingers who served as irregulars.

For cavalry he was well provided—not with native Romans, to be sure, except a small but disorderly noble guard, formed by the young knights and nobles who had swarmed to his camp, but with well-mounted and well-equipped Celts, Thracians and Cappadocians, and mounted archers from Asia, in all some 7,000 horse.

In addition to his land force, Pompey had a fine fleet of 500 vessels, and almost unlimited supplies of money, for he was supported by the wealth and by the nobles of the vast empire of Rome. Prompt and regular payment of the soldiery secured their good will; the veteran battalions were accorded certain distinctions and privileges which promoted their spirit and allegiance to their general; so that, altogether, the army of Pompey was in excellent temper, despite the lack of instruction and discipline observable in at least two-thirds of its number.

In anticipation of the coming of Cæsar, the fleet was stationed along the coast of Epirus and Southern Illyria; the local troops were strengthened at the important harbors and possible landing-places, and the army of Pompey was put in march from its camp in Southern Macedonia across the peninsula to the western shore. To reach them Cæsar had one of two courses open to him: to embark his troops at Brundisium and sail across the Adriatic, or to follow the land route around the head of that gulf and down through the wild regions of Illyria. There were grave objections to both. In the first place he had no navy at all that was worthy the name; his transports were very few in number, and the new war-vessels he had promptly ordered built were nowhere near ready. He had only ships enough to carry his army over in detachments, and to attempt this in the face of the great fleet of Pompey was foolhardy. Even were he to succeed in slipping through their blockading squadrons and landing upon the coast of Epirus, he was then in imminent danger of being pounced upon by vastly superior forces and beaten in detail. On the other hand, the march around the shores of the Adriatic was really the shorter route for his tried legions now returning from Spain; but besides the difficulties and hardships to be expected in that half-savage and almost unknown eastern

shore, there was the grave military objection that in taking this route he "uncovered" Rome.

If his army were to march way around by land, what was to prevent Pompey's embarking his entire force on his 500 vessels and simply ferrying them across the narrow Adriatic, and landing in Southern Italy? The question was a grave one, and was solved in his characteristic way. Pompey was slow, heavy, methodical; Cæsar was quick as a spring. The army of the former was, by slow marches, making its plodding way across from Thessalonica and the camp at Berrœa. Some of the legions were even yet east of the Hellespont, trudging in from Cilicia. The fleet was there along the shore, and to them in serene confidence Pompey had confided the care of the coast; but Pompey had allowed his personal jealousy of Cato to prompt the terrible blunder of relieving him from supreme command in the navy, and placing in his stead a most incompetent man, Marcus Bibulus.

One day early in November, 49 B. C. (or, by the Roman calendar, early in January, 48), the lookouts at the headquarters of the Pompeian fleet, on the northern end of the island of Corcyra, dimly made out, far to the north, a large number of sail heading in for the coast of Epirus. Bibulus was duly notified, but for some utterly incomprehensible reason was not ready to put to sea. He had a small fleet of eighteen vessels in the bay of Oricum, very near the point towards which the strange flotilla was heading. They saw what was coming plainly enough, and very discreetly kept out of the way. Julius Cæsar, with only six legions, reduced by toil and hard marching and fighting to only about half their proper strength, with only six hundred horsemen, had seized every ship on which he could lay hand, and daringly, almost desperately, set sail into the very fastness of the opposing fleet. Nothing but absolute contempt for an enemy's ability could justify so foolhardy a risk; but Cæsar seems to have known his man. Delay would simply complicate matters, and—success always succeeds. The audacity of his course paralyzed Bibulus. The landing was accomplished in safety; the ships went back for more troops, and then, sudden as

the swoop of falcon, Cæsar dashed upon the seaports of Oricum and Apollonia, and threatened the great arsenals and depots of Dyrrhachium farther up the coast. The first blow of the campaign which was to determine the mastery of Rome was struck—and it was a thunderbolt to Pompey.

Now, indeed, he rallied every energy. Even Bibulus seemed to wake up. Dyrrhachium was rescued just in time, Pompey himself rushing forward with the leading legions and seizing the citadel. Bibulus and his fleet gave chase to the returning ships of Cæsar, captured and burned thirty of them, crews and all; then blockaded Brundisium and the Italian coast, and now, indeed, Cæsar was in a critical position. No reinforcements could reach him. Supplies would soon be exhausted, and he had barely 20,000 men with which to defend himself against twice that many.

But Pompey dare not attack. Intrenching his army between Apollonia and Dyrrhachium, he preferred waiting till the legions from the east could reach him, relying upon his fleet to prevent reinforcements from reaching Cæsar. Once again, however, his fleet failed him, and Cæsar's devoted friend, Marcus Antonius, with four legions and 800 cavalry, aided by a strong wind, slipped across the Adriatic, though chased every inch of the way, landed above Pompey's position and, with supreme energy and good luck, succeeded in marching around him and joining Cæsar.

And now followed a series of sharp and serious encounters and manœuvres in which, at last, Cæsar was decidedly crippled, while Pompey still retained possession of his depots of supply and all lines of communication. Cæsar's fleet had disappeared from the waters, and his condition was desperate. He could not get back to Italy. He could not shake the position of Pompey, who coolly fought on the defensive, relying on the prospect of speedily wearing out his antagonist. There was but one course for the indomitable conqueror of Gaul. He left his wounded and ineffectives at Apollonia and boldly plunged eastward into Thessaly, dashing upon city after city, seizing all the supplies he needed, richly repaying his army for the hardships they had undergone, and daring Pompey to follow him.

By every law of strategy the latter should now have crossed at once to Italy and made himself master at home, as he could readily have done. But he and his nobles were by this time inflamed with such hatred against Cæsar, that nothing but his destruction would satisfy them, and Pompey turned eastward in pursuit.

Out on the broad Thessalian plain, not more than ten miles straight away from the ridge of Cynoscephalæ, lay the little town of Pharsalus or Pharsalia, now called Fersala. It is perhaps twenty-one miles a little west of south from the site of old Larissa. From the mountain range of Othrys there flowed, in those days and still flows, northward towards Cynoscephalæ, a shallow, placid stream, almost dry in midsummer, only two feet deep at other times, and never rapid or dangerous. It was called the Enipeus, and about two or three miles northeast of Pharsalia it joined the broader waters of the Apidanus, and with them swept around Pharsalia at a distance still of three miles, and rolled away northwestward to join the river of the broad valley—the Peneius. Just north of Pharsalia the united waters were too broad and deep, the banks too steep for easy crossing, but, by going around above their point of confluence, both the Enipeus and the Apidanus could be bridged or even forded with comparative ease.

The entire army of Pompey had united at Larissa, made an easy day's march down past Cynoscephalæ, and camped on the northern or right bank of the Apidanus, along the slopes up towards Scotussa and the famous battle-field of Flaminius and Philip, a century and a half before. A far more decisive and desperate battle was now to be fought in the same neighborhood, for here, on the plain of Thessaly, on a hot, dry summer's day, far away from Italy, the mastership of the Roman empire was to be settled. Two old allies, father and son-in-law in bygone days, but now powerful and bitter enemies, were to grapple for the dominion of the world.

The army of Pompey comprised eleven legions (47,000 infantry) and 7,000 horse. Cæsar had but eight legions, so reduced by hard service that, all told, he could muster but 22,000

men, and of these only 1,000 were cavalry. The soldiers of Pompey were well fed, well supplied; those of Cæsar were gaunt and hungry. In every way the chances of war were with the former, and the recent revival of his once trusted military genius (as shown in the struggle in Epirus which had so baffled Cæsar) had restored to him the confidence of his troops.

Knowing that he had everything at stake and the odds against him, Cæsar hoped to fight on the defensive and force Pompey to attack him on his own ground, southwest of the Enipeus; but for some time Pompey delayed. At last, however, on the 9th of August, 48 B. C., his army was seen marching out of camp, crossing the Apidanus, some four miles away from Pharsalia, then turning towards the shallow Enipeus; and Cæsar, facing eastward, with Pharsalia at his back, his left wing in the broken, hilly ground south of the Apidanus, his right wing well out on the plain, stood ready to meet him.

Facing west and deploying along the Enipeus, Pompey slowly and cautiously crossed that little stream and moved out upon the plain, resting his right wing upon the Apidanus. Cæsar's poverty in cavalry had suggested to him the capital plan of keeping back his infantry, but of making a grand dash with his overwhelming force of horsemen and scattering the little band on Cæsar's exposed right flank, sweeping around it, and attacking him front and rear at the same time. But Cæsar did not propose to allow him any such simple solution of the battle problem. No sooner were the legions well across the Enipeus with their leading lines, than those of Cæsar came gallantly forward to meet them.

The attack was determined and even desperate, but the best legions of Pompey's army happened to be the ones on whom it fell, and the contestants, in point of valor, were equally matched, while numbers were against Cæsar. Little by little his scarred and wearied soldiers were forced back by the lines of Pompey, and the battle in the centre dragged heavily, with little promise of anything better than a protracted and stubborn duel that would last till dark; but on Cæsar's right his little band of horsemen and intermingled light troops, after a brave and

spirited resistance, were completely swept away by four times their force in heavy cavalry; and Pompey saw with delight that while in the centre his legions were holding their own, the right of Cæsar's infantry was now uncovered, and, just as soon as Labienus with the "heavies" could return from pursuit, he felt sure that their wild charge upon the right and rear of the veterans before him would utterly break their formation, and then the day would be his.

But Cæsar well knew his adversary and had planned a counter-trap. Counting upon the defeat of his inferior cavalry on the right, and knowing how ardent and disorderly would be the pursuit, he had stationed some distance back of his right, and concealed by the low ridges across the plain, a picked body of 2,000 of his oldest, most reliable soldiers, men of the legions who had followed him in Spain and Gallia. Telling them to expect the rush of the Pompeian cavalry, he ordered them *not* to throw the javelin but to retain it, to dash in among the horse-men and to vigorously *thrust at their faces* with the spear. An attack from infantry was the last thing Labienus looked for. His men were utterly astounded by the impetuous onslaught. They fought confusedly a few moments, but their leaders seem to have been surrounded and picked off, or some strange panic to have seized them, for all of a sudden, to the utter dismay of Pompey, his cavalry came tearing back, and never rallying at all, plunged into the shallow waters of the Enipeus, across to the opposite bank, and away over the low hills toward Scotussa. Then the veteran legionaries, jubilant over their phenomenal success over the cavalry, but steadily keeping their ranks, swept down upon Pompey's Asiatic archers, easily brushed them out of the way and, with triumphant shout, broke in upon his now uncovered and well-nigh exhausted left wing. Cæsar's slowly retiring centre halted and, reanimated by the success of their comrades, resumed their efforts against the enemy, and at this moment Cæsar launched in his fresh and impatient reserve.

Despite his overwhelming numbers, it was all over with Pompey. He had never had much faith in his legions as compared with those of Cæsar. His main reliance had been the cavalry,

and when they broke and left him, he himself in despair quitted the field. His friends claimed that he rushed to rally the fleeing horsemen. Historians assert that he fled to his camp. Whichever it may be, there was no directing head when Cæsar's grand general attack crashed in upon the Pompeian lines, and the legions, disheartened and deserted, fell back in some disorder, sustaining severe loss as they crossed the stream; and Pompey, noting their defeat from a distant point, tore from his shoulders the badge of his office, the general's scarf he no longer dared to wear, and spurred for the sea-coast. His army was still strong enough, properly led and handled, to beat Cæsar, but he had lost his nerve.

As for Cæsar, he well knew how to strike when the iron was hot and to reap the fruits of victory. Eagerly, persistently he urged forward the pursuit, striking everywhere. The camp guard was quickly overthrown; every attempt to rally checked by impetuous dash; for miles his legions chased the rapidly falling foe, and when the sun went down behind the range of Pindus, for miles in every direction, the broad, rolling prairie land of Thessaly was covered with the dead and dying of Pompey's broken host. Pharsalia meant not only its defeat, but its practical annihilation. Fifteen thousand of that host were killed or wounded, while Cæsar had lost but 200 men, and the morning after the battle the 20,000 Pompeians, who still had managed to hold together, laid down their arms. Out of eleven legions the eagles of nine were surrendered to Cæsar.

As to the immediate consequences of Pharsalia, it is recorded that to put an end once and for all to this disastrous civil war the victor deemed it necessary to resort to extreme measures with the leaders. Many senators, knights and men of prominence in Roman affairs were captured with the remnants of Pompey's army. These, almost all, were put to death. Others suffered heavy fine or confiscation of property. Minor officers and soldiers were distributed throughout the army and required to take service under the victorious eagles of Cæsar, a thing no one of them seemed to be averse to.

But the political consequences of this great and decisive vic-

tory were far-reaching. All the kings, all principalities, all nations and cities subject to Roman rule, fast as the news reached them of the overthrow of Pompey, were prompt to tender their allegiance to the conqueror of Gaul, the now acknowledged leader of the great nation. Most of them denied refuge to the exiles and wanderers who strove to find escape from the dreaded punishment of Cæsar. From the Atlantic to the Euphrates the name of Julius Cæsar knew no rival.

Pompey fled to Egypt, where, on the instant of his arrival, he was assassinated by one of his former officers. Cato, Scipio and others of his generals succeeded in reaching Africa and in stirring up a powerful rebellion against the rule of Cæsar, but, never thinking of returning to Rome until he had put down the last vestige of revolt, that daring and energetic soldier followed at their heels, and the terrible battle of Thapsus, which cost them 50,000 souls, ended their last efforts. Losing only fifty men, Cæsar had slain a thousand for one. Cato killed himself in despair, and the conqueror of every nation that had yet opposed him, including his own, returned in triumph to the capital to be named dictator for life.

Yet within two years of his last victory at Thapsus, Caius Julius Cæsar, "Cæsar Imperator," the greatest soldier and hero ever brought forth even by martial Rome, died in the very height of his power, in the vigor of his ambitious life, the victim of a score of high-born assassins.

PHILIPPI.

44 B. C.



HE assassination of Julius Cæsar led to a renewed outbreak of civil war. Brutus, Cassius, Trebonius, Cimber and Casca, who were leaders in the conspiracy against him, claimed to be striving in the interests of a thoroughly republican form of government. Cæsar's announcement of his determination to lead an army into Parthia to avenge the death of Crassus and the disaster of Carrhæ, carried with it, they asserted, a decided intention of the imperator to assume the title of king. "Cæsar was ambitious" was the cry against him; but such was his hold on the Roman people that only by foul means could his downfall be secured.

Occurring as the assassination did in the very height of his popularity with the people of Rome, and so soon after he had been named dictator for life, the effect produced throughout the entire world, as known to historians of the day, was something indescribable. Cæsar had only reached his fifty-seventh year; the maladies which had marked his early youth had disappeared; his life was so rugged with ceaseless campaigning that there was every promise of years of vigorous health and usefulness to come. The greatest soldier of his great nation, and one of the most polished scholars and gentlemen of his day, Cæsar was revered and honored throughout the army, and was respected and perhaps feared by all classes.

The turbulent populace had long been eager for an excuse for outbreak. It now was furnished them. To have been a devoted adherent of the dead hero was sufficient claim for any man to

demand their adherence now, and Mark Antony was shrewd enough to seize the opportunity.

Despite the efforts of such statesmen and orators (if there were orators like him) as Cicero, the people overleaped all bounds; wild scenes of tumult and disorder took place. Antony, by virtue of having been Cæsar's faithful friend, was now upheld as his representative, and speedily took upon himself the rights, though he possessed not the authority, of dictator. Cæsar had made certain assignments of prominent Romans to the governorships of the provinces, and these Antony proceeded to carry out, thus ridding the capital at least of some of his heartiest opponents. The Senate, in order to avert possible civil war, had accepted the advice of Cicero. The assassins were to be left to the judgment of posterity. Amnesty was declared. Trebonius was sent to govern the provinces in Asia; Cimber to Bithynia; Marcus Brutus to Macedonia, and Cassius to Syria, and in this way, though it drove them from Rome, vast power was to be placed in the hands of the republican leaders. But here Antony interposed. These assignments had been the projects of Cæsar and were ratified by the Senate, but Brutus and Cassius were personally and politically his enemies. Before the expiration of their terms of office as prætors at home Brutus and Cassius found themselves supplanted. Antony declared that he acted for Cæsar in revoking their appointments and sending his colleague, Dolabella, to Syria while he took Macedonia himself.

Then a new popular hero appeared. Cæsar had adopted young Caius Octavius as his son, and this youth, now barely nineteen years of age, had been serving with the legions in Greece; had endeared himself to the soldiers by manly bearing, and, urged by them and his mother's letters, he hurried back to Italy and assumed his full name, now legally his own, Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. This was the boy who was destined, a few years later, to triumph over all opponents, and by skill, daring and address to work his way up to the throne of the proudest nation on the face of the globe, to be hailed everywhere as its first, perhaps its greatest emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

Antony had not looked for the coming of this eager strip-

ling. He was amazed at the tact and energy the young soldier displayed. The army took to him at once. Cicero, the orator and statesman, Antony's most bitter enemy, hastened to his support. Five legions "declared" for Octavianus, and pronouncing him a rebel, Antony had to take the field against him. Two new consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, came into office and were sent with their armies to reinforce Octavius, for now, urged by the eloquence of Cicero, the Senate, too, had come to his support. Antony became the rebel. Sharp actions were fought near Mutina, and by strange fatality both the new consuls were killed. The advantage for the time seemed decidedly with Antony, who presently appeared at the head of twenty-three legions, and the Senate was in consternation.

In dread of Antony their first move was to repudiate Octavius and forbid his coming within ninety miles of Rome, but the young soldier was worthy of his name and his adoption; he had all the spirit and dash of the dead Cæsar. With eight legions he crossed the Rubicon and reached the gates of Rome, and the Senate cringed before him while the people hastily assembled and elected him consul. He was less than twenty years old, by just one day, at the moment of his election to this high office.

Being now at the head of the state, Octavius sent propositions of peace to Antony and Lepidus which were promptly accepted. The decrees of the Senate against them were annulled. The murderers of Cæsar, it was arranged, should be brought to trial, and, as joint rulers of Rome, "the Cæsarean leaders," as they were called, Antony, Lepidus and Octavius, formed the celebrated "Second Triumvirate" in the year 43 B. C.

Brutus and Cassius were now ruling in the eastern provinces. Only a few months before, the Senate was praying for their return with troops to annihilate both Antony and Octavius. Now, war was declared against them—the last leaders of the republican party. Their career in the East had been discreditable in the last degree, and they had violently quarrelled when meeting at Sardis. Brutus had permitted the burning and pillage of Xanthus, whose people preferred to throw themselves into the flames rather than fall into the hands of his soldiers.

Cassius had attacked Rhodes, demanded a fine of 8,500 talents, and enforced its payment by beheading fifty prominent citizens. There was every evidence in the armies of both these leaders of utter license, debauchery and cold-blooded cruelty as well as insubordination.

On the other hand, before taking the field against these powerful political generals, the Triumvirate made itself a black record in the so-called "proscription." They dared leave no powerful enemies at home. Each of the three prepared a list of the citizens most inimical to him. Even near relatives were included, and then occurred a series of cold-blooded assassinations that are horrible in their details. Even the grand old statesman and orator, Cicero, he "who so often had saved the state," sick and prostrate on his litter, was overtaken, and, while he calmly bared his throat and looked his conscience-stricken executioner in the eye, received his savage death-wounds. His venerable head and those of the scores of proscribed who failed to make their escape were borne to the capitol, and then the Triumvirate went forth to war.

Knowing well their coming, Brutus and Cassius, with a large army of one hundred thousand men, well used to war, as everybody seems to have been in those days, awaited them near Philippi. The position was one most favorable for defence. The mountains (Pangæus, which separated them from Thrace as they stood at the eastern end of Macedonia) came down almost to the sea-shore; the foothills were sharp and abrupt—easily fortified, and the Ægean, bearing their many ships, lay close upon their left. All their supplies came to them by sea, and protected by its waters and their ready fleet from the possibility of being "turned" in their southern or left flank, and resting their right on the mountains themselves, Brutus and Cassius felt secure. Their lines were just about twelve miles east of Philippi.

But Brutus had been educated mainly in Athens, was a Stoic, a dreamer, and a believer in omens. History tells of a terrible vision appearing to him just before the campaign, pronounced itself his evil demon, declared its intention of confronting him again at Philippi. Shakespeare makes the vision the ghost of

Cæsar himself, but whatever it was, the creature of a disordered brain or an avenging conscience, it ruined the nerve of Brutus. He confided his dread and premonitions to Cassius, and it is probable that when that vision reappeared, as it is said to have done, a night or two before the battle, Brutus was doubly convinced that death was near.

Here at Philippi the army of the Triumvirate speedily established its camp. Much more formidable in numbers and discipline than that of the republicans, it had made a long and toilsome march and was well-nigh destitute of provisions. Antony, nearest the sea, and commanding the right wing, faced the army of Cassius; Octavius, with the left wing, confronted that of Brutus. It was the month of November in the year 42 B. C. that the last blow for the Roman republic was to be struck. Cassius, shrewd, cautious, calculating, saw that with their lack of provisions the enemy would be most harassed by delaying the combat, but Brutus was desperate—determined to risk all on a single throw, and to do it at once. It was he who precipitated the battle of Philippi.

A singular misfortune had occurred to Octavius just at this crisis, one that for a time threatened to becloud his reputation as a soldier. A battle was imminent; he was taken sick and had to be removed some distance to the rear, and Brutus had ordered a general attack with his wing just at the moment when the army in front of him had been deprived of its leader.

Of the actual phases, the movements and changes of the battle of Philippi, no detailed accounts have reached us. The wing of Brutus, charging with great impetuosity, seems to have utterly overthrown that of the now absent Octavius, and to have driven it back in confusion and dismay. But, while he was winning this great success, and perhaps beginning to take heart and believe that the evil demon of his vision was but an empty dream after all, Mark Antony on the other flank had charged, utterly overwhelmed Cassius, and sent the republican left wing whirling from the field. Cassius himself, driven even beyond his camp, was left almost alone in the rout that followed. He could not rally his men. He was deserted by most of his officers, and

suddenly catching sight of a band of horsemen eagerly spurring towards him, and believing them to be enemies in search of him, the prime mover of the murder of Cæsar threw himself upon the sword of an attendant. The horsemen, to escape whom he had killed himself, proved to be a joyous party sent by Brutus to announce that the battle was won.

So it was, in front of Brutus. But the soldiers of the self-slaughtered Cassius had scattered into the mountains, whither the legions of Antony could not follow them, and he, learning of the disaster to the Roman left, could only recall his troops and fall back to re-establish their front. The first day of Philippi was at an end.

The death of Cassius proved a terrible blow to the hopes of the republican leaders. He was able to lead and control his soldiers, but Brutus, though successful in action, was the slave of his men. Victorious in the first day's fight, and speedily made aware that the army of the Triumvirate was suffering for supplies and badly shattered, he was unable to take advantage of the situation. His soldiers almost mutinied. They demanded that he should at once open the treasure-chests, and pay out to them large sums in money or they would desert in a body to the enemy. The sums they demanded were paid, and then they redoubled their demands. Then the prisoners were turned over to their cruelty, and finally Brutus was compelled to promise them the plunder of the city of Thessalonica as the price of their loyalty. In this way, for twenty days more, he kept them together, and then Octavius reappeared, was received with acclamations by his men, an immediate battle was the result, and on this, the second day of Philippi, the Triumvirate held its own; the legions of Brutus were forced back to the camp after desperate fighting, and though he with four legions held their ground for the night on the foothills back of camp, when morning dawned they refused to fight and Brutus was defenceless; the evil demon of his vision had indeed met him at Philippi, and Brutus threw himself upon his own sword.

Philippi was the end of the great Roman republic.

And now Octavius returned to Rome and became ruler of all

the west. Antony preferred the luxury and wealth to be found in the Asiatic provinces, and so decided to remain there. It was while in Cilicia that he summoned before him for trial Cleopatra, the renowned Queen of Egypt, who stood accused of conspiring with Cassius against the Triumvirate. She came fearlessly, sailing up the Cydnus in her marvellous barge "with purple sails and silver oars," surrounded by all the beauty and witchery of her court; she herself outrivalling all in physical charms and in mental powers. She was summoned to sentence but she came to conquer, and Antony fell a victim at the first interview. Here began his downfall.

Rivalry of an intense nature had already sprung up between him and Octavius. For five years a hollow pretence of alliance was kept up between them, and Antony had for a time to appear at Rome, but speedily returned to the east and Cleopatra, who had completely ensnared him. In 36 B. C., Lepidus, dissatisfied with the small share he received in the distribution of provinces, ventured to make war on Octavius, and was easily overthrown. Then Antony made a terrible failure of the war with the Parthians, and exasperated Rome by hurrying back to his Egyptian mistress, and deserting his noble-born wife, Octavia. Open rupture was announced between Octavius and himself. Antony was denounced as an enemy to the commonwealth, and the betrayal of his will to Octavius enabled the latter to convince the Senate and the people that, aided by the powerful navy of Cleopatra, the "renegade emperor" proposed to conquer Rome, remove the capital to Alexandria, and make his enchantress mistress of the world. The war that instantly broke out was short and sharp, terminated by the great naval battle of Actium on September 2d, 31 B. C. Antony and Cleopatra fled in disgrace, speedily dying self-inflicted deaths; and Octavius was left sole ruler of Rome and all that was Roman. Founder of the empire, he now became Augustus Cæsar.

CHALONS.

451 A. D.



THE Christian era opened with a terrible humiliation for Rome. Oppressed and burdened beyond endurance, the Germans rose against her, and in a most bloody and decisive battle the legions of Varus were completely annihilated by the hordes of Arminius, in the thick forests still known as the Teutobergerwald. The Romans were surrounded and slowly slaughtered, and, from a military standpoint, the battle can only be described as a massacre.

In the year 43 Rome began the conquest of Britain, and at the same time kept up her vast armies in Asia, destroying Jerusalem in 70, and then, while Trajan was emperor, extending her conquests away beyond the Euphrates. A century later she fought a long and desperate war against the Germans, finally subduing them. In the year 250 her provinces were invaded by the Goths, and civil and foreign wars were incessantly sapping her strength. The first Christian emperor, Constantine, reunited the empire in 324, and moved the capital, the seat of the Roman empire, to Constantinople, in 330. Then, in 395, came the revolt of the Goths, and, in 410, the capture of Rome itself, by Alaric.

Battle after battle was fought in these four centuries, but space limits us to the description of those presenting notable military or historical features, and thus we are brought to the year 451 and "The battle of the people," at Chalons-sur-Marne, France.

Rome had virtually finished her work of receiving and trans-

mitting the civilization of Greece, and under her protection the Christian religion was now recognized throughout her provinces, but Rome herself was on the decline. By the middle of the fifth century Germanic nations had settled the Roman provinces north of the Mediterranean. The Visigoths held northern Spain and all France below the Loire; the Suevi, southern Spain; the Burgundians, Franks, Alemanni and Alans, other portions of Gaul; the Ostrogoths, the country just to the north of Italy; and of all these the Visigoths, under King Theodoric, were the foremost in power and civilization.

Against them came the Huns—a race wild, savage and apparently countless, that swept into Europe from the East about the year 375, and conquered everything before them until they reached the thickly populated tracts of Western Europe. Roman armies even tried to check them and were overwhelmed. Tribes and cities went down before them, and now, with Hungary as their seat of government, and with their renowned leader, Attila, at their head, they threatened to sweep the Germanic nations into the sea.

Attila is described by historians as a man of unusual power and influence. Hideously ugly in person, he had nevertheless unbounded command over friends and foes, and the military skill of Alexander. He was austere, sober, just and deliberate, gave protection to all subjects and a war of extermination to all who resisted him. His soldiers followed him as they would a god. He called himself "Attila, Descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddi. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The dread of the World." He ruled the immense country north of the Danube; the Black Sea, east of the Caucasus, and in 445 he founded the city of Buda, on the Danube, as his capital.

Rome was greatly alarmed at his wonderful march of conquest westward, and strove to form a stronger alliance with the Germanic tribes against him. The Visigoths under King Theodoric were quick to respond. Attila had just completed the punishment of some of the Eastern Roman provinces for a rebellion against him, said to have been inspired at Constantinople;

and now, in 450 A. D., he only needed a pretense to make war on Western Europe. It soon came. Honoria, sister of Valentinian, Emperor of the West, sent, offering to marry him. The offer was probably inspired by hatred of her brother and some of her people, but it was discovered, and she was imprisoned and closely guarded. Attila announced his determination of compelling Rome to free his intended bride; and, securing the allegiance of the Franks on the lower Rhine, he marched westward, crossed the river near Coblenz with a total strength of 700,000 fighting men, met and badly whipped the Burgundians, who strove to make a stand against him, and was speedily in France.

Sending a strong column northwest to destroy the cities and subdue the people in Northern Gaul, he himself, with the main army, pushed up the valley of the Moselle toward the southwest, destroying the towns of the Burgundians; and Eastern Gaul being thus speedily brought to terms, he prepared to move westward, cross the river Loire, and descend upon the Gothic territory toward the Bay of Biscay.

In his way, however, stood the fortified city of Orleans, on the right bank of the Loire, and here at last he met vigorous resistance. All along the stream, too, his attempts to cross were frustrated by the energy of the Roman general, Aëtius, and his ally, King Theodoric, who were also busily recruiting their armies to make a stand against the Huns. Aëtius spared no able-bodied man. All were forced to enlist under the Roman standard, and Theodoric, for his part, was no less active. Orleans bravely held out, and, before he could prevent it, Attila found that Aëtius and Theodoric were united and marching northward against him with an army as great as his entire force, now much scattered.

Quickly he abandoned the siege, fell back to Chalons, on the Marne, and called in his outlying troops, and on the broad, open plain, near where the little villages of Chape and Cuperly now stand, he built a great intrenchment to surround his camp, and confidently awaited the coming of the southern allies. It was, of all others, the very place where his strongest arm, the cavalry, would be most effective.

The grand army of allied Romans and Visigoths speedily made its appearance. By this time it was probably much larger than that of Attila. Aëtius with the legions held the right; Theodoric the left; and the centre, which was somewhat advanced, was placed under the King of the Alans, Sangipan by name, who was suspected by both Theodoric and Aëtius of being lukewarm to the cause. Opposite them were ranged the wild forces of Attila; he himself commanding his centre, while the Ostrogoths and other conquered subjects were placed on the flanks. Roman Aëtius was a veteran soldier, and well knowing the importance of seizing any rising ground as a protection against cavalry attack, he had skillfully managed to secure and hold some abrupt slopes that really overlooked, if not commanded, the left flank of the Huns—a fact that, most unaccountably, Attila had not properly appreciated. History is very silent about the affair, but it is a fair presumption that he had directed its occupation and that the order was not promptly obeyed. At all events, he appears to have been enraged at the discovery of its occupation by the Romans, and the battle began there on the instant.

So determined was Attila to recover at once the advantage the position on the slopes would give him, that he detached some of the best troops from his centre and launched them in with his entire left in a furious assault on the Roman lines along the crest. A bloody and determined conflict began, the Huns fighting up-hill with wild enthusiasm and confidence, but falling like sheep before the heavily armored ranks of the legions. When fully a third of their number were killed or wounded and the ground was fairly covered with their prostrate bodies, the Huns began to show some faint signs of wavering. Then it was that Aëtius gave the signal to charge, and with one mighty impulse the Romans surged forward, sweeping all before them down the hillside. Almost at the same time Theodoric with the brave Visigoths darted forward in an impetuous rush upon the Ostrogoths on the extreme right of Attila's lines. These latter were far from having heart in the fight; were simply enforced levies; their sympathy could hardly have been with their half-savage

conquerors, and their resistance was but feeble. Nevertheless, for a time they stood their ground, and one ill-fated javelin, thrown perhaps at random, struck down gallant King Theodoric as he charged at the head of his cavalry. He fell beneath the thundering hoofs of his squadrons and was trampled to death in the instant of victory. Learning even in the heat of battle of their great loss, the Visigoths with redoubled fury drove the opposing right in headlong confusion from the field, and then turned as one man and charged the Hunnish centre now locked in combat with the Alans.

Attila quickly saw his peril, and ordered his centre to fall back face to the foe until they reached the intrenchments. There had been terrible slaughter on his left along the contested slope, and though his centre could easily have overthrown that of the allies, he plainly saw that with his left wing badly crippled and his right wing utterly gone, the open plain was no longer to be thought of. Back went the struggling Huns, amazed and discomfited at an experience so new to them, and the withdrawal of the centre was accomplished in safety. Once more Attila was enabled to reform his lines with his archers well protected by earthworks and the rows of wagons.

For some strange reason Aëtius, after beating back the fierce attack upon the slopes, called off his men and prohibited the pursuit they were so eager to engage in. Had the Romans followed up their advantage there, it is probable that the camp itself would have been in their hands before nightfall and the victory far more decisive than it was; but he held aloof. Attila succeeded in reassembling his centre and what remained of his left wing, and night put an end to further operations for the time being. His retreat, if it could be so called, was effected in admirable order, and, though pursued and hounded all the way, the centre preserved its resolute front, and, once within the lines of intrenchments, their bowmen proved too dangerous for further attack.

All the same, Attila was wofully depressed. His losses had been terrible, and he confidently expected that with the rising sun his enemies would make a grand and united attack which it

might be impossible to resist. He would fight to the last, but in his desperation he resolved not to be taken alive, nor to permit the foe to realize anything valuable in the way of spoil. So during the long night, while his officers were posting the best archers along the front of the lines and making every preparation for stout defence, he caused a great mound to be made of the wooden saddles of his cavalry; round it he heaped the plunder and treasure he had won; on it were placed his wives, who happened to be with the army, and he himself took his station there. It was to be his funeral pyre should the allies successfully storm the camp.

But the allies did not attack. Morning revealed the plain covered for miles with dead and dying, but the lines of Rome and Gaul had not advanced. It is said that Aëtius refused to complete the work of the day before, because he knew that an overwhelming rout and slaughter of the Huns would so elate his allies, the Visigoths, that they might renounce their allegiance to Rome entirely and declare their independence of Roman rule, since they had shown how valiantly they could hold their own in battle. Be this as it may, Aëtius persuaded young King Thorismund, who had just succeeded Theodoric, his father, that it would be best to leave things as they were and return to his capital. Molested no further, but terribly shattered and beaten, Attila was allowed to retreat from France. He died two years after Chalons, and his great empire fell to pieces with his death. The Huns were no longer the terror and scourge of Western Europe.

TOURS.

732 A. D.



OR years after Chalons great changes were taking place in Christendom. The Roman Empire died out in the West. The Saxons and Angles conquered Britain. Italy and Northern Africa were for a time added to the Roman Empire of the East. Wars were vigorously carried on between the Emperors of Constantinople and the Kings of Persia well into the seventh century.

Then came the era of Mohammed and the Hegira, in 622. Then Mohammed conquered Arabia, and during the remainder of the century the Mohammedan Arabs, gaining constantly in strength and confidence, invaded first Persia, then conquered Syria, Egypt and Africa; and early in the eighth century, from 707 to 713, they had crossed the straits of Gibraltar, and were battling and conquering all over Spain.

The Germanic conquerors of Rome had, three centuries before this, fallen back across the Rhine, never to return. A French monarchy had been founded in Gaul by King Clovis, and for three hundred years it had struggled on. Now, the peace, prosperity and the hopes of Christian France were threatened by this advancing wave of followers of the pagan prophet. Everywhere, from the south of Gaul, along Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, far to Eastern Persia, everywhere, from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas, the name of Mohammed was worshipped, and his Koran was the law.

And now, with a veteran and united army, thoroughly disciplined and equipped, these determined Saracens had planted



II. PORTRAITS OF NOTABLE LEADERS OF TWELVE CENTURIES.
 (Famous and Decisive Battles.)

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their magazines along the frontier and with stores in abundance, with every advantage in their favor, they were about to cross the Pyrenees and attempt the conquest of Gaul. From Persia to Spain the Caliph was the supreme power, and him the Moslems obeyed unhesitatingly; and his trusted general, Abderrahman Abdillah Alghafeki, was governor in Spain and commander of the army of occupation. Abderrahman was the hero of the Saracen soldiery, a tried leader, a generous and zealous man, and it was with unbounded confidence that they prepared to follow him across the mountains to the plains of Southern France.

In the summer of 732, at the head of 80,000 soldiers, among whom were some admirable Arabian cavalry, Abderrahman crossed the Pyrenees as Hannibal had crossed them ten centuries before, and swooped down upon the cities and towns that lay before him. France had no army with which to successfully oppose him. Count Eudes, of Aquitaine, strove to check him on the Garonne, but was beaten with great loss, and beyond doubt the Mohammedan invasion of France would have been a complete success, had the leading men not promptly called to their aid Prince Charles, of the Austrasian Franks, over near the Rhine; and this Charles, surnamed Martel (the Hammer), lost no time in pushing forward with his irregular cavalry to join forces with his western neighbors, and, just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, the followers of the prophet were met and overthrown in "the deadly battle" of Tours.

More than one great fight has taken place in the beautiful valley of the Loire, but none has the historic interest which centres in this. Great, decisive and important as was the annihilation of the legions of Varus by the German Arminius, the victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens at Tours outrivalled it in national consequence. Doctor Arnold, the eminent English writer of history, regards the latter as the most important and decisive of the middle ages. It was the check to Mohammedan invasion, without which Southwestern Europe would have been overrun as was Southeastern, where, to this day, the descendants of the Saracens are the rulers of Turkey, the hold

ers of the great city which Napoleon described as "the Empire of the World."

Charles Martel had no standing army, but years of warfare had skilled his hand and eye, and given strength to his own high courage. He organized a large force of militia among the Franks, and brought with him, to the rescue of his kinsmen, a considerable body of horse and foot from along the Rhine. Just how many men he could muster nobody seems to know. The historians of that day were the old monks, who wrote very vaguely when it came to describing military matters, nor were the accounts on the Saracen side any more complete.

From all obtainable sources it would seem that, after crossing the Pyrenees and defeating Count Eumenes on the Garonne, the 80,000 soldiery of Abderrahman scattered over the level plains of France, robbing, burning and destroying in a most ruthless manner. It is related by the monks that so sure were they of success and of subduing the whole country, that it appeared as though this Moslem army of occupation had come to stay permanently, for they brought with them their wives and children, flocks and herds, and all their belongings. It was an invasion with a purpose.

Abderrahman had obtained accurate information as to the real inhabitants, their means of defence, etc., and knew that from them he had nothing to dread. Of Charles Martel and the possibility of interference where he was concerned, he had apparently little idea. His army was allowed to scatter in every direction over the broad, fertile valleys, and in so doing they became necessarily disorganized, and lost much of their discipline. Their Berber or Arabian light cavalry committed terrible ravages throughout the land, and the bitterest hatred sprang up against them. Whatever the Franks were lacking in warlike instruction they soon made up in eager daring; and, taking advantage of their ardor and the scattered condition of the Saracens, Martel probably wisely chose to strike hard and quick, without even waiting to organize and discipline his volunteers.

The armies met near the city of Tours, on the broad river Loire. The invaders had already assaulted the walls and were

carrying everything before them—even committing the greatest excesses and crimes. While thus plunder-laden, and scattered and disordered, the army of Martel marched steadily down upon them. Abderrahman hastily recalled his forces and strove to form lines, and several days of indecisive skirmishing passed by. His Arabian cavalry, always ready and daring, opened the real battle on the 3d of October, charging again and again upon the sturdily advancing lines of the Franks, inflicting great losses but suffering severely on their own side. Martel had but few horsemen to oppose to such trained riders as these, and for some time it seemed as though their wild attacks must succeed in wearing out the firmness of the soldiers of Gaul, unused as they had long been to anything like warfare; but Martel was spirited, hopeful and energetic, fighting cautiously but bravely, and when at last the day was done he had succeeded in engaging the entire host of Abderrahman; had compelled him to abandon the assault of the city in the moment of triumph, and in holding his own position intact against the furious charges of the enemy. The first day closed decidedly in his favor, and Abderrahman was driven into his camp, to the south towards Poitiers.

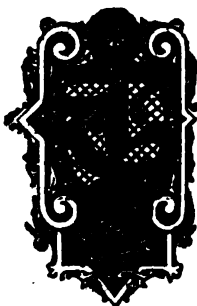
But the battle was not yet won. At the first gray of dawn the Moslem cavalry were at them again, but now the awe they had inspired in the breasts of the simple-minded peasantry had disappeared. The Franks had gained great confidence, and not only repulsed the charges with heavy loss, but soon began to press the squadrons in retreat and force them in turn. It so happened therefore that a cry went up that the camp in rear of Abderrahman's lines was being attacked, and all the plunder would be recaptured. This added to the unsteadiness of the troops already shaken by the determined stand of the Franks. Dozens of squadrons broke, galloping off to the rear under pretence of defending the camp. The lines of Abderrahman began to waver. He himself was quick to note it and to throw himself into the thick of the fight, calling on all to stand by him; but Martel, too, with a soldier's keen eye, had marked every symptom, and now at last ordered a general advance and charge upon the Saracens. With one simultaneous impulse the Frank-

ish army swept forward; Abderrahman, fighting like a lion, was surrounded, hewed down and pierced by a dozen spears. Then indeed the demoralized army could stand it no longer and broke and fled closely and vehemently pursued. Martel, like Cæsar, gave no rest to beaten foe; no time to rally and try it again. Everywhere the Moslems were cut down and slaughtered, for no mercy was shown to those who had been so unmerciful, and the carnage during that long afternoon of pursuit was something indescribable. One writer of the day asserts that over 300,000 Saracens were slain, and that the loss of Charles Martel did not exceed 1,000, but the statements both ways are unreliable. Only 80,000 fighting men, according to Saracen chronicles, were in the army, though the monks always claimed that several hundred thousand were north of the Pyrenees. Certain it is that the army was annihilated, the leader killed, and the plunder recaptured. Their own writers speak of their defeat as a most "disgraceful overthrow," and it is reasonable to suppose that Martel had accomplished his victory with an inferior force.

The battle of Tours freed Gaul at once from further assault for a long time to come. It is true that the Saracens made one more effort to invade France by moving up the valley of the Rhone, but the attempt was speedily and sharply checked. The death of Charles left his sons, Carloman and Pepin, to divide the Frankish empire, but the latter soon assumed the title of king, became possessed of the whole of France, and, when he in turn died, in 768, the kingdom was again divided between two sons, Carloman and Charles; again the elder speedily died, leaving undivided sovereignty to the younger brother. When just twenty-eight years of age Charles, second son of Pepin, grandson of Charles Martel, became head of the whole empire of the west, and with wonderful skill, vigor and address extended its limits in every direction, building up a magnificent Christian empire that soon included Rome itself within its territory, and, in the year 800, he was solemnly crowned at St. Peter's Emperor of the Roman Empire of the West, and became to history Charles the Great—Charlemagne.

HASTINGS.

1066.



HE battle of Tours had rid the Franks once and for all of the possibility of Saracen overthrow. The grand empire of Charlemagne was founded on the victory won by his grandfather, Charles Martel, and yet no sooner had Charles the Great been called from earth than the disruption of that great empire began. The kingdom of France was soon separated from Germany and Italy. Then France herself began to suffer from the incursions of a vigorous, hardy race, called the Northmen, Danes by birth, and for two centuries fleet after fleet of Scandinavians swept down upon the coasts of England, France and Spain, and in the year 911 Duke Rolla (Hrolf the Northman), with a powerful army of Scandinavian warriors at his back, settled in the north of France, the province of Neustria having been ceded to them by the king as the price of a peaceful future. Intermarriages with the Frankish families soon followed, but these people of Duke Rolla became the ruling race in northern France, and their country became known as Normandy.

Just such stalwart manhood and brawn and muscle as came in with these hardy adventurers was what was needed to develop a race of knights and soldiers in France such as had not been seen since the days of Cæsar, and the warlike skill they brought with them, tempered by the polish of the Latin nations of the south, formed a combination of qualities that in one century had made the knights of Normandy renowned throughout Europe. Pilgrimages to the Holy Land of Palestine were then frequent,

and Norman officers became known in Italy, speedily winning a settlement of their own in Apulia and also in the island of Sicily. Meantime, across the channel, the Saxon line of kings was still filling the throne of England after the sons of the Danish King Canute had died out, and Edward the Confessor was ruler of the island. He had received his education in the court of Normandy, and was strongly imbued with Norman ideas. He well knew that under an old compact with King Hardicanute the Norsemen believed themselves entitled now to the crown of England, but so long as Duke Robert of Normandy was absent on his pilgrimage there was no probability of trouble arising, and when his son William rose to the dukedom in 1035 he was not in readiness to enforce any claim, nor did he in any way actively interfere when Edward, his kinsman, came to the fore as the successor of the Canutes in 1041.

But Edward the Confessor was childless, and three powerful rivals made preparations to seize the throne when his death should leave it vacant. For the time being all eyes were on England. The rivals were: first, a foreign prince from the north; second, a foreign prince from the south; third, an English-born prince—a hero of the people.

Harald Hardrata of Norway was the first; William of Normandy the second; Harold the Saxon was the third. It is said by historians that the interest of the great contest was greatly enhanced by the prominence and character of these three rivals, all champions of their respective races. The prize was a noble one, the struggle gallant in the last degree.

Shortly before the death of Edward the Confessor, Harold had been induced to visit Normandy as the ostensible guest of Duke William. Harold was already proclaimed by the English people their choice for king when the now enfeebled Edward should die; but Edward was suspected of leaning toward Normandy and the claims, as he was known to admire the marked ability, of William. It may be that he actually played into the hand of Normandy and sent Harold thither. At all events, though treated as a guest, the young earl found himself actually a prisoner, and while there, in the presence of a crowded court,

William of Normandy extracted from the Saxon a solemn pledge to deliver up to him the throne of England on the death of Edward. Alone, defenceless, and believing his life endangered if he refused, Harold reluctantly gave the pledge, was then permitted to return to England, and on the 5th of January, 1066, King Edward died, and the throne was vacant.

The very next day all the nobles, "the thanes and prelates present in London," all the people within reach named Harold for king, and on the 7th of January, disregarding the oath extracted from him by, as he claimed, violence and the fear of his life, the Saxon was duly anointed and crowned King of England.

He was instantly assailed both from north and south. His renegade brother, Earl Tostig, urged on the preparations of King Harald Hardrata from the Norseland, and, though dwarfed by the importance and extent of the invasions of Duke William, the movement of the Norse king, almost at the same time, should never be forgotten in this connection. Even while Harold of England was throwing all his energies into the scheme for the defeat of the powerful Normans, now preparing to invade him from the channel, he learned that Harald of Norseland had landed at the far end of his kingdom. He had to drop everything on the channel shores and hasten to meet him. Two hundred war ships, three hundred transports and the best soldiery of Scandinavia came to back Harald Hardrata. Landing in Yorkshire and overthrowing the local forces, he conquered the city of York, and in an incredibly short time was master of all the country north of the Humber. But, quick as the news could reach King Harold in Sussex, he sped away northward, a valiant army with him, and, surprising the Norwegians by the rapidity of his march, he terribly defeated them at Stamford Bridge, September 25th, 1066, Harald Hardrata and his noblest men going down before him. The battle and victory, splendid as it was, had been won, however, at great cost. Harold lost many excellent officers and men; but, worst of all, William of Normandy, utterly unopposed, had effected his landing on the Sussex shore.

Superb as was William's character as a soldier, he was as consummate a politician and statesman. Before entering upon the

contest at all he had reminded Harold of his oath. Harold had replied that he could not lay down what was not his own—the will of his country. His royalty was the voice of his people. Even were it not, he argued, an enforced oath could not be binding. The Norman first published his rival all over Europe as a perjurer; then, to fortify still more his position in public esteem, submitted the whole case to the Pope of Rome, who solemnly decided that England rightfully belonged to William, sent him a blessed banner to be borne in the van of his army, and bade him bring England to terms without delay. The superstitious reverence in which the Church of Rome was held was in itself an all-powerful ally to Duke William, but he neglected nothing. His preparations were complete.

All the wealth of his dukedom, all the influence of his own powerful mind were thrown into the task of recruiting from the noblest classes the knighthood of his army. All the soldiers of fortune of the day hastened to fight under that consecrated banner, and the very chivalry of Christendom crowded to his ranks, eager to be enrolled in so holy a cause under so renowned and brilliant a leader.

All through the spring and summer the seaports, ship-yards and harbors of northern France were crowded with sailors and builders, with soldiers and knights. At last, late in August, the great armament was complete. Baffling winds delayed him for a time, but on the 29th of September, 1066, just after Harold's triumph at Stamford Bridge, William of Normandy, with 50,000 gallant knights and gentlemen and 10,000 soldiers of the line, effected his landing in Pevensey Bay, not far from the castle of Hastings.

It was a desperate blow to Harold. He had been most energetic in his preparations, had organized a large army and a powerful fleet to defeat the threatened invasion, but both had been diverted at the critical moment. He was rejoicing in York when the bitter news reached him, but instantly retraced his steps, hurrying back to Sussex. The victory over the Norwegians had won him the enthusiastic devotion of all England. It was in his power to immediately enroll a large army. His

fleet was already numerous and powerful. From a strategical standpoint, now that William with 60,000 men had landed on his coast, the one thing for him to do to insure an overwhelming triumph was to withdraw the small force in southern England; to tempt the Normans toward London; to leave to his seamen the duty of cutting off all their supplies or reinforcements from France; then to surround the invaders with the overwhelming force he could bring to bear and crush them out of existence. But—Harold was soft-hearted. He could not bear to lay open the lands of southern England even temporarily to the plundering hands of the invaders. He stopped in London only long enough to give orders for the assembly of all his available troops in Sussex at once. He directed the fleet to rendezvous off the coast, and then pushed on. It may be that victory over the Norsemen had made him altogether too confident, but he showed the utmost eagerness to meet the southern invaders, and, in his haste, neglected many a valuable precaution. In William of Normandy and his knights he was destined to meet foemen full as brave as, but far more skillful and far more wary and cautious than, the rude soldiery of Harald of the Norseland.

The landing of William of Normandy had been accomplished under auspices that were wonderfully favorable. The breeze was light and soft. The sea smooth and still. The ships were easily beached, and then the Norman archers—they who were so soon to play the most important part in the struggle with England—"shaven and shorn, clad in short garments," stripped for the fight, so to speak, and carrying only their bows and full quivers, sprang into the summer surf, out over the smooth, sandy shore and well to the front. A strong skirmish line of several thousand expert bowmen covered the whole movement, and secured the army of the Normans against surprise. Then came the landing of the mail-clad knights and their chargers. Many must have gone to fight on foot until the fortune of war should provide them with mounts, for though he had 50,000 gallant knights and gentlemen Duke William could not begin to muster ships enough to transport horses for that many. But enough horsemen there were to make a stout array, and with

lances in hand they too rode forward to meet any foe that might appear, while the disembarkation went uninterruptedly on.

Three wooden castles, in pieces, had been carefully prepared in France. These too were brought ashore. One was immediately set up on good high ground. Stores and provisions were safely landed; and the long projected invasion was an accomplished fact.

As Duke William himself sprang from his boat to the sands a singular thing occurred. He slipped, and fell heavily forward upon his breast and hands. Superstition was rife in those days, and a cry of "bad omen" went up; but he sprang to his feet, holding high his hands, tightly grasping the dripping sands of the seashore, and called out so that all could hear, "See, my lords, by the splendor of God! I have taken possession of England with both my hands," and his presence of mind and ready wit revived their spirits. There was no more thought of evil omen.

Protected by strong outposts of archers and cavalry the Norman army spent its first night on English soil in peace; moved eastward the next day towards Hastings, set up the other two castles and prepared a strongly fortified camp. Meantime, however, Duke William sent his cavalry well out northward toward London, to watch for every movement of the enemy, while his foragers swept over the country, bringing in provisions, cattle, anything useful they could lay hand upon. Harold had hoped to surprise the Normans as he had the Norwegians, but found himself utterly mistaken. Their cavalry kept watch over his every movement, and, seeing this, he simply contented himself with driving them in towards their main body, and then, with what force he had, halting about seven miles from the Norman camp.

His force was inferior to that of William. Again the policy was urged upon him of falling back towards London, destroying the crops and provisions as he went. This would soon have had disastrous effect upon the foreigners, who, cut off from reinforcements or supplies by the English fleet, would have starved, or fallen victims to the masses of volunteers that were ready to

flock to the standard of King Harold. But he was determined and eager for a fight. His brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, then urged him to take no personal part in the combat, but to let those who loved fight for him and their common country. This, too, he rejected, declaring that no man should say that he forced his friends to fight where he himself shared not every danger. This point settled, he chose his battle-ground, and chose it with great skill, for he knew that his antagonist would be forced to attack him.

Some eight miles back of Hastings, where the ruins of Battle Abbey now stand, was a little place then called Senlac. Here, on a wooded ridge with open slopes towards the south, Harold established his lines, and covered his entire front with a stout palisade of stakes, shields, osier hurdles and wattles, a compact earth-and-basket-work that made a capital rampart. Back of the ridge were thick woods, and on the one flank which was open he caused a deep ditch to be dug from north to south as a protection against cavalry attack from that side; for it was the large force of knights and mounted men-at-arms that Harold had most reason to dread.

Here behind these intrenchments the English army, hurriedly summoned from all over the kingdom south of the Humber, gathered in loyalty to their new sovereign and to their native land. Those from the cities were well armed, as were the earls and barons with their retainers, but there were large numbers of peasantry who had nothing better than clubs, picks, iron forks and the like. The nobles and the better classes of the soldiery wore helmets with hanging capes that fell upon the shoulders and protected the throat and neck. Their bodies were clad in the stiff and heavy hauberks then in use by nearly all practised soldiers, and all carried stout shields. Their weapons were sharp lances, "bills" (not unlike the modern bill-hook in shape but much heavier and larger), and many carried massive battle-axes and maces. These were the arms of the nobles and some of the veteran soldiers, but in addition there was a strong force of bowmen.

On the other side, the knights and nobles of the Normans

were superbly mounted, their horses and themselves to a certain extent covered with an armor impenetrable to lance or arrow! The knights wore massive helmets, hauberks, and boots of metal; all carried shields, each with his own device or "cognizance" emblazoned thereon, by which they might be known to one another in battle. Their arms were lances, long swords, maces and some carried the battle-axes. Among the footmen defensive armor was little worn except the shield, though many had bound hides upon their breasts and legs. All were expert archers, and in addition to their bows were armed with short swords. Such were the forces of England and France facing one another on the southern shores of Sussex early in October, 1066.

But though he sought and desired an immediate and decisive battle, Duke William again made propositions to Harold, all of which were promptly declined. The latter well knew that the price which William was to pay his vassals for their assistance was the division of all England into estates for their benefit. He felt assured that were he to abdicate now he could not save his kingdom from pillage. He determined to fight to the last, and, despite his smaller force, was hopeful as to the result. Indeed his nobles were of the same opinion: "Our lands, our homes, our wives and daughters are promised to these invading knights. They come to ruin not only us but our descendants." This was the universal voice of Harold's army, and the English swore to make no terms, no truce, but to drive out the Normans or die in trying.

And now all knew that there could be no further postponement of the battle. That night the Saxons spent around their camp-fires carousing and singing; but the Normans looked well to their horses and arms, confessed themselves to their priests, and partook of the holy sacrament. They believed that the blessing of heaven rested with them; that the banner of Rome, the symbol of their holy church, gave to their invasion all the sacred character of a religious war, and their ceremonies were conducted with full hearts and utter solemnity.

At daybreak on Saturday, October 14th, both camps were speedily awake and active; but, beyond doubt, the Normans

were fresher and in better condition for the fight than their Saxon antagonists. Once more the priests assembled the knights and soldiery who bore the banner of the pope. Solemn masses were sung, and now, assured of victory, the men are gathering around their leaders and receiving brief exhortations as to the duties expected of them. The nobles are all assembled at the tent of Duke William, where he has explained in detail his plan of attack, and is now adding some ringing words of encouragement and cheer. He is all serenity and confidence. "I have no doubt of victory; we are come for glory; the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it if we so please."

With that he orders them to go and arm themselves, and one and all the barons and knights withdraw. Half an hour more and, in superb array, the army of France marched forth upon the green slopes of peaceful Sussex.

Duke William had divided his force into three grand divisions. On one side were arrayed "the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers," as the leader had designated them, under command of Roger de Montgomeri. On the other, "the Poitevins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine," led by Alain Fergert and Ameri. In the centre, where the hardest fighting was expected, and where the consecrated banner waved aloft, rode Duke William himself with "his own great men, his friends and kindred." The best blood of France, the best blood of the young nobility of every court in Christendom followed the banner of the church that day, and well might Harold say, "Those whom you see in such numbers are not priests, but stout soldiers, as they will soon make us feel."

William's superiority was in cavalry, and, knowing this, Harold's plan of intrenching his position and fighting on the defensive was capital. But, leading the Norman horsemen, marching gallantly forward towards the high palisade, came ranks of Norman archers, and by these the battle is begun. With loud blare of horn, bugle and trumpet; with ringing war-cry and half-savage, answering yell, the combatants open fire with their arrows. In a moment the air is dark with the flying missiles.

But the Norman lines never halt. Pressing vigorously forward they reach and spring upon the palisading, and there the ranks of France and England clash together. Instantly lance, spear, sword, axe and arrow are plying their deadly work, and, in the midst of most terrific din and clangor, the battle of Hastings has fairly opened.

A little in rear of the centre of the English lines, on a rising hillock, has been planted a gorgeous standard, rich with gold and gems. Here, when all was ready, King Harold had placed himself with his brothers Gurth and Leofwine, and his noble body-guard. From here he had closely watched the Norman army as it came up from the south and deployed before his eyes. Many of the knights and nobles he was able to recognize and to point out to his attendants. Despite his bravery and hope, he well knew that a desperate fight was before him. "Keep together," he urged his barons, "all is lost if once they penetrate our ranks; cleave wherever you can. It will be ill done if you spare aught."

It was just about nine o'clock in the morning, when the French Knight "Taillefer," urging and receiving permission from Duke William, dashed out ahead of the advancing lines of France, and bending low upon his saddle-bow, with couched lance, came charging down upon the very centre of the Saxon spearmen at the palisade. He singled out his victim, drove his lance through and through, then drawing sword, dared the defenders to attack him. In an instant he was hurled from his horse and killed. Then came the simultaneous dash of the archers, and now, all along the line of palisading, the battle is fierce—a hand-to-hand conflict, fought with the utmost desperation and gallantry. The mail-clad knights of Normandy are at once seen to have a great advantage. With their heavy maces they batter down portions of the palisade, though many receive their death-wounds, and many a horse rolls over in agony in the attempt. Then in small bodies they charge at the gaps thus made, leap in upon the swordsmen and hew right and left, but nowhere does the English line give way. A strong body of Norman horse has swept around the flank and, despite the ditch,

charged in upon the Saxons, but Harold quickly sends an active band to assail them in turn and, with bloody loss on both sides, the Frenchmen are cut down, and the remnant forced back across the ditch again, and the ditch itself is speedily filled with bodies of the dead and dying. For hours an indescribable combat is carried on. In heat and dust and din of battle, taunts and jeers and war-cries that are unintelligible to one another except from accompanying pantomime, arrows and darts, stones and even swords are hurled at one another. A dozen times the palisade is carried, a dozen times the Normans are forced back, and for six terrible hours of this ebb and flow of battle-lines, of shouting, shrieking, cursing, struggling, the desperate combat goes on. Everywhere are deeds of knightly valor or stubborn plebeian courage to be noted. Even the good Bishop of Bayeux, seeing some of the Norman retainers taking to flight, first dashed in among to stop them, and then, with hauberk over his white canonicals and uplifted mace in hand, returned to the thickest of the fight, animating and directing the assaults of the knights.

But the repulse of the Norman cavalry on the flank had been a severe disappointment. The superb and stubborn resistance of the Saxons was something that Duke William had not anticipated. The day was on the decline. Three o'clock had come and gone, and still no man could say how the battle would end. For some time the Norman archers had been withdrawn as useless. The English kept their shields well forward, and the light shafts glanced off harmlessly; but suddenly an idea comes to William: "Shoot upwards, archers, that the arrows may fall in their faces." And now, from the heavens above, the keen missiles come raining down upon the thick, struggling masses of Saxon infantry, and some, flying higher and dropping farther to the rear, find their way into the group around the priceless standard of England. Another minute and brave Harold himself is stunned, blinded and sore-stricken. A shaft has sunk deep into his cheek, tearing out his eye in its course. He drags out the barbed arrow, then, bleeding, reeling and faint, leans his head upon his shield. He has seen the last of his devoted army. His sight is gone.

But, ignorant of the blow that had robbed them of their sovereignty, the Saxons fought on. Even before the order had been given to the archers, the Norman leaders had resolved upon a plan to draw the English out of their works. The word was passed from mouth to mouth: "Fall back at the signal; fall back, but be ready to turn again when they are scattered in pursuit, well out on the slopes." And with that, slowly at first, then more hastily, as though in some disorder, the lines of France begin to retire. It is the same trick that Harold so successfully played upon the Norsemen at Stamford Bridge a month before, but he cannot see it now. He is not there to check the pursuit that almost instantly is taken up by the wild and unmanageable Saxons. Incredulous at first, they soon realize that the entire Norman force is surely falling back. Then, with raging taunts and shouts, with brandishing arms, forgetful of all order or discipline, over the works they go, and bound down the slopes in scattering chase. The solid ranks are broken. The one thing against which Harold warned them, and is now powerless either to see or prevent, has befallen them. And now the trumpets ring out the signal, "halt." The Norman knights and archers once more face the disordered foe; then, with simultaneous impulse, bear down upon them in headlong impulse. This time there is no withstanding them. Back go the broken bands, closely followed by the horsemen of Normandy, and in five minutes more, what remains of the English army is grouped in solid mass on that bloody hillock where the great standard still waves, where, blind and bleeding, Harold still stands with hopeless sword; where the men of Kent and Essex still confront the lances with undaunted breasts. But all is useless now. Little by little, one by one, like the Spartans of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, they fall around their leader; are trampled under foot and iron hoof; and, as the compact circle grows smaller and smaller, the surging throng of Norman assailants more numerous, the mail-clad knights force their way in towards the coveted standard, William himself being among the most daring and conspicuous, and by one of these King Harold himself is felled to earth, while another gives him his

death-wound as he struggles to his knee, at the foot of the flag he has so devotedly defended. The sun goes down upon a field that is one vast charnel-house ; upon an exhausted but victorious army on one side, upon the bleeding relics of their annihilated foemen on the other ; and Duke William of Normandy, winning the great and decisive battle of Hastings, wins for himself the throne, for his nobles the broad lands of Merrie England.

Harold, Gurth, Leofwine, all the noblest earls and barons of England, more than half the army, lay among the slain ; and yet so well had they fought, so savagely had Saxon battle-axe hewn its way through Norman helm and hauberk, that 20,000, one-fourth of the army of France, lay dead upon the nobly disputed field.

Solemnly the victor celebrated his wonderful triumph. Securing the rich standard of the royal Saxons, his first words were to vow the erection there where it stood of a holy abbey, where the prayers of the Church of Rome should ceaselessly be chanted for the souls of those who fell in the great victory. His own tent was set for the night amid the dead, upon the hill where Harold's standard had waved throughout the terrible day ; and then, wearied and bruised, the victors slept upon the field.

Among all the knights and nobles none had fought more gallantly than the great leader himself. Two horses had been killed under him. Several foemen had fallen by his hand. His armor was hacked and battered in many places, and he had narrowly escaped mortal hurts. But William of Normandy, now become William the Conqueror, resumed, on the morrow, his triumphant march to London, and there, on Christmas day, was duly crowned King of England.

The results of Hastings were many. An utterly new race of men, a fresh array of nobles and knights, became the rulers of the land. Bitter hatred for years existed against them on the part of the Saxons, and, in their disdainful pride, the conquerors made no effort to conciliate. The ancient constitution, the last of the Saxon kings, the leaders of the Saxon nobility, all were

overthrown. The people of the land who, but a month before, were its sturdy owners, became little better than slaves of the new masters. The Saxon language was declared fit only for churls, Saxon customs for servants. All the high places in church or state were now filled by men of Roman or Norman selection. From Hastings until the signing of the Magna Charta, nearly a century and a half, Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon held aloof from and hated one another; but that charter, wrested from King John at Runnymede, became the font of English nationality, and from that time there was concert and harmony.

But, bitter as had been the hatred, the Norman conquest was the making of England. A brave, chivalrous, warlike and vastly superior and intellectual race had, by Hastings, become rooted in the English soil. Their better qualities were marred by their many acts of cruelty and oppression, but to Norman blood and Norman brains the British Empire is this day indebted, infinitely more than many of its people will admit or believe. Speaking of the Normans, Campbell has dared to say, "They high-mettled the blood of our veins." Guizot declares that England's liberties are due to her conquest by the Normans. Lord Chatham eulogized the "iron barons" who were the builders of the great constitution, and who were Normans all; and even the great English historian Gibbon, himself, has had the justice to say that "Assuredly England was a gainer by the Conquest."



DEATH OF HAROLD AT HASTINGS.

JERUSALEM.

1099.



HE Saracens who had been driven out of France by the valor of Charles Martel were nevertheless masters of Africa from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Red Sea, and thence, eastward, had swept over and subdued Asia as far as the Ganges. For years before the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, hundreds of high-born men, both of the clergy of the Church of Rome and nobles not of the priesthood, had been crowding each year eastward to pay their devotions at the sepulchre of Jesus Christ at Jerusalem. The influence of the church was never greater than in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Rome had then no dissenters. Hers was the one recognized religion, and the fervor of her priesthood knew no bounds. So long as the Saracens themselves ruled in Syria and Palestine all went smoothly. The pilgrims to the shrine were favorably received, courteously treated, and encouraged to come again or send others. The fact that each one was roundly taxed for the privilege, and required to pay very heavy duty on every relic he might carry away, is sufficient explanation of the fact. The pilgrims were a source of very considerable revenue to the Saracens. They did no possible harm, brought in much money, took away nothing but valueless palm branches or splinters of wood, relics for which they gave preposterous sums; the Saracens were shrewd money-getters and quick to appreciate their advantage. They even took especial care of the sacred sepulchre, hunted up and preserved all possible mementos of the pure and humble Saviour whom their

predecessors had crucified and scourged a thousand years before. The possession of Jerusalem within whose walls His youthful voice had so early astonished the elders and wise men; the Mount of Olives where the sweetest sermon ever preached to mortal ears, fell from His gentle and loving lips; the stony height of blasted Calvary where in patient, uncomplaining agony His bitter torture was endured—all these were gold to the followers of the prophet, and for centuries the pious contributions of pilgrims and palmers might have continued to swell the Saracen treasury had not a sudden foe swept down upon and robbed them of Syria and Palestine. The Turcomans, a rude, half-savage tribe of Tartars, rushed over the boundaries and gained Jerusalem.

These short-sighted marauders looked with jeering laughter at the prostration of the Western pilgrims before the shrine; then rudely hustled the Christians to one side and contemptuously overturned or defaced the sacred relics themselves. Then came systematic insult, robbery, extortion and outrage to the pilgrims, among whom even delicately nurtured women were now to be found; and those who managed to escape hurried back to the seat of the Christian church at Rome and told their sorrowful story at the throne of the pope.

The immediate cause of the ensuing wars was simply this. All Christendom was dismayed and outraged at the idea of leaving the holy sepulchre, the holy city, the holy land of Palestine which had been blessed by the teachings of the Saviour, in the possession of a set of infidel Turks who scoffed and derided the very mysteries which were held most sacred. There was no lack of faith in those days. Wherever the influence of the Church of Rome extended, the name of Jesus Christ was worshipped as that of the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind, and when hundreds of religious enthusiasts returned to Rome telling of the indignity with which they had been treated and the double outrage which had been heaped upon them simply because they were followers of Christ, it was an easy matter to rouse the religious fervor of an entire continent to the rescue of the relics deemed sacred beyond all price. It seemed as though

the very hand of God pointed to Jerusalem demanding the banishment of every unbeliever from her walls, and the future protection and honor of the tomb of the beloved Son in whom rested the redemption of the world.

Pope Gregory VII., when at the head of the church on earth, fired by holy zeal and a desire to make the cause supreme, had conceived the idea of making a grand union of Christianity against Mahometism. His unpopularity among the princes of the various nations stood in his way, however, and it was left for a very different man to assume the original leadership—Peter the Hermit.

Originally a soldier, Peter of Amiens had become a recluse; had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem; had been a witness to the extortions, wrongs and indignities heaped upon his brethren in the faith, and, after consultation with Simeon, the patriarch of Jerusalem, he had returned and laid the matter before Pope Martin II. at Rome. Both he and Simeon implored earnest and united action. The pope was ready and willing. He sent Peter to the cities of Italy; convened a council at Placentia, which was attended by 4,000 ecclesiastics and 30,000 other persons, and which resulted in a declaration of war against the infidels of Jerusalem on the part of Italy. But greater force than Italy could raise would be needed. Peter went forward into France, exhorting, haranguing everywhere. A greater council was called and met at Clermont in Auvergne. Pope Martin himself went thither, and under the influence of his eloquence and the fiery preachings of Peter the multitude burst forth into one unanimous appeal for war. "It is the will of God!" and these words became the rallying cry on many a subsequent battlefield.

The organization of the forces began at once. As a badge of their loyalty to the holy cause the volunteers, as they all were, adopted the cross itself, and this badge, displayed upon the right shoulder of their cloaks or the breasts of the armor, was henceforth the designation of their faith and their loyalty—*Les croisés*, the men of the cross, they called themselves, and their cause became—The Crusade.

It was a time when the priests of the church had gained their greatest power over all classes. There was little restraint of either law or honor. Crime and disorder were rife, and the uneducated believed that expiation for any excess or outrage could be found in the observances of the church. A holy war meant universal absolution to those who engaged therein on the side of the Cross, and all over Western Europe thousands swarmed to the banners of the pope. It was the sure road to heaven. Nobles, workmen, peasants, priests, all came eagerly forward to swell the ranks. Even women, disguised in armor, obtained admission in the rapidly raised armies—so rapidly raised, in fact, that the numbers became troublesome; and an advanced guard of 300,000 men, led by Peter the Hermit and Walter the Moneyless, was ordered to push eastward through Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria. At first this large body of utterly undisciplined campaigners managed to subsist on the free-will offerings of the Germans and Hungarians; but they soon took to plundering, then to besieging unprepared cities, and it then resulted that the nations attacked them in strong force, slew thousands among them, and only a badly shattered remnant succeeded in reaching Constantinople. Here, encouraged by the gifts of Alexis Comnenus, the emperor, some pressed forward across the Bosphorus. Others waited for the main bodies which, under experienced soldiers and in far better discipline, speedily followed the pioneers. It was not long before an army of 700,000 men, mainly from France and Germany, had assembled on the plains of Asia Minor; but, before that took place, the eager advanced guard, under Peter the Hermit, had sustained terrible reverses at Nicæa, which subsequently became the scene of so severe a conflict.

The great leaders of the First Crusade were Godfrey of Bouillon; Hugh of Vermandois; Raymond of Toulouse; Stephen of Blois; Tancred and the Dukes Robert of Normandy and Flanders. The first-named followed with 80,000 men, soon after the advance-guard of Peter the Hermit. He was the leader of the cavaliers of Europe. Godfrey, in 1096, took the same route as followed by Peter's rabble, but went



CRUSADERS APPROACHING JERUSALEM.

through in admirable order and with the respect of the people whose countries he traversed. The Count of Vermandois took his followers by sea and met with shipwreck and misfortune. Raymond of Toulouse, Stephen of Blois, and Robert of Normandy, all managed to lead their people across Europe into Asia Minor; and at last the junction of the forces was effected, and 700,000 soldiers of the Cross were gathered near Nicæa, the ancient capital of Bithynia. This city was only captured after a siege of two months. Then, fighting their way, the crusaders pushed on eastward, through Asia Minor, until they came to Syria, and here, near the northern border, barring the way to Jerusalem, lay the walled city of Antioch, a fortress in itself. A long, tedious and bloody siege detained them. They won the city, were besieged in turn, and finally gained a great victory over the Turks. They were delayed at Antioch a year; and it was not until the 14th of July, 1099, that the crusaders were finally led by Godfrey of Bouillon to the great assault of Jerusalem.

Over a month had been spent in vigorous preparation, and some ill-directed attacks had been made, but the Genoese builders finally completed strong scaling-towers, to be run up against the solid walls; and then, guided by their priesthood, the great army of the crusaders, with bared feet, made a circuit of the city, prostrating themselves at every place made sacred by the teachings or sufferings of their Saviour; their rage against the infidels being added to, every instant by the insults and abuse hurled at them from the walls. Then, early on the morning of July 14th, the attack began.

It must be remembered that in the army of the crusaders no one knight or noble enjoyed supreme command. Any important move or enterprise was determined by a council of the leaders, and these leaders were many. Originally the Normans, Flemings and Italians, under Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, and the brave and zealous Tancred took ground against the north walls of the city, investing the whole length of that front. Next to them, farther west, were the English, said to have been led by Edgar Atheling; then the Bretons, under their duke.

These seem to have fronted the walls of the northwest side, and close beside them, between the road leading to Joppa, on the sea-coast, and the great highway to Damascus, up the valley, Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin du Bourg had encamped their followers. Here, if anywhere, could be said to be the head-quarters of the siege, as to the south of their camp, and investing the city from the west, were the crusaders of Toulouse, and the men of Orange and Béarn. The eastern and southern fronts had not been formally besieged, the deep valleys there lying being regarded as obstacles.

But the infidels of Jerusalem had been as active as their assailants. They, too, had been preparing engines of war, and all manner of devices for resisting attack. The north and west walls were greatly strengthened, and, at the last moment, the plans of the besiegers were changed. The two Dukes Robert and their associate, Tancred, moved over to the eastward, between the gate of Damascus and the tall angular stone structure soon to be known as Tancred's Tower. Godfrey of Bouillon marched his men opposite the gate of Cedar, and, in the darkness of night, all their machines of war, even two huge towers, had been dragged over to the new positions with them. Duke Raymond, too, had swung round so as to assault from the south; and, at the first dawn of day, the defenders of the city were aghast to see that now they were threatened at entirely unexpected and almost unprepared points.

There were natural defences on their side, however. Deep ravines lay under the southern walls, supplying the place of a moat or ditch, which, had one been dug around the entire city, would have vastly added to the difficulties of the siege. By incredible labor, however, the crusaders filled up a part of the ravine with stones, and, by working day and night for forty-eight hours, succeeded in running the towers close to the walls. Then all was ready for assault. The sun was not up on the morning of that memorable Thursday, the 14th of July, when Godfrey of Bouillon, with his brother Eustache, and Baldwin du Bourg took station on the highest platform of his tower, surrounded by a score of armed and eager knights, and gave the signal to begin.

Instantly from every tower, from all over the dry, parched, desolate slopes around the holy city, the clarions and trumpets rang out their loud peal, and the voices of thousands of stalwart men joined in mighty chorus. On the south, east and north of the city the three massive towers were slowly, heavily pried and dragged towards the walls, bristling as they were, on every floor, with spears, swords and battle-axes. All who manned them were meant for close combat and were clad in metal armor. At intervals along the walls, holding their shields above their heads, strong bodies of active men rushed in, dragging with them the clumsy battering-rams, and then quickly covering them and their workers with awnings of plank, hide and shields. Where the ground outside was high, dozens of daring and adventurous spirits ran in, bearing light scaling ladders, and strove in this way to reach the parapets. Here, of course, lay the greatest danger; but, to protect these men, the "forlorn hope" of the assault, the entire wall was surrounded by thousands upon thousands of expert slingers and cross-bowmen, who kept up an incessant shower of stones and arrows upon the ramparts, while at intervals among them were stationed the rude artillery of the day, pedereros and mangonels, for hurling heavy rocks; or catapults, that projected great darts. None were reliable or effective over three hundred paces. The bowmen were the real sharp-shooters and most efficient of the second line of the besiegers.

Furious, inspired, enthusiastic as was the assault of the allied Christians, the advantage lay with the defenders, and vehemently did they press it. Among the besiegers there had long been desperate suffering for want of water, and exposure day after day to the scorching rays of a midsummer sun on these shadeless, sandy slopes, had reduced them greatly in numbers and in personal strength. Within the walls, however, water and shade had not been lacking. All brooks and streams had dried up, but the tanks and wells of Jerusalem still held out. As yet, therefore, there had been more suffering among the Christians than the Turks, and now the former were compelled to fight under greater disadvantage, for, secure behind their lofty walls, the

latter had prepared their savage devices to aid them in repelling assault. Boiling pitch, boiling oil, huge crates of rocks, wooden beams, paving stones, all manner of missiles had been distributed around the walls, and now were emptied upon the devoted heads of the assailants.

In vain the archers strove to sweep the Saracens from the battlements. They were enabled with very trifling exposure to hurl their ponderous devices upon the ladders and platforms of the soldiers of Christendom, and to cause terrible suffering and loss. Nevertheless the zeal of the knights and nobles never flagged. A religious fervor seemed to have seized one and all. Wherever a crusader fell, dozens leaped to take his place, and the desperate battle went on. Then as the towers were gradually worked in close to the walls a terrible element was added to the defensive powers of the Turks—Greek-fire—which they poured down upon the dry woodwork, and against which the assailants had no protection. The great three-storied tower of Raymond was soon reduced to ashes, dozens of gallant men dying beside it in vain endeavor to extinguish the flames. And though the towers of Godfrey and Tancred had not been destroyed, they became so crippled that later in the day they could not be moved at all, and the hopes of the crusaders were well-nigh crushed. Fast as ladders were raised they were hurled down from the walls, and though one or two breaches were made by the battering rams, the infidels gathered in great force, rushed unexpectedly out upon the crusaders through the gap made by their engines, and spread havoc and dismay about them before a sufficient number of men could rally and whip them back or cut them off. Night at last put an end to the bloody work that had been going on all the long, hot summer's day, and the crusaders, baffled, wearied and in bitter humiliation, fell back to their camps.

But there was no thought of giving up. Wearied as they were, priests and leaders went about the camps exhorting the soldiers, promising the sure aid of heaven, and predicting success on the morrow; and when Friday, the 15th, was ushered in, with stubborn determination the Christians resumed the attack.

The besieged had received large reinforcements in the shape of a host of soldiers from Egypt, and their spirits were greatly increased in consequence. From early morning until high noon the conflict was simply a repetition of the previous day. The wooden towers of Godfrey and of Tancred and the Dukes Robert were placed in partial order during the night, and once more great efforts were made to push them up to the walls, but they advanced in a literal sea of flames, rained down from the fire-pots of the Mussulmans, and for hours it was found impossible to get them within serviceable distance of the battlements. On the south side the Count of Toulouse was using all his artillery against the machines of the besieged, who on that front were commanded by the Emir of Jerusalem, a man of renowned courage, and here, too, all the fresh Egyptian troops were engaged. On the north Tancred and the Dukes of Normandy and Flanders urged on their followers, and eagerly sought means to extinguish the flames that were raging before them. Vinegar, it is said, would have answered the purpose, but vinegar there was none. At last, as noon came, even their towers took fire—the last two that remained; and in despair and exhaustion many of the crusaders came reeling back from the walls. Then, with savage glee, the Saracens redoubled their taunts and jeers. It seemed as though the God of the soldiers of the Cross had indeed abandoned them.

But suddenly there came a wonderful change. Over on the summit of the Mount of Olives, east of the city, and well back of the lines on that side, in full view of all the armies of Europe fighting on the north, the east and the south sides, there rode into view, distinctly outlined against the burning sky, the apparition of a tall, stalwart horseman, clad in gleaming armor, waving his spear and shield and signalling "Fight on!" Godfrey de Bouillon and Raymond caught sight of him at the same instant, and, springing forward, eagerly pointing towards the magnificent figure, and with ringing voices making themselves heard above the tumult, they shouted "St. George to the rescue. Fight on! Fight on!"

With a wonderful revival of hope, courage and enthusiasm the

crusaders returned to the assault; even the sick rushing into the fight, and women and children bringing scant supplies of water. At last the flames about the towers seemed to die out, possibly the Saracen supply was getting low; and now, towards one in the blazing afternoon the tower of Godfrey is fairly hurching up against the eastern wall, and, despite the flights of arrows, darts, javelins and fire-pots, its heavy draw-bridge is poised in mid-air a few minutes, while the knights are forming for their rush, and then it lowers fairly upon the swarming battlements. Instantly, preceded only by two daring brothers of Tournay, Godfrey of Bouillon dashes across the platform and in among the unarmored infidels. He is fully armed, fully equipped; scores of gallant knights are at his back; they break like a torrent through the rabble of Mussulman soldiery, hacking and hewing right and left; and now, using the great tower as a stairway, hundreds of cheering Christians pour upward in their tracks, spreading out right and left as they reach the summit of the walls. Almost at the same time, through breaches made by their battering-rams, and by means of their scaling-ladders, Tancred, the Dukes of Normandy and Flanders, the Knights of St. Paul, of Roussillon, of Mousson and Béarn hew their way in from the north. The gate of St. Stephen is chopped in splinters with battle-axes, and Jerusalem is in the power of the soldiers of the Cross. East, north and south, now they are swarming through or over the walls, and the infidel garrison prove that, man to man, steel to steel, they are utterly inferior to the valor and strength of Christendom. Even the Emir of Jerusalem at last lost heart and fled before the assaults of Raymond of Toulouse, taking refuge in the fortress of David; and now, from every side, the victorious crusaders are meeting in the very centre of the city, embracing one another in a delirium of joy.

Just at three o'clock on that darkened Friday afternoon, nearly eleven centuries before, Jesus Christ had died upon the cross for the redemption of the world. Just at three o'clock on this burning Friday afternoon, the soldiers of the Cross had burst through all obstacles and were masters of Jerusalem. No

thought of mercy, no sentiment of pity for helpless women or children seem to have been aroused by the coincidence. While pious Godfrey and other eminent leaders hastened, barefooted, to prostrate themselves with the priests before the holy sepulchre itself, thousands of unmanageable and infuriated soldiery gave themselves up to the wildest deeds of murder and rapine. For one whole week the wretched Saracens were mercilessly hunted down. The mosques, where they had taken refuge in swarms, were turned into slaughter-pens. Claiming to be actuated in their warfare by love of Christ and a desire to restore to Christianity the scenes of His sacred ministrations, these tiger-like soldiers forgot His teachings in their fury for vengeance, and over seventy thousand Saracens were massacred in the streets and homes of the holy city. The Jews fled to their synagogue, and the mercy shown them was scant as that to the Mussulmans. The crusaders fired the great building and burned them alive.

And now, for nearly ninety years, the powers of Christendom ruled Jerusalem. But it was a troublous and disorderly reign. Discords of every kind arose between the Knights of the Temple and St. John and the clergy of the city. Religion had inspired the crusade but was forgotten in its triumph. Peter the Hermit, who had entered the walls with the conquerors, and who was greeted with almost adoring welcome by the few Christians then dwellers in Jerusalem, speedily dropped out of sight in the dissensions that followed the conquest. Knight and prelate seemed now to aim only at plunder. The clergy, who had been revered and respected at home, and accustomed to see their mandates obeyed, even by the highest ranks, found themselves now thwarted by the knights and soldiery. Then it is recorded that religion lost all its former hold on the minds of the Christian garrison, and that the immorality of the priesthood was the inciting cause, and "the house divided against itself" was destined speedily to have its fall. Gallant and true-hearted Godfrey died a year after his great victory, leaving to Baldwin, his brother, the succession to the throne; but this was opposed by Tancred, and his reign of eighteen years was marred by constant warfare. Baldwin du Bourg succeeded him and reigned

till 1131, and his death was followed by an endless series of dissensions and disasters, that so reduced the forces of the crusaders in the east that they were compelled to implore assistance. A grand expedition, organized in 1146 by the Emperor Conrade and by King Louis the Seventh, of France, which resulted in a loss of some 200,000 men, relieved them only temporarily. This was the Second Crusade, and was simply a continuous disaster, from which the monarchs returned to Europe in discouragement and discredit.

Then there arose in the east a new and vigorous leader, a prince of Egypt, a brave, politic and powerful soldier. For years he had submitted to invasions of his territory, to all manner of breaches of faith from the divided and quarreling Christians in Syria, and at last he determined on putting them out of the way and on retaking the capital. He fought a bloody battle with them at Tiberias, captured every important city in Palestine on his way, and, in overwhelming numbers, appeared with his army before Jerusalem, now left with 100,000 inhabitants, but destitute of a garrison. Despite a brave resistance the holy city was captured, but in marked contrast to the conduct of the crusaders eighty-seven years before, the helpless inhabitants were treated with great gentleness and even kindness by the Moslem conqueror. Saladin far better deserved the name of Christian than thousands of those who employed it as a cover for their multitude of sins. In 1187 the Saracens once more held the holy city, and, to the dismay of the pope, who is said to have died of the shock, and of all Christendom, the sacrifices and sufferings, the battles and marches, and the victories and sieges of the First and Second Crusades had all been in vain. They were utterly set at naught by the overwhelming disasters of Tiberias and the recapture of the city of Jerusalem.

Plate II.—Arms and Accoutrements of the Middle Ages.

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| 1. Neck Helmet. | 18, 19. Sabres. | 35. Ecus, or Shield 11th and 12th Centuries. |
| 2. Shoulder and Arm Shield. | 20. Shield of 13th Century. | 36. Braconnière. |
| 3, 4. Knee Armor. | 21. " " 12th " | 37. Costume of Knights of 13th Century. |
| 5. Kettle Drum. | 22. " " 11th " | 38. Dagger. |
| 6. Long Bow. | 23. Helmet of 12th " | 39. Stylett. |
| 7. Cross " | 24. Double-handed Long Sword. | 40. Martel de Fer |
| 8. Arbalet. | 25, 26, 27. Battle Lances. | 41. Francisques. |
| 9, 10, 11. Arrows. | 28. Tournament Armor. | 42. Lochaber Axe. |
| 12. Herald's Trumpet. | 29. Blunt Practice Lance. | 43. Stylett. |
| 13. Signal Horn. | 30. Light Service Lance. | 44. Dagger. |
| 14. Helmet. | 31. Blunt Practice Lance. | 45. Crow's Foot. |
| 15. Neck Armor. | 32. Light Service Lance. | |
| 16, 17. Helmets. | 33. Double-handed Kris Sword. | |

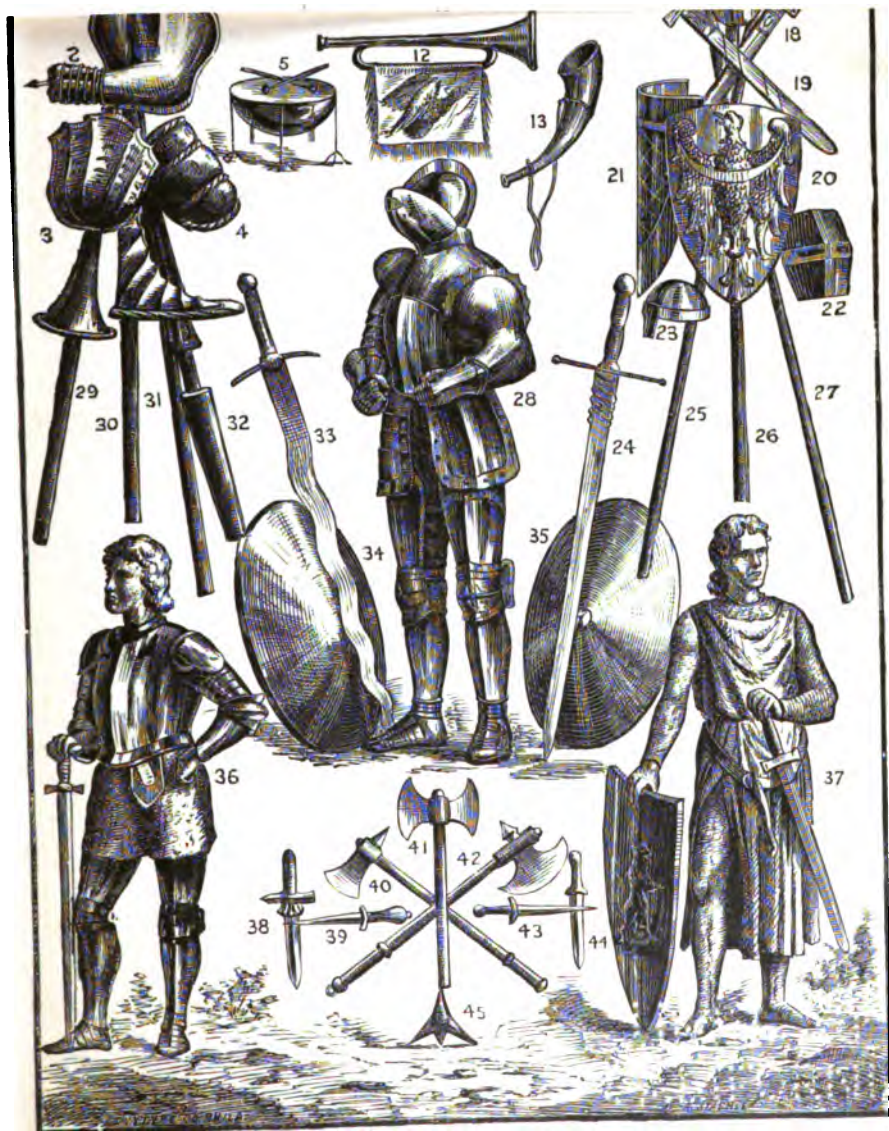
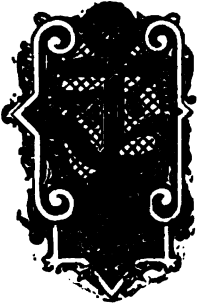


PLATE II. ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF MIDDLE AGES.
(Famous and Decisive Battles.)

ACRE.

1191.



HE death of King Henry the Second of England, the wisest, best and most powerful of the monarchs of the island up to that time, called to the throne his eldest legitimate son, Richard, a prince who had embittered the last years of his father's life by disloyalty and open revolt, and whose ingratitude had had much to do with bringing about the illness which ended that useful and worthy reign.

Richard the First became King of England in July, 1189, and at this moment all Christendom was in a turmoil of excitement over the efforts of the Church of Rome to bring about a third Crusade for the final rescue of the holy sepulchre. Saladin was in undisputed possession of the Holy Land, excepting the foothold still retained by the soldiers of the Cross around the walls of Ptolemais, an important harbor and fortress on the sea-coast, soon known to history as Acre, or, in full, St. Jean d'Acre.

Many catastrophes and disasters had overtaken the various armies of crusaders that had set forth for the rescue of Jerusalem. Thousands of brave knights and true noblemen had laid down their lives; hundreds of thousands of rude and brutal soldiery had never returned, to the no great loss of their native countries; but the Church of Rome had been vastly benefited financially by the Crusades; the plunder of many a rich city had been laid at the feet of the popes, and quite as much on this account perhaps as from zeal against the infidels or true devotion to the cause of Christianity the priests of the Romish church were tireless in their importunities, and their instructions doubtless came

from the Sovereign Pontiff. Every ruler of power or prominence was incessantly urged by the priesthood to equip and send eastward all the soldiers of his realm, and join in the great work of exterminating the infidel Mussulman and restoring the Christian throne at Jerusalem; and now that Richard of England had gained his crown, the very man they needed stood only too ready to lend an ear to their appeal.

More from love of military glory, and an unbounded pride in his own physical skill and strength, than any depth of religious feeling, the young king was prompt to act. It seemed from the very first as though the main purpose of his government had been the recovery of Jerusalem, and the very day of his coronation was marked by an awful outrage at the expense of thousands of defenceless Jews in his kingdom. He had forbidden their appearance at the ceremony, but, with the fatuity of their race, a number of their wealthiest representatives believed that by coming with valuable presents they would be recognized, admitted, and probably succeed in establishing more cordial relations with the soldierly young monarch. But almost all the spendthrift nobility, and scores of the officers and soldiers, were "in the hands of the Jews," and, grasping, merciless creditors as the Israelites had been, there was every feeling against them. Richard's order gave his guards an excuse to drive the importunate delegation into the streets; the Jews ran in terror; the soldiers pursued in cruel delight, and, like wildfire, a cry went up that the new king had ordered that the Crusade begin at home and that the Jews be massacred forthwith. The mob of London was let loose upon the wretched Hebrews; they were slaughtered without mercy; their wives and daughters were outraged and slain; their hoarded wealth scattered to the winds, and, once started, the rabble knew not where to stop. The homes of wealthy Christians were next sacked and burned, and for some days the scenes of riot and confusion baffled all description. The story flew to the provinces. At the city of York 500 Jews had taken refuge in the castle and made for a time a vigorous defence, but, finding their efforts unavailing, and that the mob were gaining ground every instant, the poor, helpless creatures first killed

their own wives and children, then set fire to the castle and died in the flames. It is said that the nobility and gentry, most of whom were indebted to the Jews, now ran to the cathedral where their bonds were kept, and, with much solemn rejoicing, made a huge bonfire of them before the altar. Richard had indeed begun his Crusade at home.

And now, though he had a large fortune inherited from his father, King Richard virtually mortgaged his kingdom in order to raise immense sums to enable him to carry on the war. He meant to be the hero of the Third Crusade, and to win a glory and record before which the names of Godfrey, Tancred and Raymond would fade into insignificance. He sold the offices of trust and profit; he sold the revenues and manors of the crown; he released the pledged soldiers of the Cross from their vows on payment of ransom-money, and by all manner of exactions and oppressions ground money from the English people of every rank. It was with the utmost relief they finally saw him started with his gorgeous retinue, the richest prince that had yet taken the field in the service of the Cross.

Already the Emperor Frederick, with 150,000 men, had started for Palestine. His army was subjected to much hardship and was greatly reduced by the time he reached Syria, where he himself died of a sudden fever, and Prince Conrade, his son, pushed on to the Holy Land, arriving there finally with less than 10,000 effectives. So many severe lessons had thus been taught the crusaders of the danger and difficulty of marching all the way, that now the allied Kings of England and France determined to try the voyage by sea. With this view the combined armies, numbering in all 100,000 men, were encamped at Vezelay, on the borders of Burgundy, and here Kings Richard and Philip pledged to each other cordial friendship, the fealty of their knights and barons, their faith and honor for the determined prosecution of the Crusade, and mutual agreements not to permit the invasion of each other's kingdoms by their subjects during this absence from home; and, with such apparently complete understanding, each at the head of his own army marched to the point where he was to meet his fleet—Philip

going to Genoa, Richard to Marseilles. Both put to sea about the 14th of September, 1190. Both were driven by storms to put into the harbor of Messina. There they were detained all winter, and there discord arose between them.

Both kings were haughty, ambitious, eager for glory, and more or less unscrupulous. Rivals from the outset as soldiers, they now became embroiled in their family relations. There had been a time when King Richard was expected to marry Princess Alice of France. Now he refused to do so, and announced his determination of marrying Berengaria of Navarre. King Philip had to consent, but with infinite anger, and his rejected sister was left in France, while Berengaria, Queen of England, accompanied the great expedition to Palestine. Broils and battles had sprung up between the French and English soldiers while at Messina, and no love was lost between the rival hosts when, in the spring, the French set sail for the Holy Land, leaving King Richard waiting for his expected bride before he would consent to start.

All this time Ptolemais or Acre had been the scene of a vehement conflict. Inside the walls, and bravely, skillfully defending it, was a strong garrison under the Saracen Caracos, a veteran and distinguished soldier. Outside the walls, closely investing them and fighting with determined courage, were the united forces of all the crusaders left in Palestine. A large and vigorous army, but—it lay between two fires. Saladin himself with a powerful host, mainly of well-trained horsemen, lay around the camp of the invaders, and even while they were surrounding and hemming in and hammering away at the garrison of Acre they themselves, besieging, were besieged. Saladin was vigilant, vehement in his tactics, striking incessantly at every exposed point on their lines, and utterly hampering the Christians in their prosecution of the siege. This was the state of affairs when the fleet of King Philip appeared off the harbor of Acre, and was soon followed by that of Richard of England.

The arrival of such powerful reinforcements gave infinite hope to the well-nigh exhausted besiegers. If concert of action could

be maintained, there was now every prospect of success. It was arranged that the new armies should alternate in their duties; that while the English on one day attacked the city, the French should guard the camps against the assaults of Saladin, and, in the rivalry that arose, deeds of prodigious valor were soon the theme of every tongue. Richard himself became the hero of the siege. Personally of superb courage and strength, he won the devoted admiration of his soldiers by his fearless exposure and impetuous bravery, and as speedily became the object of the intense hatred of his insidious and envious rival.

The great camp of the crusaders spread like a fortified city over the plain which surrounded Acre. It was divided up by streets, and in many places substantial houses had been built in place of the lighter tents. Each nation had its separate ward or quarter, and its own arms, armor and language. An almost Babel-like variety of tongues prevailed, but at the signal for battle there was unanimity and combined effort. With the armies of Richard and Philip fairly at work, there could be but short life for Acre, and the reduction of the city seemed now but a question of a few days.

But here the consequences of Philip's jealousy and his insidious stabs at his braver rival began to tell upon the latter. Some of Richard's own trusted knights became estranged. Then Philip fell ill, and accused Richard of having poisoned his food. Then King Richard was prostrated by a mysterious malady, and really believed that his rival was in some way the cause of it. The garrison of Acre quickly saw that the directing head and arm of the siege was no longer at the front, took heart again and redoubled their efforts. A curious feature of the war was the conduct of Saladin at this juncture. He was far more knightly and chivalric than many a knight of Christendom; and when he learned that both the rival monarchs were ill, his own physicians, skilled in the treatment of local maladies, were sent with medicines to their succor. This was so glaring an innovation on the practices of war that, while at first confounded by such delicate attentions, both monarchs sent messages of thanks. This led to frequent inquiries from Saladin as

to how his royal patients were progressing, and to courteous and grateful responses from both the bed-ridden kings. Then they accused each other of holding communication with the enemy. There was something very puerile about it.

Two general assaults had been made on the walls, and both times the crusaders had been so harassed by simultaneous attacks from outside by Saladin, that they were able to throw only hampered effort into the attempts, and were beaten back. Nevertheless the walls were crumbling under their repeated blows; famine and disease had weakened the garrison; many had been killed, and Saladin could in no way replace them; there were no longer men enough to man and work the ponderous garrison artillery; stones and other missiles were getting scarce; the supply of Greek-fire was giving out; all their oil and lead had long since been boiled and poured in death-dealing torrents on the besiegers, and at last the garrison proposed a capitulation.

The answer was a demand for the surrender by the Saracens of all the cities they had captured since their great victory at Tiberias. A prompt refusal was given, and the Saracens nerved themselves for a last effort.

And now followed several days of incessant and terrific fighting, which was but a repetition of that witnessed at Jerusalem. In one magnificent assault a noble knight of Florence succeeded in cutting down and carrying off the Moslem standard, and Alberic Clement, Marshal of France, sword in hand, cut his way well into the city before he fell, hacked to death. Stephen of Blois and many other knights were burned to cinders by Greek-fire which they could not escape, and throughout the ranks of the crusaders there had been heavy loss. But by this time the last energies of the garrison were spent. Some few emirs managed to escape at night by the harbor, but the starving remnant at last renewed their offer of surrender. Throwing themselves on the mercy of the Christians, they agreed, if their lives were spared, that 1,600 Christian prisoners should be given up, together with the wood of the true cross, and to pay an immense sum in gold. The garrison and the whole population

were to remain as hostages in the hands of the crusaders until this ransom was paid by their Saracen friends.

But now, according to some accounts, there fell the one blot upon the name of the knightly and gallant Saladin. Apprised of the surrender and the terms just as he was making a final effort to relieve the city, he demurred about the payment of the sum required, temporized for days on one pretence or another, until at last Richard of England, in a fit of rage, ordered the immediate slaughter of 5,000 defenceless prisoners, as a means of bringing the Saracen to terms, and the inhuman order was carried out in full view of the chieftain, whose vacillation and cupidity had brought it about.

This was the end of the long and bloody siege of Acre. For three years the city had held out against the fleets and armies of the crusaders, who had spilled a sea of blood around its walls. Nine determined battles had been fought between the Christians and Saracens in sight of its towers. Hundreds of spirited skirmishes had occurred between the outposts and the cavalry of Saladin. Thousands of valuable lives and countless treasure had been sacrificed, and all to no real purpose.

Philip, disheartened and wearied, decided to return to France, leaving Richard in sole command, and the latter saw before him a tremendous undertaking. He had yet to march down the sea-coast, reduce the fortress of Ascalon, and fight his way to the walls of Jerusalem. The war was now to be fought between Richard and Saladin, beyond all question the two greatest soldiers of the day.

With a much reduced but still formidable army, the King of England, after the fall of Acre, marched upon Ascalon, the scene of his greatest personal triumphs. With 300,000 fighting men, Saladin threw himself across his path, and now ensued that series of desperate combats that made the wars of the crusades for centuries the theme of minstrels' songs and written pages. Near Ascalon, at Azotus, occurred the most brilliant and glorious of great Richard's battles; for here, when the fortunes of the day were utterly against him, when both his right and left wings were routed and well-nigh gone, the hero of England rode into

the very van of the battle, leading the still steadfast centre, and there, with sword and battle-axe, doing appalling execution among the Saracens, reanimating his followers, giving his wings time to retake breath and rally, snatching victory from the jaws of defeat and winning for himself the immortal name by which he was ever after known: *Richard Cœur de Lion*—Richard of the Lion Heart. Eight thousand Saracens were stretched dead upon the sands of Palestine on that eventful day. Ascalon went down before the crusaders, and then they turned upon Jerusalem.

But here at last his armies failed him. First, to curry favor with their own monarch, some of the prominent French leaders abandoned the campaign. Then whole battalions of the soldiers declared themselves unable to longer continue the contest in that parched and desolate land. The English, too, began to waver and fall back, and at the very moment when King Richard saw before him the towers of the holy city and the long hoped-for opportunity of retaking it, he realized that his force was no longer sufficient to warrant the attempt. But his victories had given him the ascendancy over Saladin, and that chief was glad to conclude a truce, by the terms of which he agreed to leave Acre, Joppa and the sea-ports of Palestine in the hands of the Christians, and that every pilgrim or crusader should be permitted now to visit, unmolested, the shrine at Jerusalem. This treaty was to remain in force three years, three months, three weeks, three days and three hours—"a magical number," suggested by the superstitions of the crusaders.

Long before the expiration of the truce, brave Saladin died at Damascus, and Richard, his great conqueror, was a prisoner in Germany. Betrayed by his brother John, and intrigued against by his relentless rival, King Philip, the lion-hearted king had great difficulty in making his way back to England; but once there, his people rallied enthusiastically to his support, his brother grovelled at his feet for pardon, and obtained it through the intercession of his mother, Queen Eleanor; but before he was enabled to punish and humble King Philip, an arrow-wound in the shoulder inflamed, gangrene set in, and on the 6th of April, 1199, in the tenth year of his martial reign, and the forty-

second of his adventurous life, Richard Cœur de Lion lay dead, and the Crusades soon died out with these, their greatest leaders. Long afterwards other expeditions were sent to the holy land, the most notable being that of King Louis the Ninth, of France, universally known as Saint Louis, who finally died of the pestilence, which was ravaging the shores of Africa when he led his armies thither against the western possessions of the infidels. The Crusades ended with his death, in 1270.



ATTACK ON THE WALLS OF ACRE.

CRESSY.

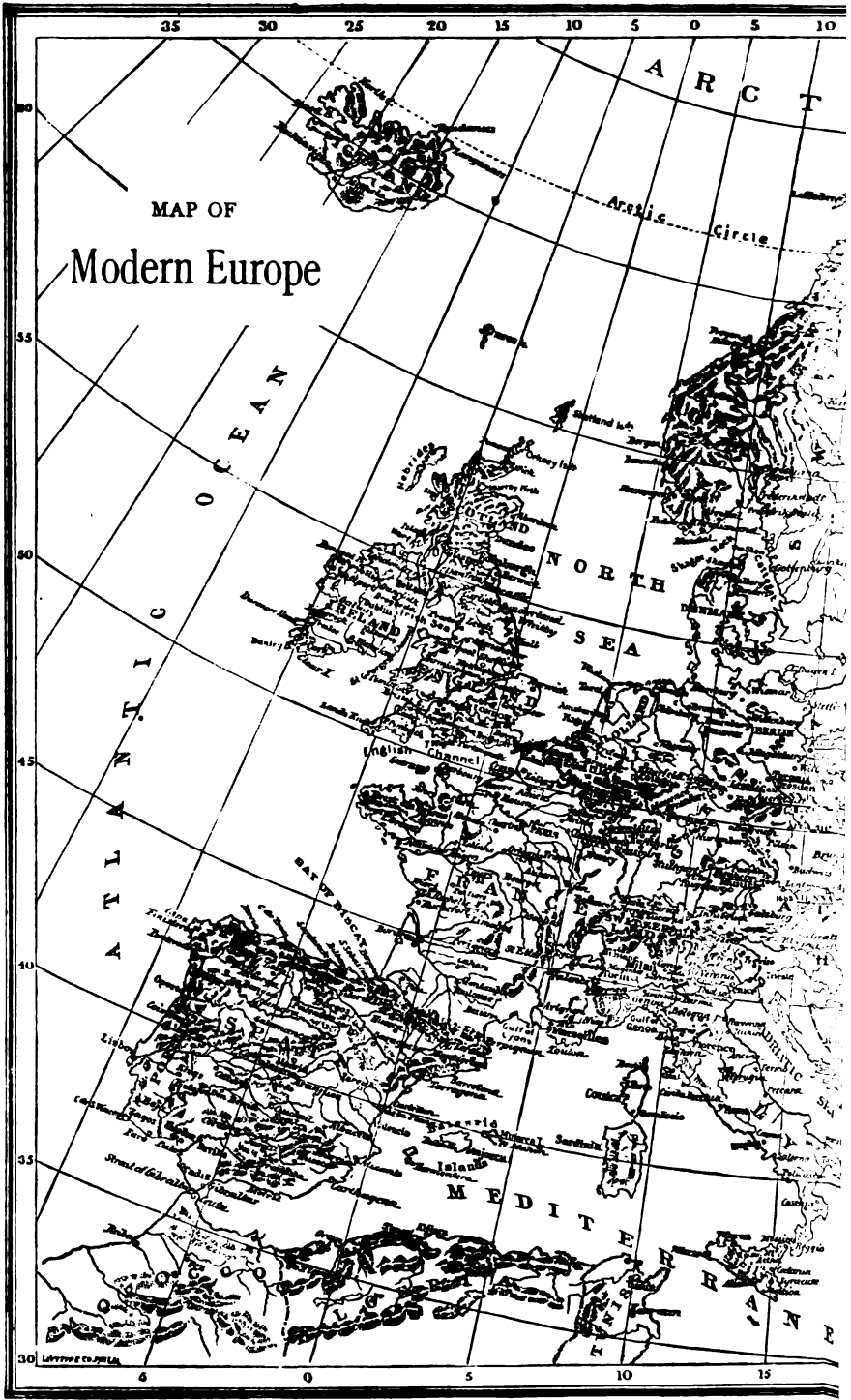
1346.



IN the 26th of August, 1346, was fought a gallant battle that, though marking no historical movement of nations or peoples, and though not being one of the decisive battles of the world, is memorable as the beginning of a military epoch. Light artillery had its baptism on that hard-fought field.

Siege-guns had been known for years. Gunpowder had been used for centuries by the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Arabs, the Moors, who brought it to Spain. Siege-guns, clumsy and rude, to be sure, but guns for all that, had grown into use all over Christendom; but when Berthold Schwartz stumbled upon the principle of *granulating* the thin dust of the ancients, he contrived an explosive so powerful, that it gave him the name of inventor. Only twenty-six years before Cressy did he hit upon this improvement. Then new guns sprang into use all over western Europe. Crude things they were; and those which have made this battle the light artillerist's initial point, were not much larger and no more formidable than the duck-gun of to-day. Much time, trouble and muscle were expended in lugging the piece into action, and then all who could do so stood aside, when finally this pioneer-gun discharged its contents towards the enemy. But so little were they trusted, so long did they take to load, to aim and to shoot, and so utterly uncertain was it which way the charge would go, that though Cressy saw the introduction of field-artillery, and is renowned for that fact, and for the hard, honest, stubborn fighting that was done there, it seems that very little





MAP OF
Modern Europe

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ARCTIC

Arctic Circle

ATLANTIC OCEAN

NORTH SEA

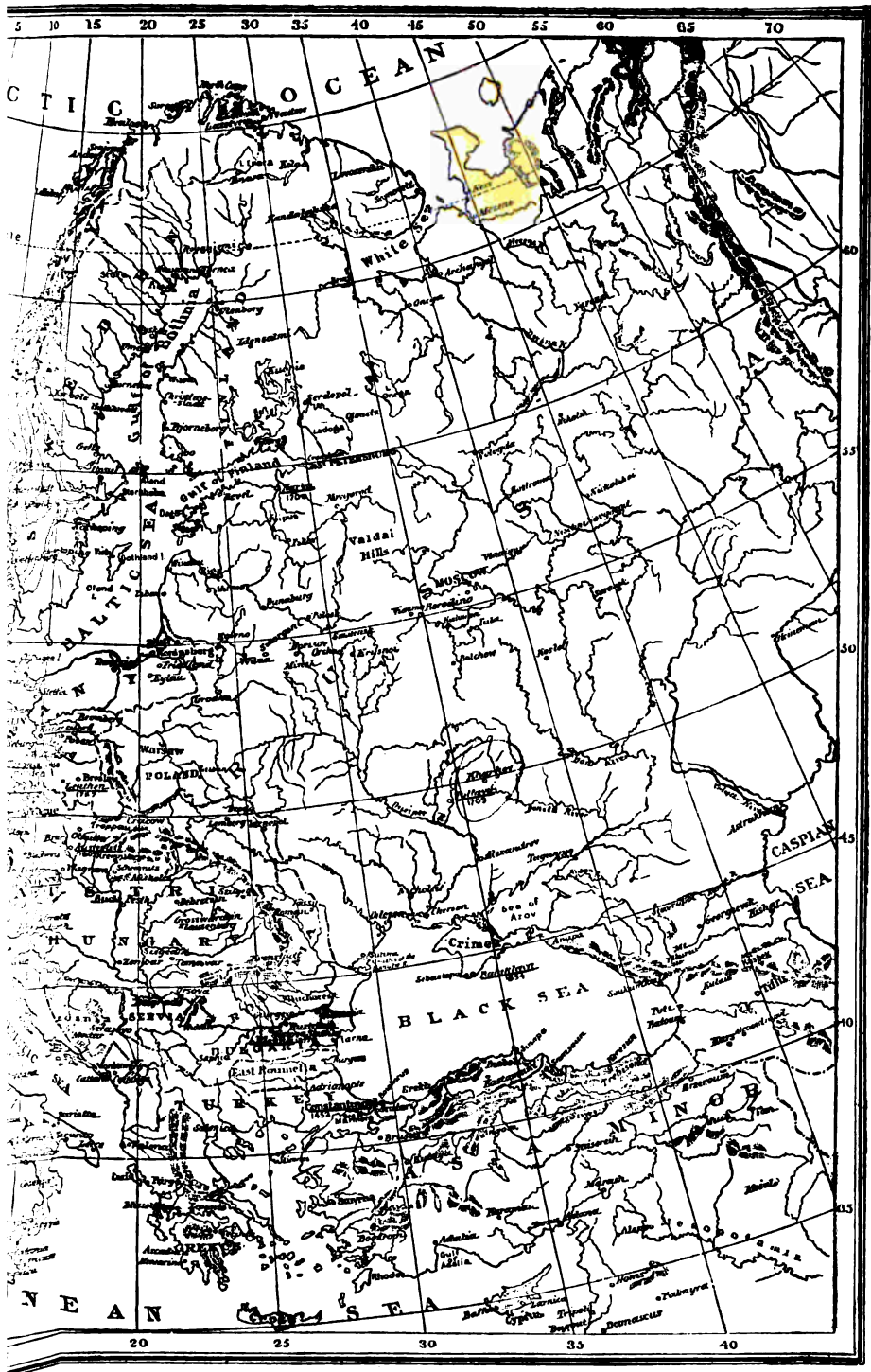
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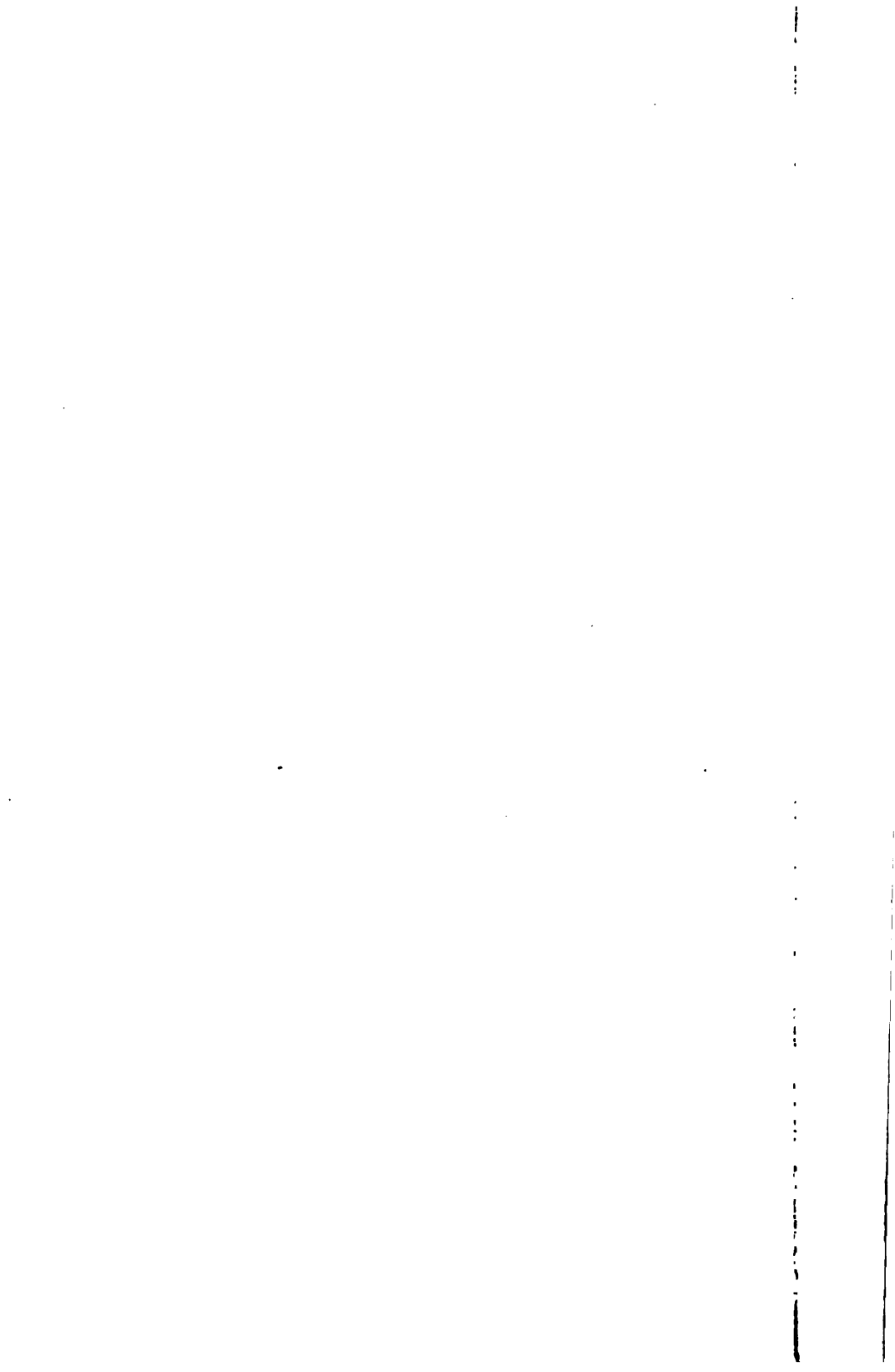
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part did the artillery play in the varying fortunes of the day. Indeed, the French forgot theirs altogether.

Edward the Third was King of England, and, as was usual in the days succeeding the Crusades, there was strife twixt England and France. It took several centuries to settle their difficulties, but the immediate cause of the war of 1346 seems still to be a matter of dispute between the historians of the respective nations. Each lays the blame upon the other. Three years previously King Edward was in France with a small army of 12,000 men, acting in defence of the Countess of Mountfort. He was besieged by a much larger force, and was very glad to listen to the entreaties of the messengers of the Pope of Rome, who was anxious to put an end to hostilities. A treaty was entered into for a three years' truce. Edward went back to England, and even an English historian (Hume) says that he never meant to keep the peace. He certainly was the first aggressor, and Parliament, in 1344, voted him supplies to continue the war, and urged him not to be deterred "by a fraudulent truce."

Edward therefore sent an army under command of his own cousin, the Earl of Derby, into Guienne; the earl attacked and beat the French in several sharp engagements, until an overpowering force came against him, when he begged for aid from home. King Edward was eager and ready. He longed for a pretext for the reinvasion of France. He had at Southampton, all prepared, a fleet of a thousand sail; and now with all the chief nobility of England, with his own brave boy, the Prince of Wales, then but sixteen years old, and with a powerful army he landed at La Hogue on the 12th of July.

His original destination had been the shores of Guienne, on the southwestern coast of France, adjacent to the Bay of Biscay, but prudent advisers pointed out the fact that all the French troops were now concentrated thereabouts, and that he would find the northern provinces well-nigh defenceless, and he readily changed his plan. The harbors of La Hogue, Cherbourg and Barfleur lay close together, and almost immediately he had possession of all three.

The army of King Edward was a mixed array. There were 4,000 "men-at-arms;" 10,000 archers; 10,000 Welsh and 6,000 Irish infantry. The men-at-arms and archers were mainly native English. They were the regulars—the disciplined and most reliable troops. But the Welsh and Irish, though turbulent and disorderly, were very effective light troops and foragers, and did fearful service in the ravaging work on which King Edward entered forthwith. The men-at-arms were all finely mounted and heavily equipped. The archers were lightly clad and protected, were swift of foot and tolerably good marksmen. But one and all these soldiers were let loose over northern France with orders to plunder, burn and destroy—spreading east and west during the day but reuniting at central points at night.

Eager to popularize the invasion among his nobles, King Edward appointed the Earl of Arundel constable of the army; the Earls of Warwick and Harcourt marshals, and several of the younger lords, among them the Prince of Wales, were named knights. The order of knighthood was dearly prized among the younger soldiers, for the traditions of the Crusades and the glorious deeds of their forefathers were fresh in the minds of all.

The first large city to fall before the English was Caen. A defence had been attempted in the open field (for the city was unfortified), but the hastily gathered garrison were no match for the invaders. They broke, ran pell-mell back into the city with the English among them or at their heels, and then began a brutal massacre of the people—men, women and children being furiously slaughtered. It was soon checked by Edward's young knights, but the pillage went on. In three days the city was sacked of all its treasure; money, plate, jewels, silks, etc., were shipped back to England, together with 300 of the richest citizens as prisoners. Then the English turned on the grand old city of Rouen, but the French had destroyed the bridge, and King Philip of France had hastened from Paris with a good-sized army and held the east bank of the Seine. They could not cross.

But they went on up the valley, even as far as the gates of Paris, some few of them. They burned the beautiful palace of St. Germain. They destroyed many peaceful villages. Then Edward saw that great forces were gathering to surround him, trapped as he was far from the ships and the shores. He knew that he must get back by a short cut across the Seine. His ready wits enabled him to delude the French, to quickly rebuild the bridge at Poissy and then to strike north for the coast. Still he had desperate danger to encounter, but wit and courage again helped him, and at last—breathless, dripping with the waters of the river Somme through which he and his men had plunged, but whose rising tide balked the vehemence of the pursuit—he halted on the slopes of Crécy, as it was called by the French, the sparkling waters of the English Channel at his back, and all France pressing after him in chase.

But France had to stop and hunt for bridges, and the King of England had a day to himself. A born fighter was Edward the Third, and though four times his force would be on him on the morrow, he never flinched or lost heart.

In three lines he drew up his army on a gentle slope near little Cressy. In front of the first, at intervals along the line, he placed his few clumsy field-guns, and supporting them, commanding his exposed advance, he stationed the gallant boy in whom his hopes were centred. "Let him win his spurs," said the stern father; "I can name him knight—he alone can make himself a true one."

But he gave the boy his noblest earls to back him—Harcourt, Oxford, Warwick, and there too were Lords Chandos and Holland. Brave noblemen, were stationed with the second line. The king himself took the third. From the high ground behind he meant to overlook the fight, and only plunge in with his reserve just when and where it should be needed to turn the issue of a doubtful fight. He covered the flanks with trenches, and his baggage, drawn up in the wood behind the crest, was similarly protected.

Everything was done so quietly and methodically that the soldiers gained confidence despite the fearful odds; but when

their king rode around through the ranks exhorting them to be steadfast and of good cheer—to fight as they saw his son fight—they gained enthusiasm with every word. He would ask nothing of his soldiers that he would not ask of the heir to his throne.

And so in easy composure the English watched the tumultuous approach of the French, still some miles away towards Abbeville, but pouring over the bridge and deploying across the open ground that lay towards the Somme. A brisk shower of rain swept over the scene as the first line of the French moved forward. King Edward's archers coolly slipped their bows back within their covers—and waited. The opposing line, all bowmen, Genoese, came on in eager haste, and let their bowstrings soak. It was a fatal oversight.

There were 15,000 of these Genoese crossbowmen, led by Doria and Grimaldi. Behind them came a second line, led by the Count of Alençon, King Philip's brother. The king himself led the third line, and with his army were three other crowned heads—those of the Kings of Bohemia, of the Romans, and of Majorca. All the nobility of France were there, and over 100,000 soldiery. In great haste, in bitter hatred, in disorder and fatigue, they insisted on rushing in to the attack and extermination of the little army of invaders that had worked such havoc among their homes. They never doubted the issue.

Just at three o'clock in the afternoon of this showery August day, the eager lines of France begin the ascent of the slope. The rain has ceased for the time being, and now as their opponents come within range, the bowmen of England draw forth their weapons. A moment more, and, as with one accord, the Genoese crossbows are raised to the shoulders of the advancing line; then the air is filled with thousands of bolts whizzing up the slope, but to the dismay of the French, to the glee and ridicule of the islanders, not one reaches its mark. The wet, limp bow-strings refuse to perform their work, the missiles pass harmlessly into the sward. Then comes the answer. With jeering laughter, but practised aim, the English archers let drive their barbed flights into the dense masses of the wavering

Genoese. In vain the leaders spring to the front and strive to urge them on. They are aghast at the failure of the only weapon they know how to use; they are falling by scores under the unerring aim of the English. They are thrown into utter confusion, and, to the amaze of the crowding and over confident soldiers of the lines behind them, they begin to surge back.

Instantly the gallant young Prince of Wales pricks spurs to his horse, and with joyous shout calls to his nobles and his whole line to follow him, and with cheers and exultation they charge down the slope upon the hapless allies of France. And now in good earnest back go the crossbowmen—back into the very faces of the second line—back upon the knights and armored cavalry of the Count of Alençon. Enraged at their cowardice, the latter orders his horsemen to cut them down. Then, too, before the first line of the English passed beyond them, each one of their unwieldy guns, it is said, was fired into the struggling mass, and the charge that followed was doubly successful from the consternation thereby produced. The French had already seen artillery in siege operations, and Cordova and Gibraltar in Spain had succumbed to stone shot from cumbrous engines that vomited fire, smoke and uproar; but in open battle artillery had not yet been used, and the few discharges of the English guns must have had at least a moral effect.

But all the chivalry of France is in that second line under Alençon. Full 30,000 gallant knights and gentlemen, skillful horsemen and trained foot soldiers, all together now they sweep forward, kicking contemptuously out of their way or trampling under foot the cowering Genoese, and with the fierce delight of battle they meet and envelop the slender line of brave young Edward. It is his maiden battle. He well knows that the eyes of all England are on him, and with fearless mien and flashing sword he spurs into the midst of the group of nobles in the opposing centre. He is just sixteen, but, stripling though he is, the spirit of a race of kings nerves his arm; and he has the best blood of old England at his back. At close quarters now, hand to hand, foot to foot, the battle rages, and the Kings of France and England under their standards gaze anxiously upon the

struggle. Soon it is seen that, despite superb courage, the far greater numbers of the French are proving too much for young Edward's line. And, prompt, impetuous and eager, the Earl of Arundel orders in his portion of the second to the rescue, Northampton follows at once with his, and fresh horsemen from the French third line spur forward to meet them. It is a tremendous conflict now. Every inch of ground is fought over a dozen times, but ever in the thickest of the fight the glittering array of knights surround the mail-clad form of the slender young leader. There, at least, there is "no footstep backward."

The Earl of Warwick, fearing that too great a strain was being brought to bear upon his young master, sent word begging the king himself to come to the rescue with all the reserve, but though in an agony of anxiety, King Édward gazed steadily at the heart of the battle one moment, then—

"Go back to my son," said he. "Tell him that to him I intrust the honor of the day. He will show himself worthy the knighthood I so lately conferred on him. He can, without my help, beat back the enemy," and this was the message that came to "The Black Prince" in the heat of the battle.

Never faltering before, this seems to have given him heroic strength. Calling on all to join him, young Edward once again dashed into the midst of the attacking line. Knights and nobles spur at his back and side. They strike for the brilliant group of nobles among the French, and there in short, sharp conflict down go the Count of Alençon, down go the Kings of Majorca and Bohemia (the latter 'tis said by the hand of Prince Edward himself, but as the king was blind with old age it is one part of the story we would rather not believe). The whole cavalry line is thrown into confusion, thousands of riders are unhorsed and slain, the savage Welshmen rushing in and cutting their throats with knives as they drag them from their wounded horses.

In vain the King of France spurred forward with his reserve to restore the battle. His horse was killed. Another was given him, and he again strove by voice and example to reanimate his men, but now all England was upon them. Hope and courage

were gone, and, as the sun went down towards the western horizon, the French army was in full flight, the king himself being led away, and saved only by the devotion of some of his knights.

Pursuit was kept up till darkness, and stragglers were cut down and slain without mercy. The loss on the French side was appalling, for even on the following day they were trapped into ambush and the slaughter kept up. A fog was rolling in from the sea. Many of the French lost their way. The Englishmen raised on the heights all the standards captured in the battle of the day before, and hundreds of poor fellows were lured into fancied shelter by the cruel artifice and murdered in cold blood.

The French dead at Cressy are given as follows: Two kings (Bohemia and Majorca), the Count d'Alençon, the Dukes of Bourbon and Lorraine, the Earls of Aumale, Blois, Flanders and Vaudemont; 1,200 knights, 1,400 gentlemen of rank, 4,000 men-at-arms (heavy cavalry) and 30,000 ordinary soldiery. What deserved to be an easy victory for King Philip had been turned into overwhelming rout and slaughter by the skill, coolness and courage of King Edward of England, whose own losses were insignificant in comparison.

Crécy, or Cressy, deserves to be remembered mainly for the skill of King Edward, and the heroic courage of his knights and nobles. It was in memory of this gallant battle that the soldier monarch resolved upon the creation of that proud order of knighthood that to this day is so honored, envied and prized in England—the Order of the Garter.

Originally intended only as a reward for most heroic and valuable services of a military nature, some additions and innovations have been made by recent monarchs, by which some few very eminent statesmen (notably Disraeli) and members of the royal houses of great nations have been admitted by favor of the Sovereign of Great Britain. But the Order of the Garter dates back to Cressy; some accounts alleging that King Edward took off his garter in the heat of the battle and hurled it, as the Romans sometimes did their eagles, into the midst of the

foe, to animate the soldiers to charge and recover it. Others date its well-known motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," to the romantic incident of King Edward's picking up and restoring, with a courtier's bow, the garter which had been dropped at a court ball by the Countess of Salisbury.

Another well-known symbol of English royalty dates back to Cressy. The crest of the old King of Bohemia was three ostrich feathers, his motto the German words, "Ich Dien"—"I serve." Whether it be true that the poor old man was killed by the sword of the young prince or not, his crest and motto were then and there adopted by young Edward, and to this day are known as those of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne of England.

Of this gallant soldier, who "won his spurs" so well at Cressy, it may be said that, ten years later, commanding the armies of England, he again won a great victory over those of France, at Poitiers, capturing the king himself; but "The Black Prince," as he was now universally known, never reached the throne. He quarreled with his father later in life, and died at the age of forty-six.

Cressy was a terrible blow, *temporarily*, to France; but King Edward felt himself strong enough only to reduce Calais by siege, a year's task, and before the end of that year France had recruited an army of 200,000 men, and peace was again, for a brief time, secured by the intervention of Rome.

Since allusion has been made to the great victory of the Black Prince at Poitiers, it is fitting, in concluding this chapter on Cressy, to make brief mention of a third brilliant victory for the English arms in France—Agincourt. The three battles were so singularly alike in almost every particular, that the description of Cressy would serve as the type of all. Agincourt was fought between Henry V., of England, and the commander-in-chief of the French forces, the Constable D'Albert, October 25th, 1415. The English had some 25,000, the French twice that number and the advantage of position, supplies, etc.; but Henry took advantage of French impetuosity, as had his great predecessors. He forced the enemy to attack him on crowded ground, com-

pletely overthrew him, and the French loss in nobles and knights exceeded that of Cressy, though a far less number of soldiers of the line were victims. Agincourt was one of the proudest victories ever won, though the victors immediately returned to their own country. Fought nearly two centuries apart, Crécy and Agincourt lie close together, between Calais and St. Valéry, near the English Channel.



EDWARD III. CONGRATULATING THE BLACK PRINCE, AFTER CRESSY.

ORLEANS.

1429.



WO years after Agincourt, Henry the Fifth again invaded France, conquered Normandy, and, in 1420, concluded the treaty of Troyes, by which it was agreed that while King Charles should retain the title of King of France, the government should be Henry's, and that the crown should descend to the latter's heirs. In 1422, singularly enough, both kings died. Henry VI. was immediately proclaimed King of England and France, but numbers of the French refused to be bound by the treaty, and the dauphin, the son of Charles VI., was named King Charles VII. Instantly the English regent, the Duke of Bedford, attacked and beat the army of the dauphin at Crevant, and, in 1422, won a great victory at Verneuil over the dauphin's people and their Scotch allies. Thus far, therefore, for nearly three centuries, the English had been having an almost uninterrupted success in France, and, vastly disheartened, the French army that had made its way to Orleans now found itself besieged.

The city of Orleans lies at the northernmost point reached by the river Loire, which, rising in the extreme south of France, flows northward some two hundred and fifty miles, and then, at almost an acute angle, sweeps round to the south of west and, after another meander of equal length, empties into the Bay of Biscay. Just under the 48th parallel, at this angle, lies the old town, mainly on the northern bank of the stream, though even in 1428 its suburbs extended some distance out on the low

grounds on the other side, a strong bridge connecting the two sections of the city. Fortification had already grown to be something of an art, and the southern end of the bridge was defended by a strong field-work, that nowadays would be known as a *tête-du-pont*, while on the bridge itself two solid towers of masonry had been raised close to the southern shore. North of and including these towers all was solid masonry; south of them only a draw-bridge connected with the shore. These "Tourelles," as they were called, and the bridge-head combined to make a strong fortified post, and into them a garrison of considerable strength had been thrown, when the advisers of the feeble-minded dauphin induced him to make one supreme effort to save Orleans.

There was every reason why he should. The Loire divided France about in half. Everything north and east of it was now held by the English. He and his upholders were confined to the countries below it, and Orleans was the last stronghold left to them. Driven from his proper capital, the Dauphin Charles was fretting at Chinon, a hundred miles or so southwest of Orleans. He had ordered his best troops to the Loire, and placed the Lord of Gaucour, a gallant soldier, in command of the defences of the threatened city as soon as the movement of the English indicated their intention of swooping down upon it. Already the Earl of Salisbury, with a strong force, had crossed the Loire, and soon showed by his advance his project of investing the fortress from the south. He had but 10,000 men, but the uninterrupted triumphs of the English had made him confident of his ability to resist counter attack, and knowing that he could not hope to carry the walls by assault, he determined first to win the bridge and so cut off the main line of supplies for the garrison. He arrived before the town on the 12th of October, 1428, and on the 23d had carried the Tourelles by storm. But in retreating across to the city the French broke down the arches of the bridge.

And now in good earnest artillery began to play its part in siege operations. The English planted a heavy battery in the works they had won, commanding some of the main streets of

the city, while the garrison in turn shifted some of their guns to bear upon the Tourelles, and here, a few days after the assault on the *tête-du-pont*, a cannon shot killed the Earl of Salisbury and the command devolved upon the Earl of Suffolk.

Among the prominent officers in Orleans at this time was the Count of Dunois, a natural son of the Duke of Orleans who had been assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy just before the treaty of Troyes. Dunois had already shown great courage and ability as a leader of small commands and was gradually advanced to more important posts. The English were unable with so few men to surround the city. The French made forays in every direction, adding to their own supplies and cutting off those that were intended for the invaders, so that the latter were compelled to send convoys to bring in their trains of provisions. Thus it happened that a severe combat took place between 2,500 English, under Sir John Fastolffe, and 4,000 French, under Dunois. The latter kept his men well out of close range and hammered away at Fastolffe's wagons with his battery, utterly demolishing them and their contents and giving the English decidedly the worst of the day, until a lot of insubordinate Scotch allies rushed out of his line of battle bent on an independent attack of their own. Dunois was then dragged into a very different kind of battle in which he could no longer use his artillery, and being now compelled to fight at close quarters his people were soon completely thrashed by the stalwart English and he himself was wounded. This fight, "The Battle of the Herrings," as it was called from the fact that the provisions of the train consisted mainly of that fishy food (*Lent* was then beginning), renewed the hopes and courage of the English, and correspondingly depressed the defenders of Orleans.

Reinforcements were constantly arriving for both besiegers and besieged. Some 3,000 soldiers were now within the walls holding their own against 23,000. But by this time the Earl of Suffolk had succeeded in building at regular intervals around the city strong redoubts, called *bastilles*, wherein his men were safely lodged, and was busily engaged in connecting them with

lines of earthworks to complete the investment of the city. The early spring of 1429 found matters in this state: the English and their allies, the Burgundians, being strong and jubilant; the French well-nigh starving and hopeless.

Still disdaining to surrender to the hated English, yet despairing of aid from the weakling monarch they were so nobly serving, Gaucour and Dunois made proposals to surrender Orleans to their countryman, the Duke of Burgundy. That nobleman went at once to Paris and laid the proposition before the English regent, the Duke of Bedford, who made so rude and discourteous a reply that Burgundy went back in disgust and withdrew all his troops from the siege. Still the English had now far more than men enough. They could simply take their ease in the trenches and starve out the city. Taking it by assault was no longer to be thought of. Never was walled town more heroically defended. The few attempts that Suffolk had made convinced him that it was a hornets' nest he could not tamper with. Impetuous as had been the attack, it was met with wonderful skill and spirit. The besieged toppled over the scaling ladders and sent the climbers, stunned and bleeding, into the ditch; rolled huge stones down upon them; threw fire-pots (something like the modern hand-grenade), red-hot bands of iron, buckets of scorching ashes and brands, kettles of boiling oil or water, and reserved their arrows and missiles for other purposes. Even the women of the city aided in a dozen ways—some even using long lances at the walls. There were but few troops, as we know, in Orleans at this time, but every citizen became an active defender. Lord Suffolk had captured the outworks, one after the other, but had made no impression on the walls. His guns and those of the defenders were mainly used against life and limb. The cannon of the days prior to the siege of Constantinople (1453) had not proved effective against solid masonry, though some in use could throw stone balls of 100 pounds; but these had not come into vogue in France.

So long as the garrison could obtain provisions it was plain that they would hold out against him. His quickest, safest and best plan was to devote all his energies to shutting off every

source of supply. This he did, but not so effectually as to prevent individuals or small parties from slipping through from time to time. Then, too, the river was open, and there was constant communication between the garrison and the advisers of Charles at Chinon.

But that weak-spirited youth had by this time abandoned all hope. He had determined on leaving Orleans to its fate and seeking refuge for himself and his court in flight. The fortunes of France were at the very lowest ebb. Her men were exhausted and could not save her. Suddenly three women came to the fore.

Mary of Anjou, wife of the dauphin, and by right Queen of France, was a wise and far-seeing woman. She had probably neither respect nor love for her husband, but she had for France. Agnes Sorel, beautiful and accomplished, the acknowledged mistress of the dauphin, and yet living in all amity under the same roof with his queen-wife, was as devoted to her native land. In hearty accord, in this matter at least, this strangely allied pair went diligently to work to overthrow their pusillanimous master's determination—and succeeded. Had he fled, all hope would have abandoned France forever; but, though they could not tell him how to send aid to Orleans, they *made* him stand his ground, and in doing it, Mary of Anjou and Agnes Sorel anchored the cause of France, at the instant when it was drifting upon the reefs of utter destruction.

But who was to turn the tide, and then pilot the nation back to honor and prosperity? Three women, we have said, were the appointed instruments. Who was the third?

Way over to the northeast, in what is now German territory, east of the city of Nancy, and well within the borders of peaceful Lorraine, lay a little village—Domremy; and few modern maps give any place to this insignificant hamlet, the birthplace and early home of the greatest heroine of military history. The world knows her as Joan of Arc, her parents had named her simply Jeannette. Of no one woman has more been written, said and sung. She has been the theme of historians for four centuries. Some have striven to rob her of her humblest vir-

tues. Some have idealized her as a saint. Some describe her as a rude, uncouth, unsexed, middle-aged woman, performing all the menial stable-work of an hostler at an obscure country-tavern. Others give to her the charms of early youth, of maidenly grace and intellectual beauty, and deny that her occupation had ever been anything but that of a shepherdess. But one and all admit that truth, virtue and courage distinguished her throughout her eventful life. It is hard to select from the mass of authority the just estimate of her character; but, even English historians, who have the strongest reasons for making her out anything but the saint others would have us believe, admit the utter purity of her martyred life. The days of chivalry were not dead in England. Never was woman more devotedly worshipped, more loyally defended, more reverently held than under knightly Edward the Third, when noble Philippa of Hainault shared his throne and commanded the homage of all manhood. Yet never was woman more brutally insulted, more hideously tortured than humble Joan of Arc by knights and clergy of the realm, not a century after Philippa had taught them to revere the very name of woman. It is their own fault if we will believe her as the French believed her: all youth, all innocence, all perfect; and there are not lacking writers of sturdy old England, who gladly yield to her name all that was claimed for it.

Her youth had been all piety and purity of soul; she was marked for her gentle devotion to the sick and the distressed. She was known by her devotion to the services of the church, the fervor of her religion. Hours of her every-day life were spent in the open fields, her only companions her flocks and her trusty dogs. She was ever dreamy, emotional, susceptible. Her own home was far removed from the track of war, had escaped all ravages; but the talk of all comers was of the wrongs and sufferings of France, of the outrages of the hated English. She could think of nothing else. Angels came to her in her dreams; heavenly voices spoke to her at her daily vigils; visions appeared to her under the waving trees: all exhorted her to go to the rescue of France. It was the will of God that

she should save her native land. How? She knew not, but heaven would guide, and go she must. Then came tidings of the siege of Orleans, of the desperate straits of the dauphin's party to whom she and her neighbors were devotedly attached. Then the heavenly voice adjured her to go to the court, assure the young king that God himself had appointed her the instrument by means of which the English should be driven from France, and he, the king, should be crowned in state at Rheims, whither she would conduct him.

Despite her parents' anger she left her home, appeared before the French commandant at Vaucouleurs, where, at first repulsed, she won upon the religious feelings of the soldier to such an extent that, on his own responsibility, though urged and aided by all the populace, who had become inspired with her fervor, he sent her, with an armed escort, the long journey of three hundred miles through a hostile country to the court of Charles, at Chinon. It really seemed as though divine influences heralded and guarded her journey. Her fame went before her, spread like wild-fire over the land: "A virgin comes from the East—a virgin sent from heaven to rescue our land from the destroyer." Even the English speedily heard the rumors. Their religion was the same as that of the French. The miraculous was as possible in the minds of the one as the other, and crowds thronged along the road, and stronger grew her escort every day.

Arrived at Chinon, she was admitted to speedy audience with the well-nigh hopeless dauphin. In order to test her claims to divine guidance and inspiration, all of which had preceded her, it was arranged that she should be summoned before a crowded court; that the king himself should appear dressed as one of his nobles, and in no way distinguishable from them among whom he was to stand. She entered, threw one quick glance around, then, unhesitatingly, singled him out, stepped quickly to him and dropped upon her knee.

"My king, heaven sends me to drive the English from your land, and to lead you to your crown at Rheims, for you are to be God's vice-gerent in France."

Instantly the report went abroad that the holy maid had recognized the king by a miracle; then, that she had demanded a certain sacred sword, kept in the Church of St. Catharine, at Fierbois, which she could never have seen, yet accurately described. Certain it is, that the dauphin was amazed at her confidence, her zeal, and her great intelligence. But other ordeals were tried. She was rigorously questioned by the clergy; then by parliament at Poitiers; and whether she succeeded in convincing these learned men of the divinity of her mission or not, it is beyond question that the impression produced was most powerful. Every day had added to the wonderful story. It had flown from mouth to mouth, growing with every repetition, and already so powerful was the faith of the people that here, indeed, was the God-ordained instrument of their relief, that king, clergy, parliament, even the noble dames of the court united in an enthusiastic welcome. *Jeanne la Pucelle* became the heroine of France.

No time was to be lost. She shrank from and declined all ovations and banquets tendered her. She spent hours in solitary prayer and meditation while awaiting the day on which she could set forth, and then, clad in a magnificent suit of glistening white armor, and mounted on a spirited black charger, she left Chinon for the camp at Blois.

All the court assembled to bid her God-speed; clergy and nobles crowded to her side. She greeted all with gentle, modest grace; her very mien was purity; her face, unhelmeted, shone with intelligence and spirit; her voice was low, soft and grave, yet she sat her horse with the consummate ease of one ever accustomed to the saddle; perhaps it was this that made the English call her hostler.

At Blois had been gathered a little remnant of an army, under Dunois (now recovered of his wound), La Hire and Xaintrilles, and with this force it was arranged that the Maid should march to the relief of Orleans, now wildly impatient for her coming. But first she proceeded to organize her command. All military details she left to her generals. Her sway was moral from the start. All abandoned characters were ordered from the camp.

Officers and soldiers were marched to confessional; gaming, foul language and profanity were promptly punished. Chaplains and priests were assigned to the army, and at every halt an altar was set up and the sacrament administered. She herself spent hours in prayer, or in attentions to the sick and wounded.

On the 25th of April the Maid, with her little army and her own brilliant retinue, which the dauphin had insisted upon her having, set out from Blois. On the night of the 28th she was in Orleans, unopposed. The English most unaccountably made no attempt to stop her, and their negligence is only explained by their chroniclers by the statement that they had ceased scouting the neighborhood some time before, and only kept watch on the town itself; and further, that on the night of the 28th there was a furious rain-storm.

Early on the morning of April 29th, with Dunois at her side, the Holy Maid rode through the crowded streets of the city. She was clad in her brilliant armor, her light battle-axe was at her side, her sacred sword hung upon her left, her lance was wielded with easy grace, while before her was borne the beautiful white banner which soon became inseparable from her every movement. It was of costly satin, richly embroidered in gold with *fleur-de-lis*, and bearing the words "JHESUS MARIA." Following in her train were her chaplain, her esquires and heralds; and around her, pouring from every house, thronged the enthusiastic people. They knelt about her as she addressed them, bidding them be of good cheer, to put their trust in God who would soon deliver them from their enemies. She herself then rode directly to the cathedral, where a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted. This was the woman whom the English were now execrating as an emissary of the devil, but the people of Orleans believed her an angel sent from heaven.

And now came the time for action. The English were astounded at the news of her presence in the city, and for a few days seemed paralyzed. Profiting by their stupor, the Maid sent word to hurry in some needed provision-trains, and they were not even molested by the besiegers. An old prophecy

was revived, that a virgin from Lorraine was to save France; and the English were to the full as superstitious as the French.

She had sent written messages and heralds to the besiegers, calling upon them, in the name of God, to give up the cities they had taken, and to fall back from France; but her messages were received with disdain. Unwilling to shed blood, the gentle woman now determined to make a personal appeal before resorting to arms.

The Tourelles were only a short distance from the southernmost ramparts of Orleans. They were still held by the English. Indeed, one of the highest chiefs and noblest of their knights, Sir William Gladsdale, was there in command. The ringing notes of a trumpet on the walls of Orleans, sounding a parley, called him hastily to the top of the tower, followed by many of his officers.

On the opposite battlement there appeared a slender form, clad in spotless armor, and the uncovered head, with its long, jet black hair, its fair, sweet face, was that of a woman. All was stilled as the soft, girlish voice came floating across the ruined bridge: "Go in peace, Englishmen; in heaven's name I, *Jeanne la Pucelle*, bid you go. The God we both worship warns you to leave these walls and France. Safe conduct attends you if you leave, shame and woe if you remain."

Every tone, every word and gesture breathed of purity and gentleness, of earnest piety. It is inconceivable that her brief harangue should have excited aught but courtesy and respect, but to the shame, to the utter disgrace of English knighthood, Sir William himself first bade her go back to the stable where she belonged; then added words so foul, so full of brutal, beastly insult, that in amaze and shame the poor girl burst into tears; and then the other English gentlemen, truckling to the example of their leader, burst into a chorus of ribald jests, under which she sank back from the wall, terrified and utterly overcome.

There was no more thought of mediation. Bidding her soldiers strike hard and strike home, Joan of Arc gave the word to attack the most available point on the English line of circum-

vallation. It was chosen at the *bastille* of St. Loup. Dunois led the assault in person, but, wishing to spare her, had not notified the Maid of the hour. She was at home—at prayer, when the noise of the conflict reached her. She instantly ordered her horse, and in a few moments, banner in hand, was spurring to the gates. There she met the soldiers streaming back. They had been sternly repulsed with severe loss, but at sight of her and her sacred banner, halted, rallied and, led on by the Maid herself, renewed the assault. Superstition must have unnerved the garrison of St. Loup this time, for it was taken by storm almost instantly, and the English were put to the sword.

Fancy the triumph, the wild excitement, the renewed adoration of that emotional populace at this marvellous success. The battle once over—her first battle-field—all the scene of carnage and suffering proved too much for the gentle nature of the girl. She is said to have fainted at the sight of the pools of blood, and to have spent the entire night in prayers for the souls of the slain.

Two days afterward Dunois and La Hire, with a strong attacking force, suddenly crossed the Loire in boats and, with the Holy Maid again leading, charged and carried by escalade the two strong *bastilles* of St. Jean de Blanc and Augustus. This time there was no repulse at all, but the Maid was slightly wounded in the heel. Again the enthusiasm of the soldiers was unbounded. The Tourelles was now the only fortification held by the English south of the Loire, but it was by far the strongest and most difficult of assault, yet it was determined to strike while the iron was hot, and before it could be reinforced.

At daybreak on the 7th of May, a selected body of troops, all of whom had attended mass and confessional and received absolution, were ferried across the Loire. They numbered about 2,500, and were led by *La Pucelle* herself. In a few moments they had surrounded the *ête-du-pont* which, with the Tourelles, was held by Gladsdale and the very best and bravest of the English army. Here ensued a terrible battle, both sides fighting with determined valor, the Holy Maid leading on her men and cheering them with her words.



JOAN OF ARC WOUNDED.

TO YOU
ASSOCIATED

Attempting to scale the wall by means of a ladder, she became the mark of an English archer, who, bending over, sent an arrow whizzing into her shoulder. Bleeding, stricken, faint, she reeled and fell backward into the ditch, and a terrible panic seized the French. With wild cheering the word was passed among the English that the Maid was killed, and a rush was made to obtain her body. But in their retreat the French had borne her with them far to the rear, where presently she revived, and with her own hands drew out the arrow. Then, smiling despite her pain, she bade them rest, eat and drink, and be ready to renew the attack, for, said she, "By my God! you shall soon enter there." Then after a while, with her banner before her, she led them to a new assault, assuring them that the instant that banner touched the wall they would scale the parapet. The English, aghast at her apparent resurrection, made a fainter resistance. Then fresh troops from within the city laid planks across the broken arches of the bridge and assailed the Tourelles from the north. Joan with her banner touched the southern wall and the garrison, unable to defend both sides at once, gave way. The French swarmed up the scaling ladders, Joan among the foremost, and the first man she met was the knight commander who had so foully insulted her. He was hastening back from the bridge-head to the defence of the Tourelles, when she with her men came pouring over the wall. "Surrender to heaven," she cried; "you have cruelly wronged me, but I pity your soul. Surrender—" but at that instant a cannon shot carried away the planking beneath his feet. Stunned and helpless he fell into the dark waters underneath, and the brave Sir William Gladsdale, as staunch and valiant a soldier as England ever sent forth, and as true a knight until he stained his lips with that foul retort, drowned like a cur in sight of the woman he had insulted.

And now with Les Tourelles once more their own, all Orleans went wild with joy. Services were held in all the churches. It was as much as the gentle Maid could do to prevent the overjoyed people from worshipping her as they would a saint. Bonfires, illuminations, and even a banquet were indulged in. Couriers were sent off to Charles at Chinon with the glorious

tidings. Even were strong reinforcements to come to the English now—what mattered it? Under her divine leadership Orleans could overthrow the world.

But it was a bitter night in the English camp. All was dread, all was vague uneasiness. Superstitious fears were aroused. Supernatural powers were in league with France, said the soldiers, and they had lost all heart. Talbot, their best and bravest leader on the northern side, urged a retreat, and early on the morrow, to the joy of Orleans, the last English forts were seen in flames, and their armies slowly falling back to the northward. Eagerly the soldiers clamored to be led in pursuit, but the Maid refused. It was Sunday. They were allowed to go in peace, while she and her followers rendered humble thanks to God for their great deliverance. The siege of Orleans was raised.

And now the wave of English invasion that had threatened to engulf all France had first been broken on the banks of the Loire and then began to recede. Six thousand gallant men had been sacrificed around the walls of the old city and all in vain. The haughtiest nation on earth was falling back before a woman. It was all very well to say that God or the devil was at her back. She was their conqueror, and they could make no stand against soldiers led by that mystical white banner. Following rapidly she again defeated them at Jergean, where, though knocked senseless for a moment, she never left the fight, and found as her chief prisoner the high-born Earl of Suffolk, late commander of the besiegers of Orleans. Then came the recapture of Troyes. Then a superb victory in open field at Patay, on the 18th of June (how the English paid it back on that same day of that same month at Waterloo). Here two more splendid soldiers, Talbot and Scales, became her prisoners, while a third, Sir John Fastolf, charged with leading the retreat by his irate monarch, was deprived for a time of that dearly prized honor awarded in those days only to twenty-five of the most valiant soldiers of the realm—the Order of the Garter.

And now the Maid of Orleans, as she has ever since been called, returned to the dauphin whom she had so eminently and

faithfully served. One-half her promise to him had been redeemed within three months—the complete relief of Orleans. She had still to see him crowned at Rheims, and within another three months this, too, was accomplished.

With pomp and ceremony and all the sacred rites of the Romish Church, with the Holy Maid and her blessed banner by his side, this man born and made and saved of women was anointed King of France, Defender of the Faith; and Joan of Arc, kneeling before him and embracing his royal and shaky knees, shed tears of pure and humble joy at this consummation of her great mission. No doubt of its genuineness ever entered her mind. It was accomplished, and now in all humility she begged permission to lay aside her warlike garb, and return to her rustic home, her peaceful avocations and her prayers.

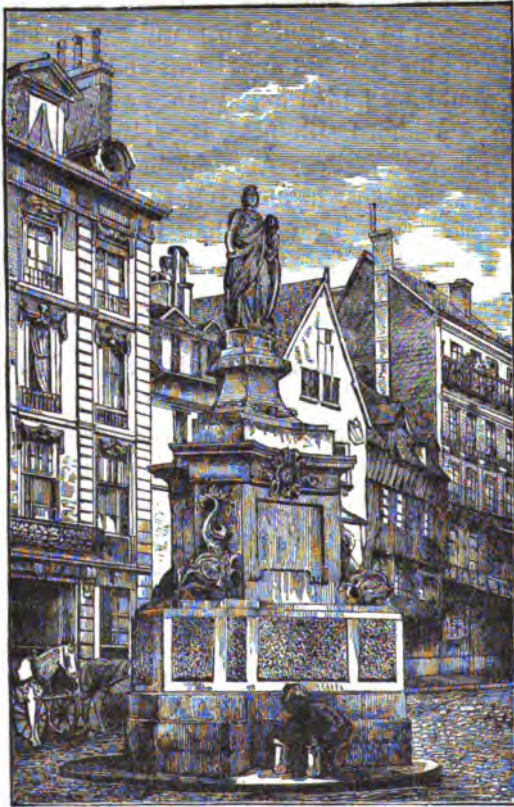
But they would not let her go. France was not yet free. The hated Duke of Bedford still held Paris, and strong forces of English were in Normandy. All neighboring France hastened to avow its allegiance to fortunate King Charles the Seventh, and large armies were being gathered to drive out the detested islanders. No! the Maid of Orleans must complete the work she had so admirably begun, and royal would be her reward.

And so, as though still hearing her Heavenly Voices, she went back to the army, served bravely and zealously in the attack of several strong places, was severely wounded before the walls of Paris, and then the army of King Charles, mostly volunteers, concluded to disband and go home while the forces of Bedford and the Burgundians were gaining strength. At Compeigne the wounded Maid was taken prisoner by the exultant Burgundians, who not knowing exactly what to do with her, sold her for lavish English gold to the Duke of Bedford.

Some black deeds of wrong and oppression have stained the fair fame of the great English nation, but blackest, foulest of all, was the humiliation, the ignominy, the indignities, indecencies, suffering, trial, tortures and death at the stake to which this poor, stricken, friendless girl was condemned by them. They carried her to Rouen—far from possible rescue, even had the craven king

she made, dare attempt such a thing, and he failed her utterly; he never so much as made the feeblest protest. She had been an honorable, chivalrous, merciful enemy. England loaded her with chains and curses; denied her the rites of the church that was her life, and burned her to death in the market-place at Rouen, May 30, 1431. So perished the Maid of Orleans.

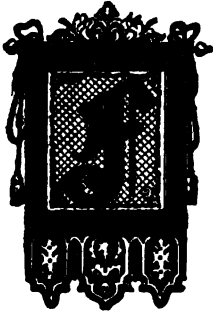
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MONUMENT TO JOAN OF ARC IN ROUEN.
(Erected on the spot where she was burnt.)

CONSTANTINOPLE.

1453.

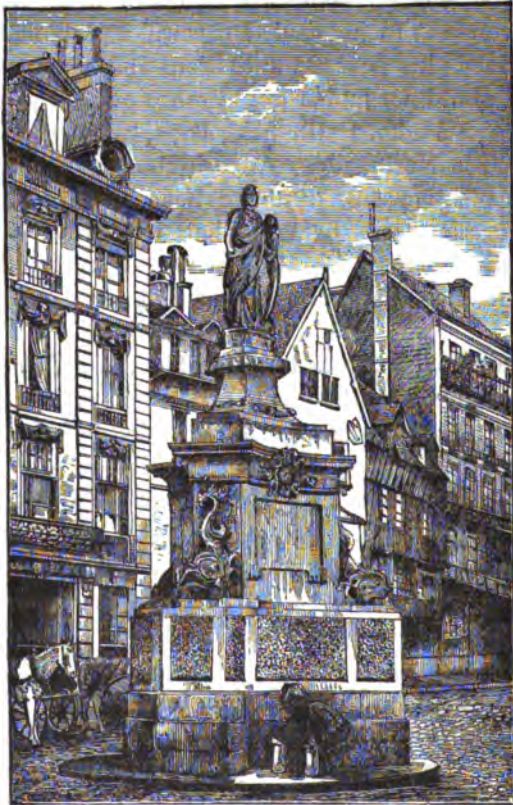


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Naturally this valuable position has been the scene of frequent and desperate fighting. Beside the three sieges of ancient Byzantium, history tells us of no less than five similar afflictions that have fallen on the modern city, the once proud capital of the Eastern Empire of Rome, the seat and court of the first Christian Emperor Constantine. The savage Huns assailed it in 559, but were terribly beaten by the great soldier Belisarius.

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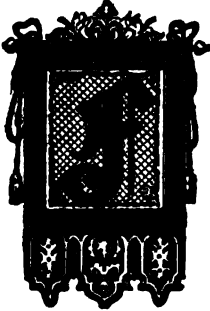


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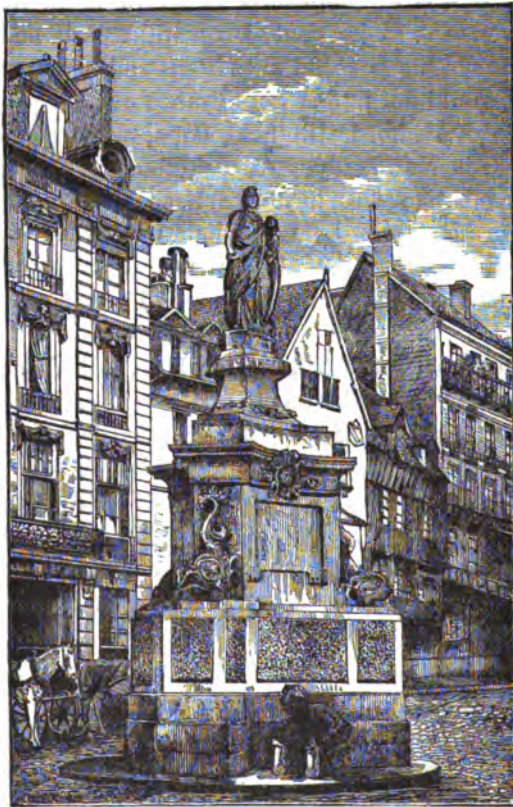


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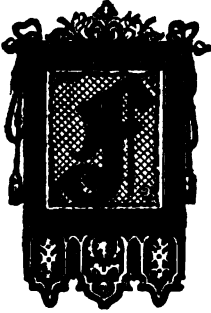
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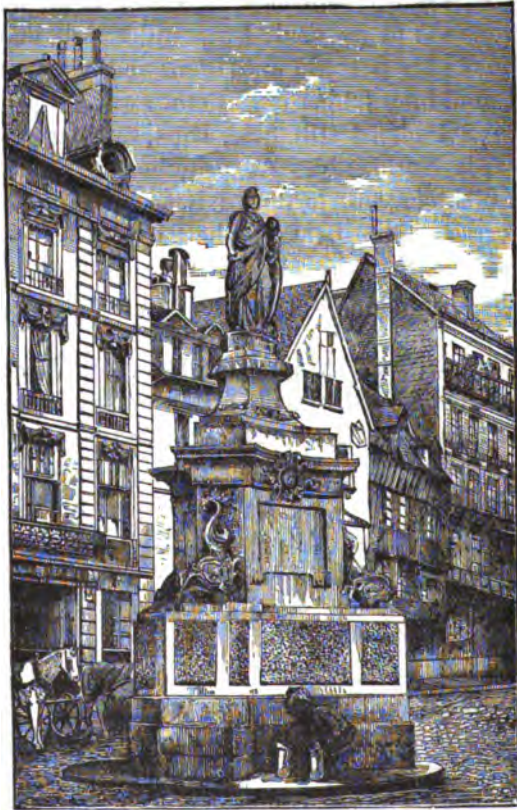


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An Asiatic tribe assailed it in 670 and were beaten back with loss. Repeating the experiment two years later, they were even more roughly handled. Then in 1203 came the great siege of the Crusaders during their fifth attempt upon the strongholds of the Saracens. But greatest of all, most important, most lasting in its results, was the fifth siege of Constantinople proper, and this is the one which it is proposed briefly here to describe. It was the siege of 1453.

For eight hundred years the followers of the prophet under their many titles, Mussulmans, Saracens, Mohammedans, even those of infidels, or, briefly, Turks, had been waging war against the Christian nations of Europe. Sometimes attacking, sometimes defending, they had at last succeeded in establishing themselves firmly in northern Africa, western Asia, and portions of Turkey in Europe, and were now in a position to resume the offensive. Their first aim was Constantinople, which they had been eagerly watching for years.

The once proud capital was in a state of decline. It had still an immense population, but its vigor was gone. It was no longer the heart of the Eastern Empire. It stood now on the outer edge of Christendom, a great walled city, still presided over by an emperor bearing the same name as him who founded it; but Roman energy, manhood, wisdom, all seemed gone; an indolent, sensual and dreamy race had grown up in place of the old populace. They were now mainly Greeks, and a Greek form of the Catholic religion had taken root in Constantinople, which soon resulted in the establishment of the Greek Church as opposed to that of Rome.

Finding from the preparations of the Turks all along the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles as well as to the west, that trouble threatened his exposed capital, the Emperor Constantine sent to Rome for aid. He had as a garrison five or six thousand utterly unreliable soldiers, taken from the very dregs of the people. He received some support, it is true, from a small contingent of European troops under the Genoese Justinian, but these were all the defenders he could call upon for a population utterly incapable of defending itself. Presently he

learned that the Turks were building a formidable castle on the Bosphorus, and, still more alarmed, he called upon his wealthy men to subscribe funds for raising troops and putting the walls and armament in a condition for defence, but the easy-going Greeks would not rouse themselves to any effort. Rome would help them out, they said, and a grand crusade would be inaugurated in their defence. Cardinal Isidore hastened from Rome to look into the situation. A union of the two churches was suggested as a preliminary move. The cardinal held service in the Church of St. Sophia according to the ritual of Rome, and the whole population stormed at him with abuse. He had come to help them, but they declared they would rather see the infidels in St. Sophia than the hat of a Romish cardinal.

Naturally, no help came from Rome after that, and Constantinople was left to fight her own battle. It came soon enough.

Sultan Mohammed II. was at the head of the great Mussulman nation, with his capital at Adrianople. He had spent two years in preparation, and now, with 400,000 men, he marched upon the doomed capital. Most of these troops were nothing but slaves, newly conquered people, for whom he had use, as will be seen. His reliable soldiers were some 30,000 light cavalry and 60,000 foot. With these he brought the most ponderous and powerful artillery the world had yet seen. The Greeks had refused employment to a Hungarian, who had offered to build gun-carriages and manufacture cannon for them; so he went further, and found an eager patron in Mohammed. The sultan asked him if he could make a gun powerful enough to breach the walls of Constantinople, which were of solid masonry. Assured that he could, orders were given at once. A foundry was established at Adrianople, and the most extraordinary gun ever known was turned out in three months. "Its bore was twelve palms, and it was capable of throwing a ball or stone weighing six hundred pounds." When it was tested, notification was sent all over the neighboring country, so as to prevent panic. The explosion shook up everything within a radius of twenty miles, and the ball was thrown over a mile and buried

itself deep in the ground. Thirty wagons linked together formed the travelling-carriage of this monster; sixty horses drew it, and two hundred men walked by its sides to keep it from rolling off. Two hundred and fifty men went before to clear and level the way, and it took two months to drag it one hundred and fifty miles.

Besides this Goliath of a gun, the Hungarian cast for the sultan several smaller ones, what we would call two-hundred pounders, for such was the weight of the shot they threw. It was with an immensely powerful siege-train, therefore, that he appeared before the walls of Constantinople, marching so as to completely encircle them by land.

At the same time his fleet appeared at the Dardanelles—two hundred and fifty sail; and though great iron chains barred their way, it is affirmed that, with a degree of energy and engineering skill that proved a complete surprise to the Christians, he succeeded in one night in drawing eighty of his vessels around the chains and launching them above. It took six miles of greased planks and an immense force of men, but the feat was accomplished, and on the following day the galleys were floating in the harbor of Constantinople.

And now, while his army hemmed in the city from the west, and his fleet anchored under the walls on the side of the Bosphorus, the young sultan (he was only twenty-three) set to work building his breaching batteries. For the first time in military history solid masonry was to be made to crumble under the missiles of the artillery. The siege was opened about the second week in April, and by the end of that month every point of the walls, some twelve miles in circumference, was covered by the enclosing lines.

Small as was the garrison, Constantine was brave. The Genoese leader, Gian Justiniani, was a skilled soldier, and his two thousand countrymen proved worth their weight in gold. The Turks built batteries on the side of the Bosphorus, but it was a long time before they got their guns into position; meantime they resorted to the expedient of mining and blowing up the walls, but here they were foiled by the vigilance of the

Greeks. Once thoroughly convinced of their danger, the people seem to have behaved for a time with great spirit. They confidently expected the coming of a relieving army from Hungary, under Hunyadi. Countermines were dug, the Turks driven off; vigorous sorties were made in the night time, and so well did they fight that, it is said, Mohammed at one time seriously thought of giving up the project.

By this time, however, the siege-guns were well at work, and, being planted only a short distance away from the walls, began to knock huge breaches into the masonry. Mohammed, therefore, determined not to go without one grand effort. First, however, he proposed terms to Constantine.

Ever since 1366 the Turks had virtually held all the country around Constantinople and up the valleys of the Danube to the borders of Hungary. Adrianople, on the Maritza, about one hundred miles west of the Bosphorus, was their great city. "I desire to spare Constantinople," was the sultan's message to the emperor. "Bombardment and assault can only result in its utter destruction. Give up to me the Peloponnesus and I will raise the siege and leave you and your capital in peace."

Constantine replied that he would rather be buried in its ruins; and a general assault was ordered for the following day.

There were some twenty gates to be defended besides the breaches that had been made in the walls, and the garrison well knew that it would call for all their strength and valor. Both Christian and infidel prepared themselves by religious ceremonies for the ordeal, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of May the grand attack began.

It was the custom of the Turks to send in their prisoners of war in large numbers among the first assailants of a fortified position. Not, of course, prisoners from the people whom they were then fighting, but those of other nations or tribes brought from a distance. The theory was that, inspired by promises of liberty and reward if they were successful, and closely watched to prevent treachery, these poor creatures would fight desperately. If they succeeded, well and good; the Turks would then pour in unopposed upon their tracks. If they failed, the

Turks sustained no loss, and the dead bodies served to fill up the ditches and moats, while the garrison itself must be more or less wearied by its efforts, and therefore all the less able to withstand a genuine attack hours later.

Some 200,000 of these involuntary volunteers seem to have been employed, therefore, on this assault in force, beginning at the earliest peep of day on that warm May morning. For hours the savage battle raged; the ships and sailors and the guns on the Bosphorus side making vigorous play to keep the garrison occupied while the main attack went on north, west and south. Driven in to the assault, with whip and sword, the poor "allies" were butchered front and rear. All the merciless engines of defence that had been conspicuous at Acre and at Orleans were employed against them, while the stern Janissaries, out of harm's way themselves, kept prodding them on. An incredible number were killed, and the faint-hearted attack was unsuccessful.

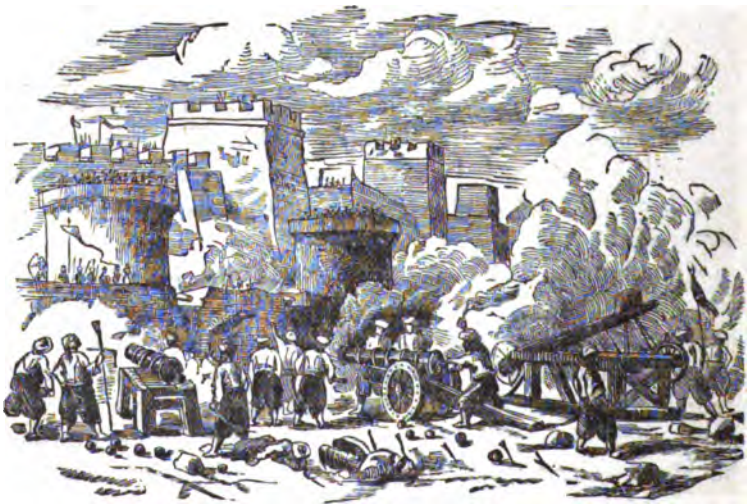
But it had wearied the defenders, and now while the day was still young the trumpets rang out the signal for the grand assault. Nearly 100,000 fresh and disciplined troops formed for the attack; the great guns thundered their last salute to the walls, the huge stones crashing in among the rocks and timbers, sending splinters flying in every direction and raising great clouds of dust; the lighter guns swept the walls of their defenders, and then, under cover of the cannonade, the Mussulman lines rushed in. Some headed for the now bloody and corpse-strewn gaps in the walls; others boldly advanced with scaling ladders. It was the last chance for Constantine, and he himself fought foremost at the main breach against which came the brunt of the attack. The few guns of the city that could be brought to bear dealt havoc among the dense masses of the Turks, but they could not be worked fast enough. Fire-balls, burning timbers, rocks and ashes were hurled down on the assailants. Darts, arrows and lances whizzed through the breaches at the attacking columns, but those fiery, fate-impelled Janissaries stopped for nothing. The sultan had promised that the first man over the walls should be made a pasha and that bravery

should be rewarded. He had promised the pillage of the entire city to his army, bidding them spare only the fine public buildings. There was every incitement for the brutal Mussulman soldiery, and at last a body of Janissaries succeeded in reaching the top of the wall. The people made a rush to drive them back and hurl them into the ditch, but they clung to the ground like bull-dogs, while others of their comrades swarmed up the ladders to their support. Soon they were able to dash in with their scimitars upon the ill-armed inhabitants who confronted them, and a few moments more had sent them fleeing in terror through the streets. Fast as the Janissaries poured over the wall at this point their officers led them right and left to attack the gate-guards in rear, and speedily through half a dozen ports thus won, the Mussulman soldiery came swarming. The flag of the Crescent was raised on the walls, and, catching sight of this, the sailors of the fleet redoubled their energies, and soon succeeded in scaling a high tower on the harbor side. Then Constantine, looking about him in wild despair, saw that all was over with his capital. The people who would not heed his warnings were doomed to a terrible fate. He threw himself among the defenders at the nearest gate, and bravely, desperately fighting, there received his death-wound, just as Zagan Pasha with his sailors came swarming over the eastern wall. The Empire of the East, which had existed eleven hundred and forty-three years, went down with Constantine, for in half an hour the Turk was master of the capital.

Of the horrors that followed it is useless to speak. *Resisting* men were butchered; others simply herded into slave-pens for the time being. Women were everywhere given up to outrage or death; children were slain as useless and in the way. Pillage, plunder and rapine ran riot for the promised three days and nights, then Mohammed sternly bade it cease. Riding through the blood-stained streets on his white charger, he himself restored order and discipline. Those prominent citizens who had escaped with their lives were brought before him, and, to their amaze, were sent back to their homes to build up anew their fortunes under Mussulman protection. To many, restoration was

made of such of their property as could be identified in the spoil. To all, Mohammed held out inducements to remain and restore the commerce and prosperity of the great city which he assured them was to be made his capital. Even their religion, it was promised, should be left them, and in this way the conqueror succeeded in re-establishing almost immediately the arts of peace in the great city he had won.

Forty thousand men perished in the siege. Sixty thousand among the poorer inhabitants were made prisoners and driven off to do elsewhere the work of the Mussulmans. Masters of Asia and Africa, they had now won the proudest capital of Eastern Europe, the command of the gateway to the Black Sea, the shores of southern Russia and the mouth of the Danube. Of all their conquests this was the most important and most lasting, for it endures to this day, and well might the young sultan be named, as he was then named, Mohammed Bujuk—The Great.



SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Plate III.—Arms and Accoutrements 15th to 18th Centuries.

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| 1. Pistolet, 18th Century. | 25. 26. Cavalry Casque, 15th Century. | 46. Hand Grenade. |
| 2. Carbine, 17th " | 27. Hussar Cap, 18th Century. | 47. Bomb Shell. |
| 3. Espingole. | 28. Chasseur Cap, 18th " | 48. Prussian Cannon, 18th Century. |
| 4. Matchlock Gun. | 29. Sappeur Cap, " " | 49. Priming Rod. |
| 5. Gun Rest. | 30. Russian Grenadier Cap, 18th Century. | 50, 51, 52. War Rockets. |
| 6. Marrocaïn. | 31. French Headpiece, 15th Century. | 53, 54, 55. Storming Pikes. |
| 7. Flint Lock, 18th Century. | 32. Shako. | 56. Danish Cannon, year 1713. |
| 8. Battle-Axe. | 33. Loading Shovel. | 57. Powder Cask. |
| 9. Hussite Mace. | 34. Wiper. | 58. Swiss Cannon, 15th Cent'y. |
| 10. Lance. | 35. Ramrod. | 59. English Howitzer, 18th " |
| 11. Hussite Mace. | 36. Priming Fork. | 60. Halberdier, 15th " |
| 12. Halberd. | 37. German 12-Pounder, year 1650. | 61, 62, 63. Swords, 15th and 16th Centuries. |
| 13. Hussite Mace. | 38. Herisson. | 64. Bayonet, 18th Century. |
| 14. Halberd. | 39. Mortar, 16th Century. | 65. Armor, 15th " |
| 15. Battle-Axe. | 40. Round Shot. | 66. Powder Flask. |
| 16. Cabasset, 16th Century. | 41. Shrapnel Shot. | 67. Bullet Mould. |
| 17. Italian Hat, 18th " | 42. Fire Ball. | 68. Powder Flask. |
| 18. Hessian Cap, 18th " | 43. Chain Shot. | 69, 70, 71. Sword, 17th and 18th Centuries. |
| 19. Cabasset, 15th " | 44. Bar " | 72. Sabre. |
| 20. Polish Hat, 18th " | 45. Round " | 73. Spanish Arquebusier, 16th Century. |
| 21. Dragoon Hat. | | |
| 22. Cossack Cap, 18th Century. | | |
| 23. Swiss Infantry Hat. | | |
| 24. English Cavalier Hat. | | |

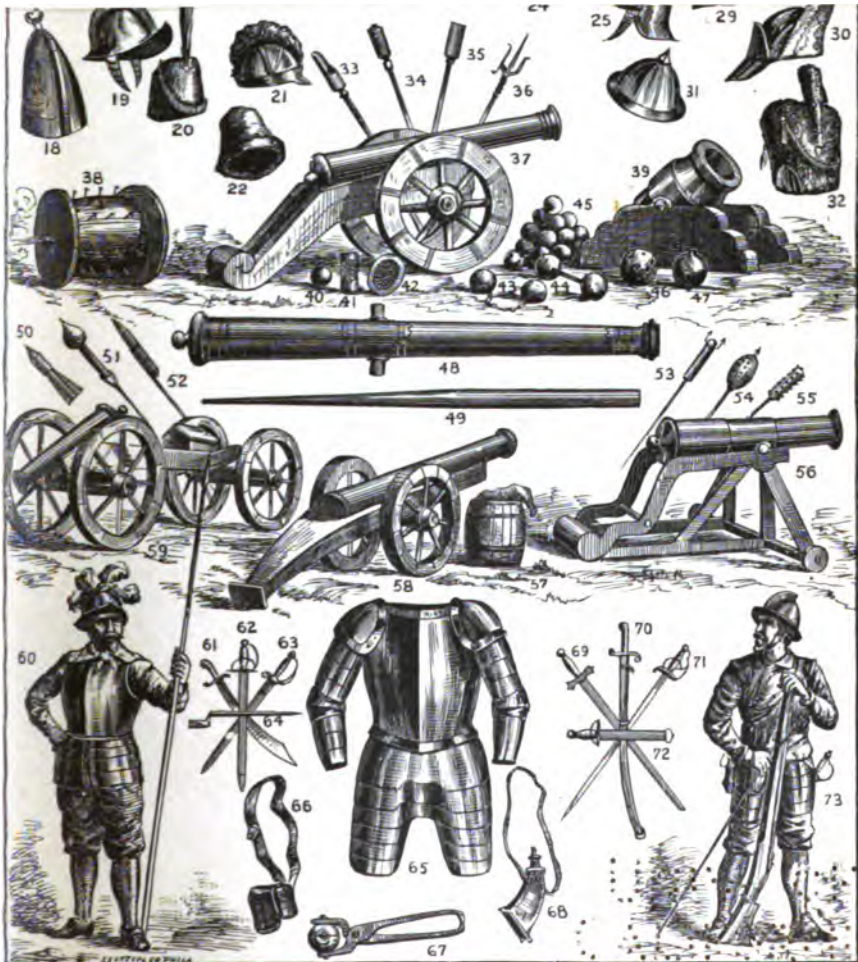
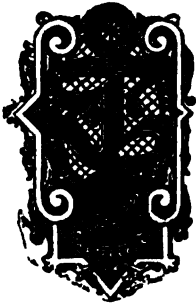


PLATE III. ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS 15TH TO 18TH CENTURIES.
 (Famous and Decisive Battles.)

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● 2018年10月
● 2019年10月
● 2020年10月

LEIPSIC.

1631.



THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR comes next in chronological order on the list of great events in military history. It began in a religious struggle, originally between the German Protestants and their Roman Catholic countrymen. Austria and Spain were gradually drawn in on the Catholic side and were allies throughout, generally under the name of the Imperialists, against various antagonists. It began in 1618 and lasted until 1648, and during that time some of the most illustrious names in soldierly chronicles achieved their greatest prominence and their undying renown. Among these Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Tilly, Montecuculi, Turenne and Condé were the most celebrated; and of the incessant fighting going on, whole volumes larger than this might easily be written. The greatest battles were those of Prague, Leipsic, Lützen and the second affair at Nordlingen, but space will permit the description of only two or three of the battles of even so renowned a war as this.

The theatre of operations was pretty much all over Germany and Bohemia from the Rhine to the Oder, though occasionally the Austrian dominions were invaded.

Ferdinand II. of Styria had stamped out the Protestant religion in his native province. The Protestant Elector-Palatine, Frederick V., was chosen King of Bohemia, and was then driven out by the Emperor of Austria. The Duke of Bavaria and the Princes of the League joined forces with Ferdinand II. The Protestants generally took up arms for Frederick, and the Im-

perialists opened the ball by overwhelming victories won by Maximilian and Tilly at Prague, Dessau and Lutter. The Protestant cause was hopeless unless outside aid should come, and had Ferdinand been at all politic, there would have been no danger of that, but his head was turned with his marked success. He offended even his own friends and allies, and speedily succeeded in giving mortal offence to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and a new and very different phase was taken by the war when this vigorous young monarch decided to lend his aid to the cause of his Protestant neighbors across the Baltic.

Gustavus Adolphus was born in Stockholm Castle, December 9th, 1594. He was trained with the utmost care, and with strict discipline of mind and body. He spoke German, French, Italian and Latin with fluency when a mere boy, and understood English, Spanish, Polish and Russian; while his favorite studies were historical, and those which dealt with the art of war. He grew tall, strong and hardy, and was of a religious temperament from his boyhood. In 1604 he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, and when just eighteen became king. Wars with Russia and Poland early occupied his attention and developed his martial talents; but during an interval of peace, just before becoming involved with the latter nation, he thoroughly reorganized his army and wrote his celebrated articles of war.

Gustavus Adolphus was at once the regenerator of ancient military discipline and the father of that which is maintained to this day. More than this: he was the great innovator of his century. He made more changes, brought about more improvements, and did more to advance the art of war than all the other leaders of his time combined; and Napoleon says he was one of the eight great generals of the world.

Briefly it may be said that in restoring disciplined order to the movements of his armies, he adopted the elasticity of the Roman system in preference to the solidity of the Greek. In other ways, too, he copied after the Romans. He fortified his camp at night, and the most rigid discipline was exacted, especially among guards and sentinels. His articles of war, 150 in number, began with injunctions for the cultivation of reverence for

religion in the army. Divine service was celebrated daily. Duels were stopped, profanity, gambling, immorality of every kind checked, and pillage of captured towns placed under proper restrictions.

It was in his reorganization, however, that Gustavus Adolphus made the most radical blows at existing systems. Fire-arms had long since come into common use, and at the time of the Thirty Years' War all the European infantry were accustomed to "matchlocks." On the continent, infantry regiments were from two to three thousand strong—very unwieldy bodies; Gustavus reduced his to 1,008 men each, exclusive of officers, eight companies (126 men) to the regiment. They were divided into musketeers (576), and pikemen (432). The former carried the matchlock (which Gustavus greatly lightened during the Polish war, and which was very soon superseded by the flintlock), and a short curved sword. The helmet was the musketeer's only defensive armor. The pikeman, however, had helmet, cuirass and thigh-pieces, and carried a sword or else a light axe besides the pike, which, improved by Gustavus, was made of aspen, poplar or good fir, tipped with highly tempered steel. In charging, the pike was held, like the *sarissa* of old, with both hands, left hand in front. In resisting charge of cavalry, the butt rested against the right foot, the left hand steadied it, point at height of the breast or neck, while the soldier held his drawn sword or axe in the right hand. Gustavus drew up his infantry six deep, reducing the depth from ten ranks, as was the formation in other armies.

The cavalry under the young King of Sweden had to undergo many changes. He was the first to organize (in 1625) the hitherto independent troops into regiments, eight troops of 66 or 72 men (half the usual size for the troop of those days) forming a regiment, which, not exceeding 575 men, was easily handled by a skillful officer. The imperial cavalry of the German army was formed (under Wallenstein) ten deep for cuirassiers, six for light cavalry. Count Tilly reduced this to eight and five respectively, but Gustavus went still further. His cavalry at first formed four deep, but soon reduced even that to three.

And it was Gustavus who first taught cavalry the true principles of charging. The continental system seemed to be for the regiment to ride up at sharp trot or gallop, until close to the enemy, when the first line would fire its pistols; if the enemy broke, the charge was continued. If not, the line rode off right and left, and the second line whirled up and repeated the performance; and if the enemy did not break by the time the third line had tried it, the attempt was abandoned. Gustavus taught his cavalry to fire as they approached, but never to waver or halt; to draw swords at once and charge *home*, and depend on the shock and the keen edge of the weapon.

But it was in field-artillery Gustavus made the greatest change. He found it very clumsy and heavy, difficult to move. He made it comparatively light and effective, first by the introduction of "leather guns," and afterwards by very lightly cast guns of iron or bronze. The "leather guns" were made of a light copper tube, strengthened by snugly fitting bars of iron of the same length riveted to it by heavy rings. This was tightly wound with strong cord cemented with coatings of mastic, and the whole covered by a leathern jacket. Two men could carry it, and a very tough little field-piece it made. They soon got heated in firing, however, and were discarded after Leipsic. Gustavus Adolphus introduced the system of having some light guns in each heavy field-battery, because the small guns could keep up a rapid fire, and when in retreat could be kept back to play upon the pursuers, while the large guns were being drawn out of harm's way.

As yet uniforms for regiments had not been generally adopted in the Swedish army except for the Life Guards, but in 1627 the king had the doublets stained or dyed with different colors for each division, while the regiments were named the blue, green, red or yellow, from the color of the standard of each.

Such were the main points introduced by Gustavus Adolphus into military organization in the seventeenth century. In 1624 the military force of Sweden was reckoned at 36,000 foot and 4,400 horse.

The Thirty Years' War was twelve years old when the King

of Sweden decided to take a hand. German writers are prone to say that grasping ambition led him into it. But the Germans themselves implored his aid, and it was not until Catholic aggressions had made the war "the common concern of Europe and mankind," that he invaded the empire. He could bring but a small army with him, but it was disciplined and well trained. Eleven regiments of foot and two of cavalry embarked with him from Sweden. Other regiments that had been on duty in Poland were ordered to meet him. He took with him thirty-six field-guns (12 and 24-pounders) and some heavy "batteries of position," 44-pounders, and, with a force not exceeding 15,000 men, he landed on the island of Usedom, on the coast of Pomerania, on Midsummer Day, 1630. His first move, after devout thanks and prayers to the Almighty, was to get control of the mouths of the Oder. Then a treaty was made with the Duke of Pomerania, who furnished some infantry (the White Brigade) and a money contribution. Then, 8,000 reinforcements having reached him from Prussia, he advanced boldly into the interior, brilliantly outmanœuvred and whipped the Imperialists near Rostock (to the vast astonishment of the Italian, Savelli, who led them), captured Gartz and Greiffenhagen, driving the Imperialist army before him; and, early in 1631, Frankfort-on-the-Oder was in his possession.

All this had been accomplished by rapid and brilliant marching and fighting, with a very small army compared to the forces under control of the Imperialists (Wallenstein alone had 100,000 men); and the name of Gustavus Adolphus began to be looked upon with dread and respect. By the end of February, 1631, in the space of eight months, he had taken eighty cities and strongholds in Pomerania and Mecklenburg.

And now the Imperialist, General Tilly, with a strong force, set out to put a stop to this damaging array of successes for the Protestant cause. He laid siege to the city of Magdeburg, carried it by assault, and forever tarnished his reputation by the frightful scenes of pillage and slaughter which he permitted at the expense of the inhabitants. Gustavus reached the Elbe too late to relieve the city, but not too late to punish Tilly. The

latter, with 26,000 men, ventured to attack the King of Sweden in his intrenched camp, where the garrison was only 16,000, but the lesson should have opened his eyes. Unused to defeat, it was with rage that Tilly saw his troops scattered in disorderly flight, leaving hundreds of their number dead upon the ground. Their next meeting was before the city of Leipsic, which Tilly menaced with an army of 40,000 men.

Leipsic lies in the northwestern corner of Saxony, near a branch of the river Saal. Several small villages surrounded it, and near one of these, Breitenfeld, from two to three miles north of the city, the army of Tilly was encamped. The city had surrendered to him and now lay to his right. The troops of the Protestants were still on the eastern side of the Elbe awaiting negotiations between the King of Sweden and the Duke of Saxony. Gustavus Adolphus had nearly 20,000 men at Wittenberg, on the Elbe. The Saxon army, about the same strength, was at Torgau. Leipsic, Wittenberg and Torgau formed a triangle, which, though not equilateral, was so nearly so that, had Tilly possessed the vim and brilliancy which had been reputed to him as characteristics of his generalship, he could easily, in two days' short marches, have thrown his 35,000 on either one of these forces, and the Saxons at least would have been utterly whipped; but for some unaccountable reason Tilly held back, permitted an alliance to be made between the King of Sweden and the Duke of Saxony, and, on the 4th of September, their armies advanced from the Elbe and united at Düben, on the Mulda, only nine miles northeast of Leipsic. On the 6th of September they halted in full view of the position of Tilly, and camped for the night.

With a little less than 40,000 men apiece, the two most renowned generals of the day were about to grapple in a battle that each felt must be decisive. If anything, Tilly had the greater reason for confidence. He had faith in the devotion and valor of all his troops, and was going to fight on the defensive. Gustavus Adolphus, with good reason, distrusted the stability of the Saxons, "his left arm," and would be compelled, he saw, to take the initiative.

Running north and south, though more nearly northwest to southeast, was a range of heights, at the upper end of which stood Breitenfeld, and beyond that the little village of Lindenthal. Tilly placed not only his "batteries of position" on these heights, but also his light guns, while, in one long line, from opposite Lindenthal down to the southward, stretched his infantry and cavalry—infantry in the centre, cavalry on the flanks, in accordance with the old Spanish system. Fürstenburg commanded his right wing. The hot-headed Pappenheim led the left. Tilly himself commanded the centre. He had no reserves except perhaps some artillery supports; no second line but his guns. He seems to have placed his whole reliance on fighting on the defensive, ten deep. The range of heights was at their backs, and the guns were to fire over their heads.

Against this position, advancing from the northeast, came an equal number of soldiery, marching in two columns: Swedes to the northward, Saxons to the south. They crossed the little stream of the Lober, where Pappenheim made an absurd attack with 2,000 cuirassiers (contrary to the orders of Tilly), and was easily brushed off by the Swedes; and, about noon on the 7th of September, 1631, the army of Gustavus Adolphus formed line with calm deliberation before the waiting host of the Imperialists. Here again Tilly seems to have let slip another opportunity. Had he attacked in force while the formation was going on, which he could readily have done, an easy victory might have been his; but Tilly seems to have had but one idea: to wait and be attacked; then pound his adversary to pieces.

Never before had the practised eyes of the Imperialists, with all their years of experience in war, witnessed such a formation as that of the Swedish army on this memorable day. The Saxon Duke had asked as a favor, that his troops should be intermingled with those of Sweden, but the king had promptly declined. "They are not accustomed to our discipline," said he, and so the Saxons constituted by themselves the left wing of the army, opposite the long line of Fürstenburg. The entire army of Gustavus was drawn up in two lines, with a strong reserve for each wing and for the centre. He himself took com-

mand of the first line of the right wing, where his bravest and staunchest cavalry was stationed, *with a few battalions of musketeers dispersed at intervals among the squadrons.* To the left of the king and slightly advanced was the main infantry line. The regiments were not deployed in extended ranks as were those of Tilly, but, with large intervals, were posted in what we would call massed columns, supported by small detachments in similar formation in rear, and some in more dispersed order, covering the intervals in the front line. All the Swedish artillery was posted in front of this centre, which was commanded by Teuffel, while on his left were drawn up more cavalry and musketeers in similar formation to those on the right, and here that staunch old soldier, General Horn, was in command. The second line of the Swedish army consisted of Baner's regiments of horse, supporting the king; three battalions of infantry, two of cavalry, and some reserve guns supporting Teuffel; the entire line being formed in separate masses with intervals equal to those in the front line. The reserves—cavalry on right and left, infantry in centre—were commanded by Hall, Hepburn and Baudissen, and some Scotch troops were here placed.

The Saxon wing on the left, by orders from Gustavus Adolphus, adopted a similar formation—Arnheim being in the centre and the Elector of Saxony commanding the second line, but it was a new formation with them and seemed to prove embarrassing. And now for one important particular. Despite its solidity and depth, the Imperialist line extended beyond *both* flanks of the Swedish-Saxon.

Now, as we stand here in the suburbs of the little hamlet of Podelwitz where the army crossed the stream, let us take a good look at this field. A far more terrible battle is to be fought in this neighborhood—one that will drive the great Napoleon in retreat, but it will be no more *decisive* in its results than that which Gustavus Adolphus and Tilly are to fight this hot, dry September day.

Here on gently rising ground, just west of Podelwitz, we can overlook the entire battle, and it will be one worth seeing. Right in our front, just beneath us, stand the reserves of Sweden's

army, the troopers dismounted and at their horses' heads, the infantry leaning on their pikes or matchlocks. We are behind the centre of the right wing, and these masses nearest us are Hepburn's Scotchmen. Off to the left on line with him are the few English under Hall. There were over 6,000 of these fellows when they first came across the channel under Hamilton, but Dutch black bread and sour beer disagreed with them; and plague, pestilence and famine have thinned them out to a mere shadow of their former force. A winding road leads down past our left hand behind Hall's men, then sweeps around still further to the southward and finally turns abruptly to the west, crosses the level plain and disappears through a dip in the opposite range. That road divides our Saxons from the Swedes, for that is the Saxon army off to the south. If you look carefully you will see that they do not stand out as far to the front as the Swedish line. That ought not to be, but there is a low hill right in their midst; Arnheim has taken it for his position, and it looks very much as though the Elector of Saxony were behind it. King Gustavus sees nothing of this. He places little reliance on those fellows any way, and is busy getting his guns into position. Arnheim, imitating the tactics of the Imperialists, has crowded his battery on the little knoll where his standard is waving, and means to fire over the heads of his infantry. Gustavus is running his guns well out to the front and centre. Battery after battery is quietly unlimbering there in front of Teuffel. The rest of the army is in position and resting on its arms.

Now look across the plain. There stretches that long, low range of slopes, the entire crest black with batteries, the guns run well to the edge, the cannoneers lounging beside their pieces. Just why they so calmly spare us is more than many an old soldier can understand. They ought to be banging away at this instant. Now too the wind is rising and puffs of dust whirl up from the sun-baked roads and fields, that soon gather into dense clouds and come drifting down upon us. A moment ago we could see the steeples of the little churches at Lindenthal and Breitenfeld peering above the range; could plainly see the dense tree-tops of the wood of Gross Widderitzch beyond

the plateau ; could count the standards in the long, solid ranks of foot and horse facing us across the fields. Now the dust-clouds shut them out of sight more than half the time.

It is just noon. Suddenly a simultaneous jet of flame and roar of thunder breaks from the guns in our front. Gustavus has opened fire on the heights. In an instant every gun in front of Teuffel is at work. In another instant the opposite crest leaps into flame, and the answer comes booming back at us. It is the opening of the first battle of Leipsic.

For two mortal hours, through stifling clouds of smoke and dust, this cannonade goes on, and with the wind at his back Tilly has plainly the best of it. Gustavus can stand it no longer. See! He with his cuirassiers, the intermingling infantry, the whole right of the front line, is moving off northward, marching rapidly too, and Teuffel has faced some of his line to the right to follow, while General Baner's horsemen mount and slowly ride off to the right front. What does it mean? Simply that Gustavus wants to sweep around where the dust will not blow in his face, and, if possible, attack that range from the north; take it in flank where its artillery can do him little damage, planted as it is. But Pappenheim's wing, all cavalry, stretches out beyond the extreme right. It is a hazardous move. The instant that fiery soldier catches sight of it he will swoop down upon the flank, orders or no orders. Sure enough, the mingled dust and smoke-cloud has raised for a moment, and with tremendous cheering 3,000 mail-clad horsemen come spurring out across the plain. A great regiment of infantry, 2,000 strong, obliques to the left in support. There is a broad gap between the cuirassiers of Gustavus and Teuffel's infantry, and straight for that gap and for those between the troops of Swedish horse, the leaders of Pappenheim's cavalry are spurring. They know well the valor and prowess of the Swedish swordsman, and have no desire to meet him hand-to-hand until his array is first broken. But look! The cuirassiers quickly wheel to the left to meet the charge. The little squares of matchlock men blaze with the unexpected discharge of their heavy muskets. Dozens of saddles are emptied; a thousand dragoons, perhaps, ride at thundering gallop

through the broad gap and are preparing to wheel to right and left, and, madly exulting over their easy victory, about to charge the rear of the Swedish troops, when—mark the skill of Sweden's tactician!—with irresistible impulse and flashing swords the battalions of Baner, the Swedish second line of cavalry, whirl in upon them. Two thousand Imperial horse, two thousand Imperial infantry, the regiment of Holstein, are caught in a trap. Pappenheim, raging at his misfortune, calls off his horsemen and forms again, charging a second, a third—indeed, he swears he charged seven times on that inflexible right and could make no impression. Gustavus simply holds back his cuirassiers until Baner and Baudissen have annihilated the Duke of Holstein and his men. A solid front is maintained against Pappenheim; he is wearing himself out against it; has lost 3,000 men already, and it is barely four o'clock. He sends staff-officers innumerable, one after another, begging Tilly for aid, but Tilly is doubly exasperated at the scrape into which his rash and insubordinate subordinate has plunged him. He sees only one way to retrieve his fortune, and will need every man. At least he can have some revenge on those Saxons and on the Swedish left. They will not attack *him*; so, while Pappenheim holds Gustavus off to the north, he will demolish the left. All his guns concentrate for a few minutes upon the disturbed and irresolute Saxons, then thunder at the Swedish left, where Horn commands, then cease firing as Fürstenburg's whole wing leaps to the front, bearing down on the Saxons of Arnheim, and Tilly advances his right centre upon Horn. It is a magnificent advance. Arnheim's six guns thunder harmlessly at the squadrons as they come cantering out from under the shadows of the heights, then break into the gallop; but long before they get within musket-range of the Saxon troops those raw levies crumble away from the left flank, and look! before Arnheim can check it, whole regiments are melting away and come drifting back. Another moment and the Imperialist horse are among them, and then—all is rout and confusion.

Foremost among the fugitives is the elector himself. He never draws rein until he gets to Eilenburg, miles behind us.

Only one division stands : the Saxons of Arnheim, next to Horn's line, hold their ground. Tilly, sweeping forward in vehement attack of the left centre, is met by a furious cannonade from all the guns of Teuffel's front. The whole line is now wrapped in smoke and dust, so as to be indistinguishable. Fürstenburg, with his entire cavalry force, has swept around the Swedish left in pursuit of the craven Saxons ; the infantry of Tilly have seized the guns left by Arnheim on the mound, and now are turning them towards his sole remaining division, so as to sweep the Swedish line. Things look black at this end. Quickly, however, the three battalions of Hall face to the left and charge the captors of the guns. They in turn are enveloped and assailed by Fürstenburg's returning troopers. Hall himself is killed and Collenbach's regiment well-nigh swept out of existence. But by this time all these gallant Scots of the grand reserve in the centre, Hepburn, with Lord Reay, and Ramsay, have marched down across that now bloody road, and formed line facing south, to repel the new attack ; and Colonels Lumsden and Vitzheim have formed their regiments on their left. All Fürstenburg's horsemen are now recalled from pursuit, and the fiercest, hottest part of the battle is raging right here to our left. Tilly watches it hopefully ; Gustavus is too far off to see. Victory is with the latter ; for, while we have been watching this desperate struggle on our left, he and his cuirassiers have sent Papenheim's troopers whirling in rout and confusion through Breitenfeld and Lindenthal ; and now, hardly waiting to reform his squadrons, he comes sweeping down close under the range from the north, taking the Imperialist infantry in flank, while many of his adventurous horsemen, spurring up the slopes, are sabering the men at the silent guns. The news that his left was utterly routed reached Tilly but a moment before he heard that his centre, behind him, was broken and falling back across the crest. But here, around him and to his front, all is victory, or, at least, hope. He can yet sweep those stubborn Swedes back through Podewitz. All his remaining infantry are hurried to the front, as now, for the first time, he realizes the error he made in leaving all the guns in the heights ; now they are useless ; worse than that, in jeopardy.

The bravest veterans of the Imperial host are here with him, and under Fürstenburg. Such cavalry as they have met are no match for them. Now they are pitted against those exasperatingly cool battalions of Swedish foot. Again and again they charge them, but, instead of reducing front and deepening their files, the "Norsemen" seem encouraged by their own steadiness; they lengthen their lines, form only three deep, and then, front rank kneeling, second rank bending low, and third rank standing erect, they pour volley after volley into the Imperialist squadrons. Then Saxon Arnheim rallies his dragoons, and they are hovering about the flanks of the worn-out cavalry; and now, can it be? Yes; surely, steadily the Swedish footmen are advancing, pushing before them the broken remnants of Tilly's lines. In vain he storms and rages, riding hither and thither: he cannot check the backward move. Already the cuirassiers of Adolphus are hammering at his exposed left; Arnheim has swung around against his right. Sweden, represented by its stalwart infantry under Teuffel, is steadily pushing him back. Suddenly he hears the thunder of his own guns on the heights behind him, and their missiles come tearing huge gaps through his gasping ranks. Mortal man can stand no more; the King of Sweden has turned upon him his own guns; the army of Tilly is routed, and pursuit sweeps it from the field.

Just at sunset the last of its once brilliant array backs through the depression in the ridge opposite the Swedish centre. The ridge itself is taken; the cavalry is fleeing for Halle beyond Saxon territory. Only four organized regiments of veterans remain, and these, throwing themselves into the forest back of the heights, with desperate gallantry maintain themselves there against the king himself until darkness puts an end to the fight, and the battered remnant is allowed to retire.

Tilly, Fürstenburg and Pappenheim are wounded; 7,000 dead and wounded Imperialists are left upon the field; many are prisoners; every gun is taken, and one hundred standards, the proud colors of the Imperialists, are in the hands of Adolphus, and so complete is the rout and destruction of this dreaded army of Tilly that, while Pappenheim can only rally 1,400 of his

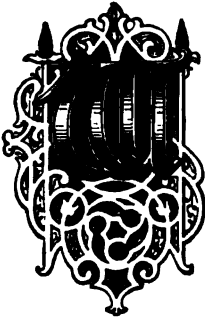
wing, Tilly himself, at Halle, can muster not a thousand. The Saxons deservedly suffered for running as they did, and lost 2,000 men; but the losses of Sweden proper did not exceed 700. The victory, like the disparity in losses, is simply overwhelming.

But the moral effect of this great battle is something far more serious than even the annihilation of Tilly's army. The *prestige* of that vehement leader is gone forever, and he himself meets his death soon after at the combat on the Lech. The hitherto invincible Imperialists are utterly routed in fair fight, in open field and on chosen ground, by the "Snow King," as they had contemptuously called him. All Protestant Germany rallied to the standard of this new Christian hero, whose first act, on dismounting on the hard-won field of Breitenfeld, was to kneel amid the dead and dying, and render thanks to God for aid and guidance. To him was now committed the cause of Protestantism, and with it that of the allies, who for political reasons had joined against Austria and Spain. France was Catholic in religion, and was now disposed to look with jealous distrust upon the unlimited power of a Protestant king. This led to further complications in the Thirty Years' War.



LÜTZEN.

1632.



WITH the sword in one hand and mercy in the other, Gustavus Adolphus marched to and fro in Germany after his great victory at Leipsic. He appeared at once as conqueror, judge and lawgiver. Cities and fortresses opened their gates at his approach, and the standards of Sweden were planted along the banks of the great rivers. There is no time to follow his victorious movements. The leaders of the League were well-nigh desperate when their last general, Tilly, met his death-wound in contesting with the conqueror the passage of the river Lech. They had only one man whose intellect and power seemed a possible match for the invincible King of Sweden, and that one man was the very Wallenstein whom they had deposed and humiliated but a short time before.

In his retirement he was known to have made overtures to Gustavus Adolphus, asking a command under his banners and pledging him vehement support. Hatred of the powers that had robbed him of his high command had turned Wallenstein into a traitor. He was a man who could bear to be second to nobody; cold, crafty, intensely selfish, utterly unprincipled, enriched to a fabulous extent by plunder, he was bound, even among his own people, either to rule or to ruin. Gustavus wisely hesitated about placing so unreliable a person in a position of vast trust and power—put him off with the plea that his army was too weak in numbers to permit the assignment to him of an independent command; but Wallenstein saw through the

pretext and hated the king accordingly, and next we find him at the head of a powerful Imperialist army. Doubting him, fearing him, the Emperor of Austria was reduced to the extremity of restoring him to supreme command, as the only means of securing his allegiance. So long as he was at the head of affairs, with power at his back, it made little difference to Wallenstein on which side he fought. All Europe knew his great ability, and all Europe held its breath now to watch the battle of the giants, to be fought between the two most renowned soldiers of the age—Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, the Duke of Friedland.

After much preliminary marching and manœuvring, the armies met within a few miles of the scene of the great victory over Tilly, and northwestern Saxony again became the centre of movement. Wallenstein, with some 17,000 men, was encamped near the little town of Lützen, west of Leipsic, and, on the 6th of November, 1632, Pappenheim, eager as ever for battle, was hurrying to join him with 10,000 more.

With 12,000 foot and 6,500 horse, Gustavus Adolphus, bidding adieu to his queen at Erfurt, had taken the field to meet him. Sending forward his gallant ally, Duke Bernhard of Weimar, to Naumburg, on the Saal, only a day's march from Lützen, he himself rapidly followed, being received by the people with the acclamation and reverence they would have given to a superior being. On Sunday, November 4th, an intercepted letter told him that Wallenstein was still encamped near Lützen, a few miles farther to the northeast, and in apparent ignorance of his coming, and that Pappenheim was off near Halle, to the northward. Lützen lay near Weissenfels, and a little river, the Rippach, lay between the camps of the Imperialists and the southwest, the direction from which Gustavus must come. Hoping to attack and crush Wallenstein before Pappenheim could join him, the Swedish king pushed rapidly forward the very next day; but, though his celerity enabled him to seize the little bridge across the Rippach after a brush with a small cavalry outpost, Gustavus found the bridge so slight and so narrow as to require great care and deliberation in crossing. It took

till nightfall to land his army on the eastern bank; it was then too late to attack, and Wallenstein made good use of the delay. Couriers were sent to Pappenheim to come forward with all speed. "Be here at daybreak with every man and gun," were the brief orders, and the letter, stained with the general's life-blood, was found on his body the following night, showing how well he had obeyed his chief. Anticipating early attack, Wallenstein established his men in their positions, strengthened them with earthworks, hastily thrown up, but affording capital protection for his musketeers; and during all the night and the early, misty morning, he rode tirelessly from point to point, leaving no stone unturned to make his defence secure. His original position had been somewhat "scattered," his troops being quartered among the hamlets north of and around Lützen; but a capital field of battle presented itself to his practised eye where the great high road, connecting Leipzig with Weissenfels, crossed the level plain from east to west, passing through Lützen on the west end of the plain. A winding canal, connecting the Saal and the Elster, cut the high road at right-angles, about two miles east of the village, and a very gentle rise in the ground, north of and parallel to the road, formed an admirable line for his defence. With his right behind Lützen, his left resting near and protected by the canal, facing nearly south, he stood ready to meet his great antagonist. Just north of the highway, where the rise in the ground was most marked, he planted his battery of position. Farther to the right, nearer Lützen, stood a few windmills, and beyond them, close on the edge of the high road, stood the house of the miller. All these were speedily and skilfully turned into means of defence, for, until Pappenheim could reach him, Wallenstein would be outnumbered. He had seven heavy guns in the battery of position, and fourteen light field-pieces were placed in front of the windmills. During the night, too, his musketeers deepened the ditch north of the highway, and lined it with a strong body of marksmen. Beyond all question, Wallenstein had made the most of his ground. As to the tactical disposition of his troops, there is so much dispute among historians that it is hard to say

just how they were drawn up. Wallenstein, with most of the infantry in very heavy masses, occupied the centre; the right, supporting the windmill batteries, was intrusted to Count Colorado; the left, early in the action, at least, to Holk. By some authors it is claimed that his infantry was divided into five brigades, four being with him in the centre, one on the right with Colorado. Each brigade formed as an independent square, with projecting masses of pikemen at the four angles. Others would indicate that the footmen of the Imperialist army had been divided into twelve parallelograms, somewhat longer than they were deep, and that eight of these were placed in the front line, the others being held in the second in reserve. The cavalry, in accordance with time-honored custom, occupied the flanks, and the entire front was nearly two miles in length, with the highway about three hundred yards out to the front. All baggage-wagons were sent off to the rear of Lützen; all ammunition wagons were parked in rear of the centre, and, to make the array as numerically formidable as possible in appearance, Wallenstein caused all sutlers and camp-followers to be mounted and massed like a large body of reserve cavalry in rear of his left wing.

Immediately on crossing the Rippach, King Gustavus, riding forward, had taken in the situation at a glance. Instead of finding Wallenstein unprepared and in small force he saw that he had most skillfully seized upon the advantages of the ground, that his force was apparently as great as his own, and that with Pappenheim only a short march away at Halle, he would be sure of making a junction in the morning. But the stout heart of King Gustavus did not fail him. There was no way now of avoiding the issue. The one thing to do was attack vigorously at the earliest break of day, and trust to the guidance of God and the courage of his men to carry him through and sweep the Imperialists from the ground before Pappenheim could come up. So, whatever may have been his disappointment, the king maintained his cheery, buoyant, hopeful demeanor, and quickly deployed his men in his favorite order of battle—that which had been so successful at Leipsic. It was almost dusk when the first line was formed.

With his right resting on the canal, his left a little south of the town of Lützen, Gustavus placed his cavalry and infantry intermingled in regiments and battalions some four hundred yards south of the highway, supported by the second line, two hundred and fifty yards farther to the rear. In the centre, eight regiments of infantry were skillfully drawn up in supporting columns in the two lines, those in front in line of battle six deep. The cavalry of both flanks, front line, three deep—those of the rear lines and reserves in massed columns. Companies of musketeers of from 50 to 100 strong were placed between the squadrons on the wings. To Duke Bernhard of Weimar was intrusted the command of the left wing, nearly all the German cavalry being there stationed. Count Nicholas Brahé commanded the solid infantry in the centre, the king himself led the Swedes of the right wing, and, while the artillery was distributed all along the front, the reserve in rear of the centre near the little hamlet of Chursitz consisted, as at Leipsic, of the Scots, and was commanded by Henderson. Of the gallant Scotchmen who had rendered him such excellent service at Leipsic few were left. Hepburn, Reay and Ramsay were no longer there, but in his second line, commanding the infantry, was a Swedish soldier who had won the confidence and respect of his master on many an intervening field,—General Kniphausen.

Late in the evening the dispositions were completed. Never, perhaps, did rival commanders pass the night before desperate battle with such complete realization of the consequences that must attend the coming struggle. Each fully appreciated the skill and courage of his adversary. Each felt that defeat meant ruin either to the cause he championed, as was the case with the king, or to himself, as was the case with cold-blooded and calculating Wallenstein. The former passed the night in his carriage, occasionally conversing with some of his generals as to the duties of the coming day, occasionally in silent prayer. The latter, gloomy, stern, abstracted and repellent as ever, took counsel with no one, but restlessly moved to and fro, satisfying himself that all was well. In point of numbers engaged

Lützen was not the prominent battle of the war. In point of the renown of its contestants it was the battle of the century.

At the first break of day on the chill, wintry morning of November 6th, 1632, both armies were astir; but, to the disappointment of the King of Sweden, a cold, thick, penetrating fog had lowered over the plain. Riding out towards the high road where his sentinels were posted, within stone's throw of the Imperialist musketeers, he found that objects ten yards away were mere blurs, and that it was impossible to distinguish the position of the guns on the northern slope. This would never do. It was necessary that he should be able to see the entire field, and all beyond a dozen yards was shrouded in mystery. There could be no telling what might be going on in the enemy's lines, and, as his part would be the attack, clear sight, at least, was indispensable. The sun rose but the fog did not; and in deep anxiety Gustavus rode back to his lines. He had planned to attack at dawn, and to finish the fight before Pappenheim could possibly come to the rescue. Now attack was impossible unless he trusted to blind luck, and that he would not do. There was no help for it but to wait the lifting of the fog, which would be sure to follow the sun's climbing toward the zenith. Meantime, dressed in a plain buff coat, without armor, the king appeared before his men. First he had caused his chaplain, Fabricius, to read prayers with him alone; then, out in front of his line, the monarch knelt and implored the blessing of the Almighty on the issues of the day; and his soldiers, catching sight of him, struck up the grand old Lutheran hymn, that to this day is the stirring chant of the German soldier before going into action: "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"—"Our God is a strong tower." Starting among the footmen of Brahe in the centre, it was taken up right and left, and soon the sonorous voices of thousands of bearded men blended in the ringing, majestic melody, and the morning air resounded with the swelling chorus. The king himself, when the notes had died away, led them in another hymn; then, mounting, he rode among and addressed them. To his Swedes he said: "My brave and beloved subjects, yonder is the enemy you have sought so long, not

now sheltered by strong ramparts, nor posted on inaccessible heights, but ranged in fair and open field. Advance then, by God's help, not so much to fight as to conquer. Spare not your blood, your lives, for your king, your country, your God; and the present and eternal blessing of the Almighty, and an illustrious name throughout the Christian world, await you. But if, which God forbid, you prove cowards, I swear that not a bone of you shall return to Sweden."

Then he rode over to the left, among the Germans of Duke Bernhard: "My brave allies and fellow-soldiers," he said to them, "I adjure you by your fame, your honor and your conscience; by the interests temporal and eternal now at stake; by your former exploits, by the remembrance of Tilly and the Breitenfeld, bear yourselves bravely to-day. Let the field before you become illustrious by a similar slaughter. Forward! I will be this day not only your general, but your comrade. I will not only command you, I will lead you on. Add your efforts to mine. Extort from the enemy, by God's help, that victory of which the chief fruits will be to you and your children. But, if you shrink from the contest, remember that religion, liberty, *all*, will be lost, and *that* by your remissness."

Both Swedes and Germans responded to his addresses with cheers and every evidence of enthusiasm and devotion; but it was evident that the king was deeply sensible of the utter solemnity of the ordeal before him, and again—this time aloud—he invoked, before his troops, the blessing of heaven on their efforts.

And still that damp, depressing fog clung to the ground. It was ten o'clock. Gustavus, riding restlessly to and fro, had not eaten a mouthful. He was all impatience for the fog to raise.

At last, it must have been towards noon, a light breeze began to sweep over the scene. The sun, swinging around to the south, began to make itself felt on the backs of the Swedish army, and, between wind and sun, the fog slowly lifted, rolled away northward, and first the trees along the highway became visible; then the dry, deserted roadway; then the heads of the skirmishers in the ditch beyond; then the turf of the level

ground still farther north; then the slopes, the black muzzles and mud-covered carriages of the guns, the alert forms of the cannoneers; then the mounted squadrons, the heavy masses of bristling infantry, the ghostly-looking windmills off to the north-west, with the field-batteries unlimbered in front of them; then the walls and roofs of Lützen to the west, all in a broad blaze of flame, for Wallenstein had set the town afire to prevent a Swedish lodgment there; then the open landscape and country roads far to the north, beyond the Imperialist lines; then clouds of dust off towards Halle—Pappenheim was coming. There was not an instant to lose.

Almost at the same second the artillery of the opposing lines burst into thundering and deadly salute. The Swedish and German trumpets sounded the charge, and in one grand, simultaneous attack, primitive as that of the days before Epaminondas, the entire line of Sweden, "horse, foot and dragoon," swept forward. The high road was gained and crossed in an instant; the skirmishers in the ditch beyond scattered for their lives to the rear. "God with us," was the war-cry of the northern army, as they scrambled through the wet and muddy trench, and reformed lines on the northern side. Then, with mad impulse, the German horsemen on the left, led by Duke Bernhard, dashed full at the guns under the windmills, and the Swedish cuirassiers on the right, heavy armed and led by the king himself, were hurled at the lightly-mounted Poles and Croats of the Imperialist left. These latter were overturned and sent scurrying from the field in the twinkling of an eye. It looked for ten minutes as though Sweden would march right over the Imperialist lines. The battery of position in the centre was seized so suddenly, that Wallenstein had not time to advance his infantry to support the gunners; the next moment the stalwart footmen of Brahé were through the battery and grappling hand to hand with the Imperialist squares. In five minutes' sharp fighting, such was the rush and impetus of the Swedish charge, three foot-brigades of Wallenstein's centre were overwhelmed and borne back upon the second line. In absolute amaze the Duke of Friedland saw his left wing swept away, his centre yielding, his

right sorely pressed. Verily, these hymn-singing Protestants knew how to fight.

But the duke was brave, fearless, energetic. With the rapidity of thought he threw himself in rear of the centre; ordered forward the brigades of the second line; personally rallied and restored the ranks of those that were drifting off towards the north; turned them once more against the enemy and launched them in. The Swedes were already breathless with the exertion of their charge of half a mile over hedge, ditch and rough ground. They were now involved in a desperate hand-to-hand *mêlée*, and suddenly three regiments of Imperialist cavalry came thundering down upon them to the aid of Wallenstein's rallied infantry. Now Brahé in turn is overweighted, hemmed in, and presently borne slowly back. The strong pikemen of both armies are making desperate play with their deadly weapons; there is no time for loading, and muskets are used like battering-rams against the enemies' faces. It is a struggle in which weight is bound to tell, and now the heavy masses of the Imperialists are pitted against the six-deep formation of the Swedes. The latter cannot help it; they *must* fall back. So too on the extreme left. The German cavalry have been unable to take the guns; the infantry supports have been most vigilant; all around the wind-mills the ground is cut up into little garden patches with mud walls; every patch is full of marksmen, and the cavalry attack has been a failure.

Off on the extreme right Gustavus has carried all before him, but now he learns with deep dismay that his centre is being beaten back and that his left is gone.

Leaving matters on that flank to the care of General Horn, the king at once galloped to the west just as his infantry were being driven back through the heavy battery they had so lately captured. He had ordered Colonel Steinbock with his regiment of cuirassiers to follow him, but the king's horse outran them all, and he was practically the only mounted officer who, dashing in among the retreating footmen, seemed to be striving to check the move. Keen eyes among the Imperialists marked the commanding form, and noted how the Swedish soldiers halted

and faced them again as this tall horseman rode among the ranks, eagerly shouting and waving his sword. "Pick off that man" was the order, and in an instant the king became the target of an hundred musketeers; a bullet tore through his arm, shattering the bone and causing the mangled limb to hang by the quivering muscles and flesh. A cry of consternation went up among the Swedes—"The king is hit!" and, though faint with agony, he laughs and cheers them on, but the blood is gushing in streams from his wound; he grows fainter and reels in his saddle. By this time Duke Albert of Lauenburg has reached him and others of his staff. "Lead me to the rear," he whispers to the duke; "but take me around to the right—*not* through the lines or they will think 'tis worse than it is." The infantry are still retiring as the duke leads his royal master, now weak and failing, hurriedly along the front. Then comes another merciless volley; the king reels again over his saddle-bow; a shot has pierced him through and through. "Save yourself," he orders his friend; "I am gone," and at that instant a squad of Imperialist cavalry dash upon them and the king is left—alone. The duke spurs to the rear for aid; the king, surrounded by assailants, receives several other wounds and pitches lifeless from his saddle. Another moment and the royal charger, riderless and covered with blood, tears along the Swedish lines and the dismal story is known. Gustavus Adolphus is killed.

And now, instead of dispiriting them, the sight of the gory saddle seemed to inspire the entire army with renewed fervor and energy. Bernhard of Weimar at once assumed command. The entire line again advanced, and this time the windmill batteries were seized, held, and turned eastward so as to enfilade the Imperialist line. The Germans had really won the key-point of the battle. The Swedish infantry, both lines now, with the Duke of Weimar and Kniphausen, fought their way over the field and a second time captured the heavy battery. Then the shots of the artillery reached the Imperialist ammunition wagons in rear of the centre, and these began to ignite and explode with great uproar and damage. All was over with Wallenstein; his whole line was in full retreat, when, suddenly, the dust-clouds

that had been marked by Gustavus Adolphus an hour before far off to the north came sweeping upon the field. Pappenheim, with all his cuirassiers and dragoons, dashed upon the wearied Swedes; all that was gained was in jeopardy. Five minutes ago the battle was won by Sweden; now there was no telling who would be the victor.

Again Wallenstein rallied his infantry and brought them back into line. Again the Imperialist cavalry reformed and endeavored to aid their comrades of Pappenheim's division. As for that fiery soldier himself, he had received the order to join Wallenstein only when his troops were scattered, plundering Halle. Never waiting for his infantry, he mounted his eight regiments of horse and started back towards Lützen early in the morning; met the Croats and Poles fleeing from the field before General Horn; spent some little time rallying them; then with his own fresh regiments and with these restored cavalymen he bore down upon the field. Once more the Swedish infantry was driven back across the now blood-stained level. Once more the heavy guns became the property of their original owners. The whole "yellow regiment" of the Swedish line, it is said, was shot or sabred there, and, after winning the utmost distinction during the day, died almost to a man around those fatal guns. Another regiment, the blue, was surrounded and literally hacked to pieces by the Italian cavalry under Count Piccolomini. But Sweden was indomitable—her soldiers would die there as their king had died, but they would not give up the fight.

Falling back behind their own guns, they permitted the artillerists to open on the fresh arrivals of Pappenheim. Then Pappenheim charged the guns, but was beaten back. Leading in a second time, this daring soldier became in his turn the target of the Swedish musketeers. Two bullets passed through his chest; he fell from his horse and was borne dying from the field. He had been searching everywhere for the King of Sweden, hoping to cross swords with the renowned monarch. Now, as he was borne to the rear, they told him that the king was killed. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," he said, "that I lie without a hope of life, but that I die happy since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With the fall of Pappenheim the last hope of the Imperialists departed. Brave as he unquestionably was, Wallenstein lacked the magnetism that enables the leader to control the soldier in moments of panic or peril. The cavalry on the left again gave way before the Swedish cuirassiers; the infantry of the centre reformed in support of the central guns, and, in the right wing, Colorado, Gotz, Terzky and Piccolomini rallied and aligned their regiments; but now the Swedish lines were formed for a last effort. To replace the yellow and blue regiments, which were already practically annihilated, the infantry of the second line was called to the front, and, for the third time, the footmen of Sweden advanced across the highway. The struggle over the guns was long, bloody and desperate; but, as the sun went down, Wallenstein saw, with dumb dismay, that his men were incapable of further effort. The seven heavy guns of the centre were for the third and last time taken and held by the soldiers of Sweden. Pappenheim's infantry, six fresh regiments, came up about nightfall, but the battle was over.

Beyond all doubt the victory was with the army of Sweden. They had lost, it is true, their good, and generous and gallant king; the first general of the seventeenth century had perished on the field; the only conqueror who could be merciful and just, that the world had yet known, lay stripped and slain among the bodies of his faithful soldiers, but the victory was his—and theirs. Wallenstein decamped that very night and fled to Leipsic, and thither, the next day, his army straggled. Abandoning every gun, abandoning their colors, they made their way after him, a whipped and dejected multitude.

Yet, no sooner had Wallenstein become assured of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, than he claimed the victory, sent couriers and officers to the emperor announcing triumphant success; caused *Te Deums* to be sung in the cathedrals, and assumed all the triumphant bearing of a conqueror; but his sudden evacuation of Leipsic and Saxony, on hearing that the Duke of Weimar meant to assail him again, pricked the bubble of his reputation, and the star of his wavering fortune set forever. Duke Bernhard marched into Leipsic a victor. Wallenstein, again

suspected of treason to the crown, died at the hand of assassins within fifteen months of his last battle. He had no friends; he left none to mourn him. He was a man who had lived for self alone, and, though brave and resolute to the last, it was the bravery of desperation.

On the other hand, Gustavus Adolphus, the soldier of his century, the statesman, scholar and Christian, died universally lamented: even his enemies were powerfully moved. His body was brought with reverent care to Weissenfels, thence to Wittenberg, and finally, with great pomp and ceremony, was conveyed to Sweden, where, on the 18th of June, 1634, long after the death of Wallenstein, the honored remains were consigned to the grave. He had died in the flower of his age, in the midst of an eventful and most honored life, in the heart of what would have been his greatest victory.

For a time after Lützen, it looked as though the death of Gustavus would be a blow from which the Protestant cause could not rally; but the genius of the Swedish chancellor, Oxenstiern, and the brilliancy of his generals, kept the enemy at bay. We have no exact figures of the losses at Lützen; some 9,000 men were known to have been killed, all told, and it is probable that the casualties were very equally divided. The list of wounded or contused in the Swedish army included pretty much every survivor, so desperate had been the fighting.

But Austria was emboldened to new efforts, now that the dreaded king was out of the way; and in less than two years Bernhard of Weimar, with a strong army of Germans, Saxons and Swedes, was terribly defeated by the Imperialists at Nordlingen, September 6th, 1634. Then Saxony lost heart and made peace at Prague with Austria, by the terms of which the Lutherans abandoned the struggle with her and became, with Saxony, allies of Austria. This left the German Calvinists to their fate, and so complicated the questions of the war that, in order to retain for his country the possessions won by Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstiern diplomatically turned over the direction of the war to Cardinal Richelieu, of France. Now it was no longer Protestant against Catholic, but France, Sweden and North Ger-

many against Austria, Spain and Italy; with Saxony, Bohemia and the Palatinate alternately trampled under foot by both parties. Nor was there much concert of action. The troops of Sweden, under General Baner, were retained in North Germany, making occasional dashes to the south, to the great alarm of Austria. Duke Bernhard reorganized his army, and was fighting independently along the Rhine in hopes of winning Alsace for himself; and two great soldiers, Turenne and Condé, were leading the armies of France against the allies on the German frontier and in Spain.

The Imperialist party had the best of the fight for some time after Nordlingen, for the features of the war were now entirely changed and, happily, entering on their last phase; but the project of invading France was defeated by the energy of the Swedes under Baner, who kept the Austrians incessantly employed in Bohemia and Silesia, and won a great battle from them at Wittstock (October 4th, 1636). Then came a series of fights in which Sweden was uniformly successful, and two more marked victories at Breitenfeld—which thus became distinguished a second time—and Yankowitz added to the lustre of her arms.

On the Rhine, however, Duke Bernhard fared badly, and at last the great French generals, Condé and Turenne, came to his rescue, and drove the leaguers back into Bavaria—winning at Nordlingen, August 3d, 1645, the battle which virtually terminated the struggle, and the peace of Westphalia ended the Thirty Years' War.

VIENNA.

1683.



VIENNA, the beautiful capital of the Empire of Austria, lies on a level plain surrounded by a circle of low hills and traversed by the river Danube. Its name is taken from a sluggish stream, the Wien, which flows under the walls into an arm of the great river that separates the city from the suburb of Leopoldstadt on the northeast. From its geographical position and its political importance, the city has been subjected to several sieges, and has been the scene of many a great conference and treaty of peace between the various European powers; but for years of its early existence it lay in the track of every horde of barbaric invaders, and after the establishment of Mussulman power in Eastern Europe it was incessantly threatened by the Turks. These people besieged it in strong force in 1529, but it was gallantly defended and they were driven back with great loss. Then, during the Thirty Years' War, the troops of Sweden several times came within alarming proximity to its walls, but without attack. Then came a brief respite, and finally in 1683, nearly forty years after the close of the long and disheartening war in which the empire had been engaged, there came a siege that well-nigh wiped it out of existence.

Leopold I. was Emperor of Austria. He had been crowned King of Hungary in 1654, but had to fight for his possessions with the Turks, in which contest his general, the same Montecuculi who had won such distinction in the Thirty Years' War, gained a great victory over the infidels at St. Gothard, on the

Raab, and from that time the sultan had been busily preparing his revenge.

In 1683 the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, marched with an immense army and powerful train to lay siege to Vienna, and humble it and its master in the dust. Leopold stood not upon the order of his going, but, with his family, court and thousands of inhabitants, he went at once. The country was filled with fugitives, carts and plunder, and the Turks, falling upon the hindermost, slaughtered or made captive as they saw fit. On the 7th of July they drew their lines around the city and leisurely proceeded to reduce it. So secure did the vizier feel against counter-attack on his great army that he disdained to fortify his camps.

Vienna, with its strong fortifications, its artillery, magazines and public buildings, had been confided to the charge of the Count de Staremberg, a thorough theoretical soldier. He burned the suburbs outside the walls, so as to clear the way for his guns, and then, with a garrison of perhaps 15,000 effectives, he set about the task of defending the capital against probably five times that many. Staremberg's garrison was largely made up of citizens and the students of the university, armed and enrolled for the emergency. His regular troops did not exceed 10,000. Mustapha had three hundred guns and a brave, devoted and war-trained army, strong enough in numbers to entirely encircle the city and to send a "corps of devastation" 40,000 strong to kill, burn and destroy through Hungary, Silesia and Moravia. This force with its roving commission was very successfully met and parried by the Duke of Lorraine with 30,000 men; but he had been early driven away from supporting distance of Vienna, and could render no actual assistance to the garrison after the first few days of the siege.

The Turks broke ground for their first trenches in the suburb of St. Ulric, on the 14th of July, about fifty yards from the ditch which, partly dry, partly flooded, extended around the walls. Their first breaching batteries were speedily planted and a storm of solid shot was poured upon the masonry. Staremberg was grievously wounded at the very outset by a heavy fragment of

stone, but refused to rest or turn over the command. He was the soul of the defence, cheering, animating, encouraging everywhere. By July 22d the Turks had worked their way up to the palisading, which the garrison could defend only with sword and with scythes fastened to long poles, but they fought so vigorously and well, that not until the 7th of August did the besiegers succeed in winning the counterscarp. Then came the work of digging their way down into the ditch in face of a sharp fire from the parapet. They here resorted to tunneling, for the besieged, though short of powder and hand-grenades, found an inventive genius in the Baron de Kielmansegg, who not only made a very fair powder, but manufactured shells out of stiff clay, that, dropped and exploded among the burrowing Mussulmans, worried them infinitely and greatly retarded their work. Once in the ditch the Turks resorted to their specialty—mining. They had utterly destroyed the walls in many places a century before, and hoped again to ruin them now. Provisions were running short, ammunition was scant and poor, disease was thinning the ranks of the defenders, and when the 22d of August came, it was conceded that they could not hold out more than three days. Most of the cannon were broken or dismantled. The walls were honey-combed, the foundations shattered by mines. The situation was critical in the last degree, and Staremberg, vainly imploring aid from the Duke of Lorraine, wrote him that not another instant could be lost if Vienna was to be saved. But so secure was the Turkish leader of his prize and the rich plunder that awaited him, that he refrained from assault, confidently expecting the city to capitulate, and never dreaming of interference from outside.

But in his flight and refuge Leopold had appealed for aid to the only man then living who was a terror to the Tartar, John Sobieski, King of Poland. Rich and powerful Austria begged this little monarchy to come to the rescue of the empire and the Christian world; and, at the head of 25,000 veteran troops, Sobieski started. He had to march nearly six hundred miles the winding way he came, but on the 5th of September he was crossing the bridge of Tuln, fifteen miles above Vienna. His

cavalry were superbly mounted, uniformed and equipped; his infantry were in rags and tatters. The people looked aghast at their poverty-stricken appearance, but Sobieski laughed it off. "Those fellows," said he, "have taken an oath to wear no clothes except those of the enemy. In the last war they were all dressed as Turks." And his hardy soldiers seemed to delight in the joke. On September 7th the army of Poland had joined that of Germany, and the united forces were now 74,000 strong. Four sovereigns were among the leaders—Sobieski of Poland, Maximilian of Bavaria, John George III. of Saxony, and Charles V., Duke of Lorraine. To the first-named was accorded the command-in-chief, for he was already recognized as the finest soldier then in the ranks of war. Sobieski lost no time in organizing his forces. He well knew the desperate condition of affairs in Vienna, and that he could not too soon appear before the walls to the relief of the suffering garrison. Two days were spent in assigning the various brigades and regiments to appropriate commanders, and in instructing his generals in the plan of operations. Then, on the 9th of September, the army pushed forward to force their way over the broken and rugged heights that intervened between them and Vienna, dragging their artillery with them. So difficult a task did this prove that the Germans gave it up and left their guns behind; but the Poles, better disciplined and far more determined, dragged theirs over rock and ravine, and, after two days' vehement exertion, succeeded, on the night of September 11th, in bringing twenty-eight guns to the brow of the heights overlooking the plain of Vienna; and these were all that Sobieski could count on for the assault of an army in position, that by this time amounted to nearly 200,000 men. The march had been most tortuous and difficult; the defiles were steep, crooked and narrow, and, had the grand vizier possessed the first elements of military science, he would have seized the passes, where a few hundred determined men could have beaten back thousands; but, in stupid over-confidence, he allowed them to come on, and, at dawn on the morning of the 12th of September, the army of Sobieski, then 70,000 strong, swept down upon him.

They had reached the crest of the Calemberg on the previous evening, and signalled their coming to the well-nigh exhausted defenders. Then, without delay, the general-in-chief set about the disposition for the morrow. To his own, the Polish army, was assigned the extreme right of the line, under the command of General Sublonowski. The troops of Bavaria and Saxony were posted on the left wing, under their own princes. The Austrians, under the Duke of Lorraine, occupied the centre; while a fourth corps, under the Prince of Waldeck, was extended well over to the left, to feel its way along the Danube and hasten into the city if the besiegers were driven back. Each division was formed in four lines, the reserves being massed behind the centre of each, and forming the fourth line. A redistribution of the guns was made, and they, with the infantry, were placed in the *front* line of the entire army. The cavalry were placed in the second line, with orders to move forward and occupy the intervals between the infantry brigades as soon as they got well down upon the plain.

Sobieski, from the heights of the Calemberg, had carefully reconnoitered the position of the Turks. "That vizier is an ignorant fellow," said he; "we shall beat him."

Two hours before dawn he and some of his principal officers attended religious services and partook of the holy sacrament. Then, at the first break of day, rolling their guns by hand before them, the allied troops slowly, steadily advanced. Almost at the same instant one-half the Turkish army began a vigorous assault on the walls of Vienna, the other half marched forward to meet Sobieski.

Close under the heights the ground was cut up into vineyards, ravines and ridges. The cavalry of the Turks, which had advanced with great spirit, were met by fierce discharges from the guns which they strove in vain to reach, and at length, thrown into confusion by the rapid fire and the broken nature of the ground, they broke and galloped back in much disorder. While they were being rallied, some of the Turkish generals led forward the infantry to the foot-hills, and then began to breast the heights against the slowly descending allies. All at once the

guns of Sobieski ceased their thunder, and with one accord the bristling lines of infantry marched out beyond them; then, with mighty shout, pikemen and musketeers came charging down the slopes at the irregular masses of the Turks. It was a dashing and impetuous assault: the Moslems could make no stand whatever against it. Back they went, through the ravines and vineyards, closely pressed by the cheering allies, and at last they were forced fairly and squarely out upon the open plain. Here Sobieski and his generals halted their men, rapidly aligned the battalions, opened well out to the right and left; while, in prompt obedience to their instructions, the glittering regiments of the cavalry came trotting down in their tracks, and rapidly ranging up into line in the intervals between the brigades. At the same time willing hands were at work on the guns, and by noon they were once again in position in front of the line of battle, ready to reopen their thunder. Thus far everything had gone admirably with the allies. Now they were to fight upon the level, and here the wild Turkish horsemen would have a better chance to show their mettle.

Meantime things had gone badly with Kara Mustapha. The grand assault on the walls had been repulsed with heavy loss. The besieged, animated by the sight of their coming comrades, fought with great valor and determination. Then he was dismayed by the ease with which his troops had been whipped back from the heights by the German infantry, and now, thoroughly alarmed, as he marked the gallant and spirited bearing of the Polish lancers as they rode up into line, their bright banneroles waving and flashing in the sunlight, he hastily sent orders to concentrate the entire army on the plain to face the allies, and, in much excitement, strove to establish his lines in effective order. The Pasha of Diarbeker was assigned to command his right wing; the Pasha of Buda the left. The vizier himself was in rear of the centre with the generals of the Janissaries and Spahis to assist and advise him. All the time his infidel hordes were keeping up a deafening chorus of shouts and yells. They distrusted their leader; had no respect for his ability, and, although in overwhelming force, were nervous and uneasy about

the safety of their camps in rear, where many of them had left the women and children of their families. And now the vizier committed an act of savage cruelty and vengeance. He had a large number of prisoners of all ages and conditions; some historians put the number at 30,000. He ordered his Tartars to put them all to death, and the inhuman mandate was as brutally carried out.

On the side of the allies all was disciplined silence. In perfect composure the lines were accurately dressed; the army enjoyed a brief resting spell; then at length Sobieski, sabre in hand, rode out to the front of the centre and gave the signal. Sudden as the flash of their own guns six splendid regiments of Polish cavalry leaped forward to the charge, and with bared sabres and quivering lances bore down on the very centre of the Turkish position. In vain footman, Janissary and Spahi braced themselves for the shock and struggled to hold their ground against them; these northern horsemen rode through or over everything and everybody, and, never drawing rein, overturned the very squadrons that surrounded and guarded the vizier himself. The Spahis rallied and fought bravely, but the vizier turned his back and fled for safety, followed by his great retinue of attendants and courtiers. The Janissaries then fought without their usual spirit. The Tartars broke and ran for the camp in search of such booty as they could lay hands on. In front of the camp the vizier once more attempted to rally and form his lines, but by this time the entire army of Sobieski was charging home upon them and the soldiers would rally for nobody, much less for a man who had set the example of luxury and effeminacy in camp, and cowardice in battle. By three o'clock in the afternoon the whole Mussulman army, abandoning its vast encampment, was in disorderly flight eastward down the valley of the Danube, pursued and sabred by the Polish cavalry. The siege of Vienna was raised in good earnest.

That night the army of Sobieski, advancing in disciplined order, bivouacked on the plain around the abandoned camp, while eager greetings passed between their officers and those of the brave defenders of the city. Vienna could not have held out another day, and knew it well.

Early on the 13th of September the rich camp of the Orientals was thrown open to the plunder of the soldiery. A horrible sight met their view in the vast number of dead, slain by order of the vizier on the previous day, and the corpses of Turkish women and children, butchered by husbands and fathers because they could neither take them with them in their flight, nor could they bear to leave them to the possible ill treatment of the conquerors. The amount of money and valuables left behind by Kara Mustapha in his panicky flight is simply incalculable. The Germans and Poles were made rich. King John Sobieski wrote to his wife: "The grand vizier has made me his heir, and I have found in his tents to the value of many millions of ducats."

And so, with very little loss of life among his army, Sobieski of Poland had saved the Empire of Austria. It was a crowning and decisive victory. The losses of the Turks were so great in life, treasure and military property that the lesson proved most salutary. They fell back to their own provinces in the East, and henceforth abandoned all attempts upon the Christian capitals and strongholds up the Danube.

Had Vienna been taken by the Turks it would perhaps have been held as Constantinople has been held. Its churches would have become pagan mosques, and the followers of Islam would have occupied the heart of a populous and wealthy country. Powerless to help himself, the emperor had called in Sobieski. Him the people of Vienna welcomed and honored as they would a deliverer from Heaven. Entering the city he was overwhelmed with their acclamations, praises and gratitude. He could barely force his horse along the streets. He was their deliverer—their hero. They forgot their own monarch who had abandoned them. They saw only Sobieski. Gallant Staremberg came to hail him as their preserver. The soldiers called him leader and liberator. He was the central figure of popular acclaim and enthusiasm. Poland had saved Austria. The first part of the old fable of the lion and the mouse had been enacted.

But there it ended. Once safe and restored to his capital, a haughty nod was the sole reward the emperor vouchsafed the

king, and, when dissension and strife over its elective monarchy arose in Poland soon after, three powerful and jealous neighbors took advantage of the snarl to pounce upon and divide up the little kingdom amongst them, and Austria, who owed her life to Poland, was the most rapacious and cruel of her plunderers. Poland, stifled and strangled by the hand she raised from the dust, is no longer a nation.



Bishop Kolonitsch. Count Stareberg. Sobieski. Elector of Saxony. Elector of Bavaria.

“THE GALLANT STAREMBERG CAME TO HAIL HIM AS THEIR PRESERVER.”

NARVA.

1700.



NDER Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden had become renowned as the most scientific *fighting* nation in Europe. The skill, discipline and valor of the Swedish troops were universally admitted to be superior to anything yet developed in Christendom. The descendants of Gustavus Vasa bade fair to increase the limits and power of the kingdom, but when he died at Lützen, the greater Gustavus left no son to take his throne. His daughter, prevailing upon the states of Sweden to elect her cousin, son of the Count Palatine, in her place, abdicated and went to live in Rome. Charles Gustavus X. proved a soldierly and ambitious ruler, but he too died young; his son Charles XI., a warrior like his predecessors, then came to the throne, married the daughter of the King of Denmark, and of this marriage there was born on the morning of June 17, 1682, the most extraordinary ruler yet accredited to Sweden, and one of the most brilliant, distinguished and extraordinary men the world ever saw. This was the soldier Charles XII.

The death of his parents, when he was a mere boy, left him for a time in the hands of guardians, but, when only fifteen years of age, the young prince demanded and received recognition as King of Sweden. Like the great Gustavus, he was an earnest student of history and of military works; a fine linguist and a fair scholar in other branches; but for all manner of bodily and athletic exercises he early manifested the strongest liking. He was an accomplished horseman before his tenth year, and had learned all the drill of the soldier. The hero of his boyish ad-

miration was Alexander the Great, whose career his own was to so strongly resemble.

Charles XII. was crowned King of Sweden on the 24th of December, 1697, being then sixteen years old. His kingdom embraced much that is now Russian territory east of the Baltic, and the most valuable portion of Pomerania and the duchies of Bremen and Verden. His army and navy, thanks to the care and wisdom of his father, were both in great discipline and efficiency, while the treasury of Sweden was far richer than it ever had been. With everything in his favor, therefore, Charles began his reign, but it would have been better for him and for Sweden could he have remained three years longer at his studies.

The moment he became ruler of Sweden and master of his own movements, King Charles threw aside books and maps and gave himself up to a life of exciting field-sports, and for nearly two years his time was spent in bear and boar hunting. He rarely appeared at the councils of his ministers, and when he did, it was only to sit cross-legged on the table, scowling at one after another as they spoke of matters of national importance which he did not understand. The ambassadors of foreign nations in their private letters reported him to be a man of mean capacity, and this opinion of him soon spread throughout Sweden. At this time he was fond of dress and high living, but for women he cared nothing at all. The one prominent characteristic which ought to have given his advisers an inkling of the strength of character that lay under this mask of laziness and indifference, seemed to have been almost unnoticed. His promise, his word, was better than a bond. From first to last Charles the Twelfth was the soul of integrity; and a liar, a cheat or a swindler he hated from his inmost soul.

Against this indolent young monarch, dreamily secure in his kingdom under the terms of the peace of Ryswick, three powerful neighbors combined in secret. First was his own cousin, Frederick IV., King of Denmark; the second was Augustus, King of Poland; the third, and by long odds the most powerful and dangerous, was Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia, then known as Muscovy.

The enmity of the first grew out of the hatred always existing between the Danes and Swedes, and a family quarrel springing from the indignities heaped by King Frederick upon the Duke of Holstein, brother-in-law to Charles of Sweden. The jealousy of the second, King Augustus of Poland (whose court was eclipsed in splendor only by that of Louis XIV. of France), was excited by the growing power and importance of Sweden, and was readily fanned into insidious hatred by the renegade Patkul, who had escaped a death sentence by flight, and was now taking refuge at the Polish court and doing all in his power to incite the king to war against the country from which he was exiled. The ready co-operation of the third, the great ruler of Russia, was easily secured. He was building up a noble empire of his own, had extended his dominions to the Sea of Azof on the southeast by victories over the Turks, and now he needed the lands on the shores of the Baltic which, though occupied by the very people who were closely allied by blood to his subjects, were held by Sweden. These three monarchs secretly formed their combination to ruin Charles XII. and rob his kingdom of all its possessions east and south of the Baltic.

The news reached the capital at Stockholm none too soon, and great was the consternation. There was not, at that moment, a general of any note or experience in the Swedish army, and the ministers were dismayed. The king was off boar-hunting when the tidings came to him that the Saxons (Augustus of Poland was also Elector of Saxony) had invaded his province of Livonia. Instantly he hurried to Stockholm, summoned his council, and arose before them to speak. They listened with amazement that rapidly gave way to respect. They saw in their king a new man, young, but strong and resolute.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am resolved never to begin an unjust war, nor ever to finish a just one but by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is fixed. I will attack the first that declares against me; and after having conquered him, I hope I shall be able to strike terror into the rest."

From that moment the whole character of the king seemed changed. He was now just eighteen years old. He abandoned

once and for all the garb of the court, and appeared in the rough service dress of the army, a dress that was his invariable costume from that time forth to his dying day. The long-skirted, single-breasted, snug-fitting frock-coat of coarse dark blue cloth, with rolling collar and copper buttons: not a star, not an "order," not an ornament upon breast or shoulder; huge jack-boots coming way above the knee, and gauntlets reaching almost to the elbow. These were now the features of the royal toilet. He had been fond of the pleasures of the table. Now he banished wine from his board and became an advocate of total abstinence, while his daily bread was ordered of the simplest, coarsest character. What was good enough for his soldiers was good enough for him. His constitution was robust, his frame tall, well-knit and hardened: he was in admirable physical trim for a sharp campaign, and with the histories of Alexander and Cæsar fresh in his memory, he placed himself at the head of his troops and launched out on his career as a soldier—a career that proved the wildest, strangest, most romantic and adventurous, perhaps the maddest, of any monarch ever known.

On the 8th of May, 1700, Charles XII. left his capital, Stockholm, to take the field. He never saw it again. In a few days more, leaping into the surf in his impatience, sword in hand, the young king landed on Danish soil and led his men against Copenhagen. "What noise is that?" he asked of Major Stuart, who was at his side. "It is the whistling of the enemy's bullets, Sire," was the answer. "Good!" said Charles; "*henceforth that shall be my music,*" and so it proved. In less than six weeks he had wrested a treaty of peace. The King of Denmark had been pounced upon and humbled before his allies could come to his aid.

And now the King of Poland with a formidable army was assailing Riga, capital of Livonia; and the Tsar of Muscovy, with 100,000 men, was marching westward to join his confederates. Riga was superbly defended by an old Swedish general, Count D'Alberg, and Augustus could accomplish nothing there, while the King of Sweden was left free to turn his entire attention to the coming host of Peter the Great.

On the first of October, 1700, the Muscovite army halted before Narva. This little town had been founded by Waldemar in the thirteenth century, and though lying only ninety-five miles west-southwest of St. Petersburg, was still a Swedish port, ten miles inland from the gulf. It was in bitter cold wintry weather, but both Sweden and Russia were accustomed to war at such seasons, and, despite the extreme inclemency of the weather, their movements went on.

Bitterly as the young King of Sweden felt against his kinsman, Frederick of Denmark, and exasperated as he was against Augustus of Poland, he regarded both as too small game for his arms; more than that, he was doubly incensed against the Tsar of Russia, for at the very moment when this monarch was plotting against him, with the Kings of Poland and Denmark, three ambassadors from St. Petersburg were still at Stockholm, "who had lately sworn to the renewal of an inviolable peace." Charles XII. was a man of his word, and duplicity aroused his intense ire. He absolutely passed by Augustus and his armies, after his phenomenal invasion and humiliation of Denmark. He was all eagerness to meet this renowned ruler of Russia, no matter how many men he might have, and teach him a lesson—and he did it. Unfortunately for himself and for Sweden, he did it with such ease that from that time forth he had no just conception of the power and resources of his rival, and the startling victory he won at Narva was the absolute introduction to his subsequent reverses.

Peter the Great, who had learned shipbuilding in Holland and England as an apprentice, who had fathered all the arts of peace introduced in Russia at this time, and who had enjoyed but little opportunity of studying the arts of war, now found himself in the field with a large army of untrained, but most docile and obedient Russian soldiers. Placing a German officer, the Duke de Croi, in chief command, he himself served with the rank of lieutenant, saying that he wished to learn that profession as he had his trade, practically. Nevertheless he had learned in his travels far more than his nobles knew, and it was he who superintended the laying out of the camp around Narva, the digging

of the trenches, and the establishment of field fortifications to defend them from assault from without, which he felt sure would soon come. None of the Russian officers had any practical knowledge of the art of war as now practiced in western Europe. The only instructed regiments were those commanded by German officers, who had been bought into the service by Peter the Great. The rest of the vast army, according to Voltaire, were "barbarians, forced from their forests, and covered with the skins of wild beasts; some armed with arrows, and others with clubs. Few of them had fuses; none of them had ever seen a regular siege; and there was not one good cannoneer in the entire army."

Peter the Great is said to have had one hundred and fifty guns in the trenches against Narva and never to have made a breach; while from the rude and hastily improvised fortifications of the little city there came such an accurate and death-dealing fire from the guns, that whole ranks were mowed down. Baron de Hoorn, the commandant of Narva, had not one thousand Swedish regulars; yet the Russians hammered away at him for ten weeks and never gained a point.

On November 5th the tsar learned that the King of Sweden had sailed across the Baltic with two hundred transports; had landed, and, with less than twenty thousand men, was marching to the relief of Narva. Peter had then eighty thousand in the trenches; but he knew the relative merits of the two armies; he knew that only by an overwhelming force could he hope to beat such troops as those of Sweden, and he ordered that another corps of 30,000 men, then at Pleskow, should come to him with all haste. Then he did a thing that in any one but Peter the Great might have been misunderstood. He left his army in charge of de Croi, and he himself went to hasten the march of the 30,000, hoping to surround and hem in the King of Sweden.

The latter had landed at Pernau, on the Gulf of Riga, and, with 4,000 horse and only 4,000 infantry—all who could keep up with him—he had made a rapid march to Revel. In order to meet and check him, the Russian commander resorted to the following odd disposition of his force: The main body remained

in the trenches besieging Narva; but some 30,000 troops were planted across the Revel road, about three miles west of Narva. A mile farther to the west 20,000 were posted across the path; and still farther out, towards the coming Swedes, was an advanced guard of 5,000 men.

It was with only 8,000 soldiers that Charles XII. suddenly appeared before this outpost. He attacked without an instant's delay, and with such force and impetuosity, that the Russians ran in terror and confusion. They came flocking down the road and across the fields toward the second line in such dismay and disorder, that the officers of the 20,000 post were certain that an overpowering force of Swedes must be at their backs, and gave the order to retire. Orderly at first, this retreat speedily became a mad rush for the rear. Twenty-five thousand men ran like sheep before eight thousand, and by far the greater number had not even seen the pursuers. Not until safe within their intrenchments did the Russians halt, and at last, having overthrown line after line, post after post, the Swedish army drew up, breathless and tired out, in front of an enemy ten times its strength.

The situation was enough to "demoralize" an old soldier, but it seemed only to inspire this young warrior. "My eight thousand Swedes," said he, "can drive a hundred thousand Russians," and, never heeding the "croaking" of one or two of his generals, Charles ordered the instant attack of the Russians. It was perhaps the best thing to be done under the circumstances. They had not had time to discover his numerical weakness; they were all in confusion and disorder. He could gain little or nothing by delay; they could gain everything. "With the aid of God," was his watchword, as just at noon on the 30th of November, 1700, Charles of Sweden dared to attack an army in position, intrenched and having one hundred and fifty cannon, when he had but that handful—eight thousand men.

For a few moments his light guns blazed away at the Russian intrenchments; then, with a blinding snow-storm at their backs and greatly aiding them, by concealing their lack of supports, with fixed bayonets the Swedish infantry rushed in, Charles himself leading and directing the attack against the

right of the Muscovite line, where he hoped to find his enemy, the tsar, and measure swords with him. But Peter was far away from the field, and all ignorant of the lesson his troops were learning at such cost. Early in the attack a spent bullet struck the King of Sweden, but lodged in the folds of his heavy black neck-cloth and did no harm. Then his horse fell dead under him; he leaped upon another, saying, laughingly, "These fellows make me go through my exercise," then, with drawn sword, dashed in to the extreme front. For half an hour, perhaps, the Russians stood firm against this first attack, then broke and ran back in confusion upon their reserves, and it was found impossible to rally them. For two hours longer the lines were defended against the Swedes, but the king rode to and fro urging his men with such fiery impetuosity, that they were nerved to unusual exertions, and at last, seeing conclusive indications that the Russians were breaking, he led forward his slender but disciplined line in gallant assault, and in another moment the Swedish infantry were swarming over the works. Then Charles placed himself at the head of his horsemen and rode in, charging the reserves, sabring the fugitives. This proved too much for the Russian right; it broke in utter consternation and fled for the bridge crossing the river Narva, closely pursued by the dragoons. The bridge broke under its weight of crowding fugitives and let them down into the stream, where many were drowned; but a large number, cut off from escape, took refuge among the nearest buildings, and, under direction of their officers, strove to resume the defensive; but the king's dragoons were among them in an instant; three prominent generals, Dolgorouky, Goloffkin and Federowitz, finding themselves surrounded and cut off, and learning that the king himself was heading their assailants, asked to be led before him, and there laid their swords at his feet. No sooner was this done than Duke de Croi, believing the Swedes to be in great force, and finding that his undisciplined soldiers would stand no longer, came forward and surrendered, causing 30,000 men to lay down their arms.

These distinguished officers in their humiliation and defeat

expected to be treated with harshness by the Swedish king. On the contrary, he received them with quiet courtesy, directed his officers to entertain them as guests, gave immediate orders that the subalterns and the rank and file should be shipped across the Narva and set free. In this way he had managed, by nightfall, to rid himself of some 40,000 enemies.

During this eventful day of November 30th, therefore, the young King of Sweden had terribly beaten an army in position, and had sustained a loss of only six hundred men; while in the defence of their trenches the Muscovites had lost eight thousand. Many more had been drowned in attempting to escape over the bridge of the Narva; but there was still, standing at bay, a force of 30,000 men under General Wade, and, if they only knew it, it was in their power to annihilate the little army of Sweden. But King Charles rapidly gathered in the abandoned artillery in the trenches, and strengthened the position he had taken between the camp and the city; then calmly lay down on the ground for a few hours sleep, intending at daybreak to fall upon Wade and complete his work; but, at two o'clock in the morning, there came a messenger from that general. He had heard of the courtesy and kindness with which his brother-officers had been treated; he saw no hope of holding out until the tsar could come to his relief, and he begged for himself the same terms that had been accorded his comrades-in-arms. Awakened from his sleep the king received the message. "Tell him," said he, "to march forward at dawn and cause his command to lay down their arms and colors, and I will listen to him." Then he resumed his nap. But at daybreak he and his men were in readiness, and, in the bitter wintry morning of December 1st, thirty thousand Russian soldiers, officers and men, bareheaded, as they conceived to be their proper mien, and with humiliation mingled with gratitude, laid down their arms, their flags, their swords before the body-guards of the King of Sweden. The subalterns and men were instantly marched off across the Narva, leaving their officers and leaders behind, and in this extraordinary manner had Charles XII. defeated, disarmed and dismayed an army that could have swept him out of existence had it realized its power.

Narva was a glory to Sweden. The people went wild over the wonderful achievement of their young king and their brave army. They naturally supposed that such a victory was only a prelude to conquests more glorious; but the real results of Narva were the very opposite. To Russia it was a blessing in disguise. The great tsar quickly saw that he must learn, then teach his people, the art of war; and he lost not a moment. As for Charles XII., this, his greatest triumph, was his worst defeat. It undermined his judgment and made his subsequent career simply madness. Let us follow him to Pultowa.



CHARLES XII. RELIEVING NARVA.

PULTOWA.

1709.



ALL Europe was amazed at the victory of Charles XII. at Narva. The man who took the most practical and philosophical view of the matter was Peter the Great. "These Swedes," said he, "will teach us to fight," and, wisely determining to avoid meeting his confident young adversary in the field, until his army was in condition to make its numbers felt, the Tsar of Russia busied himself in reorganizing and instructing his land forces. For this purpose he induced many German officers to come to Russia as instructors and drill-masters. He entered into a new league with the King of Poland, by the terms of which it was agreed that 50,000 Saxon and German soldiers should be sent to Russia to serve in the pay of the tsar, while 50,000 Muscovites were to be drafted into the Polish army to learn there the art of war. The King of Sweden lost no time in breaking up this arrangement, which, had it been carried out, would have been fatal to his interests; but he could not interfere with the system of instruction and improvement that was at once begun throughout the Russian army.

Particular attention was paid to the artillery and cavalry. Churches were required to give up their bells to furnish the necessary gun-metal, foundries were built, and guns of excellent model and workmanship were speedily turned out. Peter organized regiments of dragoons, soldiers taught to fight either mounted or afoot, and his hardy peasantry, with their little Cossack horses, made capital material for this particular branch of

the cavalry arm. He established the Russian hussars, modeled after those of Poland, the most dashing and brilliant light cavalry of Europe, superbly mounted and equipped; and his infantry were now constantly schooled in the manœuvres and tactics of the German armies. From the day of Narva, Peter the Great was bending all his energies to the task of putting a stop to the victorious career of Charles XII.

The latter had now launched out upon a campaign of conquest, that had for its first object the dethronement of Augustus, King of Poland. He appeared before Riga in the early spring, crossed the Duna in the face of the Saxon army, whom he defeated in a spirited battle, drove them before him through Lithuania, where town after town surrendered as he came, and marched triumphantly into Birsen, where Peter and Augustus had made their last league only a few months before. The King of Poland summoned his nobles to meet at Warsaw and decide the future policy of the kingdom; and so great was the awe inspired by the victories of Charles that they refused the king the support he needed, compelled him to abandon his league with Russia, and broke up in disorder in February, 1702, leaving matters in a worse state than they were before.

Then, in his desperation, Augustus resorted to another expedient. Augusta von Königsmark, reputed to be the most beautiful and brilliant woman in Europe, was his mistress; and such was his confidence, and her own, in her powers of fascination, that it was determined between them that she should go to Lithuania, and see what feminine wiles could accomplish with the conqueror. She went—and returned discomfited. The young king refused to look at or speak to her; and the next news received of him was, that he was marching on Warsaw, which he entered May 5th, 1702; and Augustus, finding himself forced to fight for his kingdom, rallied his Saxon troops and met the army of Sweden at Clissau, on the 13th of July. He had 24,000; Charles had only half that number; but again the latter carried all before him, completely overthrew the Saxons, and pursued Augustus to Cracow. That winter he was master of all Poland; and, on the 12th of July, 1703, the king was de-

throned and young Stanislaus Leczinsky chosen in his stead. Augustus managed to raise an army and give some further trouble; but the King of Sweden pursued and fought the Saxons with relentless vigor. Stanislaus was duly crowned in October, 1705, but meantime Peter the Great had marched upon and captured Narva, and Charles XII., who was having everything his own way in Poland, found that Russia was robbing him of his provinces east of the Baltic. Determined to complete the ruin of Augustus, however, he let Narva go and pushed on, and, to the consternation of all Germany, now invaded Saxony. It was then that he committed his blackest deed of cruelty, and a violation of the laws of nations, that has forever sullied his fair fame. Augustus yielded up to him the person of John Reinold Patkul, the ambassador of Russia, but formerly a Swedish subject, who had been accused of high treason, and the unfortunate man was condemned by Charles to a terrible death, that of being broken on the wheel. All Europe shuddered at the merciless revenge of the Swedish king, and, had not England, Holland and Germany been at that moment engaged in a fierce war with France, it is probable that the loud complaints of the tsar against Charles would have brought down rebuke, if not punishment, on his head. But Sweden was winning new victories all the time, and the western powers had too much trouble of their own to care to become entangled with so vehement and vigorous a fighter as the young Norseland king. Indeed, it was at this very time that England sent her most accomplished general, courtier and *diplomat*, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, with instructions to visit Charles XII. at his camp at Altranstad, and secure for Queen Anne the assurance that Sweden would not take up the cause of France. Charles had already given his word, in 1700, that he would not interfere in the quarrel between Louis XIV. and the allies; but Marlborough was incapable of understanding that any man, much less a monarch, could or should abide by a promise when it led to a sacrifice of his own power or interest. He went back to England in complete confidence that he had found a man who meant what he said, and with the conviction that so far from interfering in the affairs

of Western Europe, the end and aim of Charles' ambition was now the dethronement of Peter the Great.

And so it was. The unbroken series of victories that had attended him caused the King of Sweden to believe that within a year he could conquer Russia, and then return and become the arbiter of European affairs. So confident was he that he was predestined to be a second Alexander the Great, that at this period he sent officers into Asia and Egypt on secret expeditions to examine into the condition of the armies and fortifications. He was dreaming of the conquest of the world.

And now, in September, 1707, with a veteran army of 43,000 men, every regiment filled to its maximum, Charles XII. marched eastward from Saxony, bent on the overthrow of Peter the Great. In Poland, Count Loewenhaupt was awaiting him with 20,000 more men, and in Finland there were 15,000 subject to his call. He had not a doubt of victory.

But his advance was slow. It was mid-winter when he crossed the Niemen, and not until June, 1708, did he reach the Beresina, and not one action of importance had occurred. Now, however, came the battle of Holofzin. Twenty thousand Muscovites were intrenched behind a morass and a rapid river; Charles waded through the stream with the water up to his neck, and leading alternately his cavalry and infantry, attacked them in their chosen position and whipped them out of it—a gallant and desperate fight—and it seemed as though nothing could withstand him. By this time the tsar had given up all idea of defending his frontiers, and was rapidly retiring towards Moscow. On September 22d the Swedes again won a spirited combat at Smolensko, on the Dnieper; and now Moscow lay only two hundred miles away.

By this time his army was short of supplies, and his generals ventured to urge the king to wait for Loewenhaupt, who, with 20,000 men and abundant provisions and ammunition, was hastening after him. But Charles seemed incapable of realizing the possibility of defeat or danger. He not only rejected all counsel but, to the utter consternation of his army, now turned southward, abandoning the high road to Moscow, and marching into

the heart of the wild, inhospitable and uncultivated regions known as the Ukraine, whither he was led by the persuasions of that Mazeppa, then Prince of the Cossacks, whose wonderful experiences as a young man have formed the theme of so much romance. Mazeppa promised to join Charles with 30,000 men and aid him in the conquest of Russia, and they were to meet on the river Desna. But now the once hardy Swedish soldiers were dying by scores from cold and hunger, the horses of the artillery dropped exhausted in their tracks, and dozens of guns had to be abandoned; the army lost its way in the dense marshy forests, and a march that should have occupied only four days was strung out to twelve. They were at the very point of starvation when they arrived at the rendezvous on the Desna, and found Mazeppa had failed them. Now misfortunes crowded upon them thick and fast. Loewenhaupt, with his priceless convoy of wagons, was surrounded and cut off by the tsar himself with an overwhelming force. He managed to cut his way through with 5,000 men, and eventually to join his king, but everything else was lost, and the emaciated army of Sweden was now in a terrible plight. But the courage and obstinacy of the king seemed indomitable. He marched on, even though it was December, and on one day 2,000 soldiers, it is said, "fell dead with cold before his eyes."

At the earliest break of spring, with but the skeleton of his once powerful army, with a mere 18,000 ragged and famishing men, the mad young monarch resumed his eastward march, and, towards the end of May, arrived before the walls of Pultowa, a little city on the river Vorskla, at the eastern end of the Ukraine. A large magazine and supply depot had here been established by the tsar, and could Charles succeed in taking it, not only would he be able to equip and feed his men, but the way to Moscow would be open. With blind infatuation he resolved upon the attempt though the garrison was 5,000 strong. Prince Menzikoff, with a formidable body of Cossack cavalry, was hovering about his flanks, and Peter the Great with a large army was hastening to the rescue. The lucky star of Sweden was setting in fire and blood.

On May 27th the tsar with 70,000 men was only a few miles away. Charles rode forward to reconnoitre them; his escort had a sharp skirmish with their advance, and as he was retiring towards camp a carbine bullet struck him in the heel, shattering the bone. For six hours he continued in the saddle giving no sign of his painful injury, until an aide noticed the blood dripping from his boot. Then the surgeons were summoned, and the knife had to be employed in dressing and cleansing the ghastly wound; but he bore the severe operation with marvellous calm, he himself holding the injured leg, and, while the surgeons worked, giving his instructions for the assault on the morrow. It was the evening of July 7th, and the tidings that the tsar's entire army was advancing upon him determined him to meet him in battle at daybreak.

And now, early on the morning of the 8th of July, the two rival monarchs confronted each other. Charles of Sweden, with his record of nine years of unbroken victory, was unable to mount his horse; his men were weak and dispirited; all were weighted down by the consciousness of their isolation hundreds of miles from home, surrounded, cut off, hemmed in by merciless foes—all were depressed but their indomitable king. Carried in a litter he made his appearance at their head, determined to lead them to the attack.

With four iron field-pieces, 16,000 regulars, and perhaps 5,000 local allies, the King of Sweden marched from his camp south of Pultowa against that of the tsar, who had crossed the river three miles west of the town and strongly intrenched his camp. The river here runs nearly eastward and sweeps along under the northern walls of the town. The Swedish army deployed facing north at earliest dawn, and was promptly met by the great array of Muscovy. Far over to the southeast, where the baggage, the unhorsed artillery and the scant supplies of Sweden were parked under a strong guard, anxious eyes watched the doubtful issues of the day.

All had not been harmony among the generals of Sweden. Renschild, the field-marshal, who was the most skillful and accomplished soldier serving under Charles, cordially disliked

Count Piper, the king's minister and confidant, and no love was lost between him and Loewenhaupt. The old unanimity was gone. Yet in the desperate strait in which they found themselves, all the generals strove to encourage and animate the younger officers and the rank and file by recalling in spirited speeches the easy victory of Narva, and the king himself, borne in his litter at the extreme front, spoke cheerfully and confidently to all.

Just at half-past four in the morning the Swedish cavalry under Slipenbak came in sight of the squadrons of Russian dragoons drawn up to the west of the main camp. Strong redoubts, lined with field-guns, were already thrown up along their front, and with every moment the intrenchments grew stronger. There was not a moment to lose. The king gave the signal, "Charge and strike hard," and, with all their old fire and enthusiasm, the cuirassiers of Sweden thundered across the plain and dashed pell-mell among the Muscovites. In the vigor and fury of this first attack lay all the success of the day. Though far outnumbering their opponents, the dragoons of Russia could not face such headlong impetuosity. The squadrons reeled, broke and ran, and Charles of Sweden exultingly shouted victory. He saw it in his grasp. At midnight he had sent General Creutz with 5,000 dragoons by a wide detour to get around the right (west) flank of the Russian lines, and with orders to charge in force the moment the attack began in front. Now was the time for Creutz and his dragoons to make their appearance. But he never came. In the darkness of the night he had missed the way, and now at the instant when he was most needed Creutz was far away to the west.

The tsar himself galloped among his cavalry, and with vehement voice and gesture checked their disorder and re-established their lines. Menzikoff, their general, though having three horses killed under him, straightened out his squadrons and led them in for a counter attack. The Swedish horse were much broken by this time. The shock and inertia of the charge were gone and they were borne backward by the weight of foes, and their general, Slipenbak, was taken prisoner. At this moment, too, seventy guns in the intrenchments belched their deadly missiles

into the retiring ranks, and horses and riders were rolled in agony over the plain. All was over with the cuirassiers, who had fought so superbly for Sweden in so many spirited combats. And then, leaping over their intrenchments, 30,000 Russian infantry swarmed down upon the slender ranks of the Swedish foot. Charles saw that he could not risk a general engagement at that point until his cavalry was rallied and placed in position. Slowly therefore his lines fell back, keeping a steady front to the foe, and the king despatched messengers to hurry forward the reserves and the guards left with the camp and baggage. It was now too evident that every man would be needed. The Russian army was no longer the disorderly, undisciplined mob he had chased like sheep at Narva. Already had Peter's efforts prevailed. Already had Sweden taught Russia how to fight.

Only too well: for here with a brilliant stroke of genius General Menzikoff was sent around the Swedish right flank at the head of a strong division of Russian cavalry. Peter served during the battle as major-general, apparently acting under the orders of General Sheremeto, but as emperor he rode everywhere and was beyond question the leader of the day. It was he who gave Menzikoff his orders, and thus interposed nearly 8,000 men between the Swedish right and their camp south of Pultowa. The reserves and camp-guards hastened forward to join Charles as ordered, but were pounced upon, surrounded and cut to pieces by Menzikoff, and now with Creutz and his 5,000 dragoons lost, no one could tell where, his reserve cut to pieces, Charles XII. found himself out on the open plain with only about 18,000 available men and four small guns, confronting and hemmed in by 70,000 with seventy cannon. And still he would not yield, would not despair. Quickly forming his infantry in two lines, with his remaining cavalry on the flanks, he prepared to resist the coming attack.

At nine o'clock the battle was resumed, a general cannonade from the Russian lines being the signal. Almost the first shot killed the horses of Charles' litter. Others were put in. Then a second shot struck the litter itself, knocking it into

kindling wood and hurling the wounded king with violence to the ground. Still he staggered to his feet, a rude litter carried by men was improvised, and in this he lay cheering and encouraging his soldiers, urging them to stand fast against the now advancing Russian lines, and never noting how his bearers, man after man, were being struck down by the bullets whose whistling was the music his mad soul loved. Twenty-one soldiers, one after another, were killed while carrying their monarch on that terrible morning, yet nothing seemed to strike him. All his efforts, all his bravery were vain. Mowed down by the incessant discharges of the Russian guns, swept by the fire of Russian musketry, the Swedes were being slowly annihilated, and, at last, as the enemy advanced in rapid charge, the first line reeled back upon the second, and the second gave way. In ten minutes more the remnant of the grand army of Sweden, that eight years before was the most disciplined and courageous of Europe, was in full flight. Prince Wirtemberg, gallant Renschild and other officers of note, striving to rally their men, were captured by the enemy. Menzikoff stormed the well-nigh defenceless camp. Count Piper and the officers of the court were taken prisoners, and east and west, right and left over the sterile plain of Pultowa, Russia was reaping rich vengeance for the disgrace of Narva.

The king raged, stormed, scorned to fly, but General Poniatowski caused him to be lifted on a horse, and with a small escort, despite his struggles and protestations, led him from the field. All was over with the army of Sweden. Never was victory more decisive. With only five hundred followers, Charles XII. fled towards the Dnieper.

Of the immediate results of the victory of Peter the Great at Pultowa, history tells that all the artillery, baggage, camp-equipment "and six millions in specie" fell into the hands of the victors. Nine thousand Swedes, Cossack allies included, were killed—six thousand Swedes with all their prominent generals were captured. The shattered divisions that escaped under Loewenhaupt were pursued to the Boristhenes (Dnieper), where hundreds were drowned in attempting to cross; the others were all taken

prisoners, and Charles himself, now delirious with fever from his wound, was hurried away towards Turkey by Poniatowski and Mazeppa, and safely borne across the frontier.

But his army was ruined and the cause of Sweden with it. From that time on he seems to have lost any mental balance he ever possessed. Five years were spent in Turkey in efforts to induce the sultan to place him at the head of an immense army with which to effect the conquest of Russia. Then came his marvellous ride in disguise across Europe to Stralsund on the Baltic, his final return to his kingdom, the immediate attack on Norway, and his death-blow before Frederickshall on St. Andrew's Day, December 11, 1718. A half-pound shot put an end to his adventurous life in his thirty-seventh year. He had reached the acme of prosperity—the depths of adversity. He had seen all Europe trembling before him, and had starved in darkness and disguise through cities which he had conquered but a short time before. Brave to rashness, firm to obstinacy, *fatalist* to madness, he was the author of his own downfall, and never could be brought to realize it. His was a career to be looked upon with wonder—perhaps admiration, but not to be held up for example.

Had he been successful at Pultowa, which could hardly have been possible, his march on Moscow would have been unimpeded, and Russia would have been at his feet; but his overthrow led to consequences simply incalculable. Rid of his nearest, most dangerous and most implacable enemy, Peter the Great was now at leisure to build up and extend his great empire. He made Russia the centre of trade between Asia and Europe. He built great military roads and navigable canals. He founded cities and raised noble public buildings. He extended his realm to include and control the ports of the Baltic and the Black Seas. He called to his empire men of learning and science from all over Christendom. He raised Russia from a howling wilderness to the rank of the greatest empire in Europe. "The Star of the North" had risen at Pultowa.

BLENHEIM.

1704.



AT the very time when Charles XII. was overthrowing kings and armies in Poland, Saxony and Russia, a great war broke out in Western Europe. Louis XIV., the most illustrious monarch that had worn the crown of France since the days when Charlemagne was building up his empire—Louis XIV., “Le Grand Monarque,” as his people delighted to call him, was in the hey-day of his pride. Slowly but surely he had been extending the limits of his kingdom for nearly forty years, and now his power was so great that the rival states of Western Europe began to look with alarm upon his increasing accessions. His was a strong and rich government. “Ships, colonies and commerce” were supplied by his energy and statesmanship. His was a strong and rich country, compact, united, easily defensible, and under his reign, Turenne, Condé and Villars led the armies of France to invariable victory, and the genius of the great Vauban fortified her frontiers with permanent works that were unequalled on the face of the earth. It was a glorious epoch in the history of the gallant nation; and now, emboldened by a long career of triumph, Louis XIV. decided on the step which turned the tide and arrayed all Western Europe against him.

Charles II., King of Spain, was slowly dying, and without an heir. Louis XIV. determined to secure for the Bourbons the throne of Spain as well as that of France, on which they now had so firm a hold. The combination of the two kingdoms under one monarch would have made an empire so formidable

as to instantly threaten the interests of all other thrones in Europe. Austria had long held a controlling interest in Spanish affairs, and she was the first to take alarm.

Louis XIV., when he married the Infanta of Spain, in 1659, formally renounced all right of succession to the Spanish throne. Now, through his influence, the dying Charles named Philip, Duke of Anjou, and grandson of Louis XIV., his successor; and, although the King of France well knew that a general war would be the result, the instant the death of Charles was announced, he sent his grandson in all haste to Spain as its king—Philip V.

William III. was on the throne of England; and while Austria fumed and blustered over the daring aggression of France, England went to work with stern, set purpose. A powerful league, soon known as "The Grand Alliance," was formed under the guidance of William against the House of Bourbon; and Austria, Holland, England, many of the German principalities, and presently Portugal, Savoy and Denmark joined forces with the avowed object of compelling France to release her hold on Spain. The death of King William, in 1702 (March 8th), delayed matters but little. Queen Anne promptly "ratified" the action of her illustrious predecessor, and war against Louis XIV. was formally declared, and the greatest soldier of his day, the most brilliant, successful and superb conqueror and courtier England had yet known, stepped forward as commander-in-chief of the allied armies in the field.

John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was born June 24th, 1650. He had neither wealth, power nor education when he became a page of the royal Duke of York, but secured his first advancement, a commission in the guards, when just sixteen. A captain at twenty-two, he served in the Netherlands under the eye of that master of the art of war, Turenne, and won his unqualified praise by courage, brilliancy and dash. A handsome person, wonderful address, and the admiration and worship of influential women did the rest. He came back to England a colonel, became a baron and general under James II., to whom he professed undying loyalty, and whom he abandoned without

the faintest scruple on the landing of William of Orange; and though this latter honest and truth-loving gentleman must have despised the turn-coat in his heart, he had use for his martial ability, sent him into Ireland as Earl of Marlborough, to reduce that turbulent populace to subjection, and then gave him chief command in the Netherlands, where he did splendid service in the field, and was speedily detected in treasonable acts in the cabinet, which led to his arrest and confinement in the Tower of London. But the outbreak of the great war of the Spanish succession called him again to the front. His wife, Sarah Jennings that was, had unlimited influence from her earliest girlhood over Queen Anne, and secured his restoration to the chief command. Godolphin, the prime minister, was his son-in-law, and Lord Marlborough, through these two, virtually ruled his queen. He went forth to fight the battles of England, beyond all question, at home and abroad, her most powerful and influential noble.

In 1702 Marlborough drove the French out of Guelders, and Queen Anne made him Duke of Marlborough, the highest rank he could hope to attain; and in 1703 he hastened to the support of Austria, joining his brilliant coadjutor, Prince Eugene of Savoy. In June, 1704, he stormed the French and Bavarian position at Donauwerth, and on August 13th fought and won his most brilliant and magnificent battle—Blenheim.

His long and admirably-conducted march, from Flanders up the Rhine, and then eastward towards Austria, has been the theme of many a military writer for years past, but space will limit us to the great battles fought under his leadership, and of these Blenheim was by long odds the most decisive.

Some thirty miles northeastward of the strong fortress of Ulm, the river Danube strikes on its left bank a range of rocky and precipitous heights, that begin just north of the twin-villages of Lauingen and Dillingen, and end with the cliffs of the Schallenberg at Donauwerth, fifteen miles farther on. The southeast or right bank is all flat and uninteresting along here, but the other side is dotted with numbers of pretty, home-like little country towns, and intersected by numerous rapid and sparkling

streams that rise among the bold hills to the northwest and come tumbling down to join the Danube. The great high road from Ulm to Donauwerth stretches along parallel to the general direction of the river, and is sometimes crowded close to its left bank by the heights. After leaving Dillingen it runs through Hochstadt, Schweringen and Dapfheim, and crosses seven streams in less than ten miles. Just north of Hochstadt are two, whose banks are mere marshes. Three miles farther on, issuing from a deep valley among the heights, is another whose banks are steep and sudden; this is the little Nebel. It is only twelve feet broad at its mouth; with a good jumping-pole almost any school-boy could, in places, leap from one bank to the other; but it was a troublesome stream to cross on the 13th of August, 1704. The high road spans it a mile west of its junction with the Danube. Between the bridge and the broad river were then two old stone mills run by water power; beyond them, nearer the Danube, in the angle between it and the Nebel, was a little country town with snug houses built of stone, and the low ridge on which they huddled together was criss-crossed with stone fences and breast-high walls. That insignificant town gave its name to one of the most renowned and glorious victories in the annals of war. England went wild over it, as well she might, for at Blenheim the Britons rose to the first rank among the military powers of Europe.

There are other little villages on both banks of the Nebel, well up into the gorge where it rises. They are only a mile or two apart, for the country is populous and thickly settled. Facing northeast, we have Blenheim on our right, near the Danube; Oberglauh in front of us and to the left of the high road, and Lutzingen up among the hills still farther to our left hand. Here, on the southwest bank of the Nebel, on the 12th of August, 1704, the army of France was leisurely going into camp along in the afternoon. In two long lines its tents were pitched from Blenheim up beyond Lutzingen, parallel to the stream and nearly a mile behind it. Fine soldiers had Marshal Tallard with him there—men who had fought under the banners of Louis XIV. all over Western Europe, and generally with great

success. Three distinguished generals were to head the allied forces of France and Bavaria in the coming fight. At least estimate their army consisted of 56,000 men, divided into the corps of Tallard, about 22,000 strong; that of Marshal Marsin, 26,000, and that of the Elector of Bavaria, which is estimated at from 8,000 to 12,000 men. Fifty-six guns were distributed among the three corps, and when going into camp, the first corps was on the right towards Blenheim; the second (Marsin), from the high road to Oberglauch, in the centre; the third, Bavarian, on the extreme left. A stronger position was not to be found anywhere in that part of Germany. The Danube, unfordable everywhere for miles, and bridged only at Dillingen and Donauwerth, protected their right flank; the rugged, precipitous heights amply secured their left against attack, and in front was the Nebel with its steep banks, yet boggy, miry shores. Tallard, seeing his horsemen getting in up to their horses' bellies in mud and mire while trying to water them, concluded that between Oberglauch and the mills, that little stream would prove an effective barrier against cavalry attack, and gave himself no further anxiety on that score. But, even while going into camp that August afternoon, his light horse, scouting out towards Schwering, on the high road, ran slap into the British advance-guard. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were coming up the valley in search of him.

From the moment of their first interview at Mondelsheim in June of that eventful year, these two great soldiers whose names are linked with such a career of victory, Marlborough and Eugene, had conceived for each other an almost romantic regard and admiration. Each seemed at a glance to discover the high spirit and soldierly ability of the other. It was as though they had been made to fight as allies, so complete and uninterrupted was the understanding between them, so admirably did they support and strengthen each other. At the outset they had been much hampered by the presence and interference of the margrave, Prince Louis of Baden, but this pompous and fussy old soldier had been induced to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt, thus leaving his spirited colleagues to their own devices. They

had united their commands by brilliant manœuvring only a few days before, and now, in high hope and spirits, were marching rapidly up the Danube in search of the Frenchmen. From the church tower at Dapfheim, on the afternoon of August 13th, they could see, five miles away, the long lines of tents across the Nebel, and their resolution was taken at once. Strong as was the position of Tallard, it was best to attack him before he could make it stronger. A Prussian general who had been long familiar with the ground, and some of Lord Marlborough's own officers, seeing from the preparations that an immediate assault was contemplated, ventured to dissuade him. The French were certainly 4,000, perhaps 8,000, more numerous, and had the choice of position; but the two generals had discussed the whole matter and made up their minds. It was "now or never," for, with Villeroy and his army advancing to the support of Tallard, with the certainty of his fortifying the line of the Nebel if he were given any time at all, it was evident that they must strike, and strike at once.

"I know the danger," said Lord Marlborough, "yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages."

This ended all objections. Orders were issued that evening for a general engagement, and they were received with an enthusiasm which justified Lord Marlborough's confidence. His army was encamped along the line of the Kessel, another of the little streams coming down from the heights. Prince Eugene with his 16,000 was on the extreme right and well up among the hills, but such hours of the early night of the 12th-13th that the English general did not devote to needed rest and to an earnest interview with his chaplain, he gave to confidential talk with his colleague, planning the details of a battle so soon to be fought—a battle "which appeared to involve the fate of the Christian world."

At two o'clock on the morning of August 13th the army of the confederates was called to arms, tents were left standing, baggage packed, and at three, marching through the darkness

in parallel columns, infantry, cavalry and the light guns, they forded the Kessel, crowded through the narrow defile at Dapfheim, and, just as day began to break, they came in sight of the advanced posts of the French, who fell back before them. A slight haze had settled on the valley. The French pickets scurrying back to the Nebel were severely rebuked by the generals, who were aroused by their report. France had made up her mind that the instant the confederates heard of her army advancing down the Danube they would fall back on Nordlingen. Marshal Tallard would not believe it possible that they could have the temerity to come forward and meet him. It could be nothing but a scouting party of cavalry, said he; but at seven o'clock the fog lifted, and there, before his astonished eyes, was the army of Marlborough already deploying on the high ground northeast of the Nebel, and the columns of Prince Eugene marching up the narrow valley of the little stream and forming a continuation of the line. Instantly the Frenchman realized his mistake; the trumpets rang out the assembly; signal guns called in his foragers; the men sprang to arms, and with great spirit and eagerness the battalions marched out before their camps, taking part in the hastily determined lines of battle. The advance guards at the same moment setting fire to the little hamlets of Berghausen, Schwenenbach and Weilheim over on the eastern bank, hastened back to join the main body.

Our place as observers will be with Marlborough over on the other side, but let us first note the formation of the French line, which, in some excitement and confusion, is going on before our eyes. Tallard thought those marshy shores between Oberglauh and the mills a sufficient obstacle last night and has had no time to examine them since, but he has spent the night in Blenheim, and that at least is strongly palisaded, loopholed and prepared for vigorous defence; and now, just because they think

NOTE.—It seems best to adopt the verbiage of Archdeacon Coxe, whose complete history of Marlborough is regarded as authority second to none. The army of France and Bavaria is by him called that of "the allies." The army of England, Holland, Hanover, Denmark, Savoy, Austria, etc.—that commanded by Marlborough and Eugene—is spoken of as "the confederates."

it impossible for the English to charge across the stream, both wings of the French army form with the cavalry towards the grand centre and the infantry on the flanks. Blenheim, Oberglauh and Lutzingen are bristling with musketeers, but the mile between the inner flanks of the infantry is taken up by two lines of squadrons of French horse, an odd and hitherto untried arrangement. But Marshal Tallard is a man in whom the soldiers have every confidence. He is rapidly riding from point to point giving personal supervision to every detail. First he dismounts a brigade of dragoons and forms them on his extreme right, between Blenheim and the Danube, behind a lot of wagons. The village itself he fairly crams with his infantry; nearly 10,000 footmen are packed within its loopholed walls and garden hedges, and a strong reserve stands ready behind the little brook they call the Meulweyer, that rises back of the village and runs into the Danube. The mills down on the Nebel suddenly burst into flame as the field-batteries come trotting to the front, and it is evident that the Frenchmen do not propose so much to prevent the crossing of the Nebel, as to hammer the English when they get across. Blenheim itself is a most defensible point, and here General de Clerambault, as gallant a soldier as France can show, is assigned to the command, with orders to hold it to the last extremity.

To the left of Blenheim are the cavalry. Eight squadrons of gens-d'armes nearest the right and from there—way over to Oberglauh, across the highway—there are some fifty squadrons in the two lines. Back of Oberglauh are the footmen of Marshal Marsin, the brigades of Champagne and Bourbonnois, and a third brigade, fellows who are fighting far from home, whose own fortunes were wrecked at the battle of the Boyne not so very long before, and who have taken service with the French since they had nowhere else to go. They, the Irishmen, are to win glory to-day, and, ere long, immortal reputation at Fontenoy. Beyond Oberglauh, and well up the valley of the Nebel, the lines of horse and foot extend—the Bavarians being on the extreme left among the wooded hills in front of Lutzingen, and behind the entire line strong reserves take post. Generally, the French

and Bavarians may be said to form two strong lines, well out in front of their camp; and in front of all, close to the low bluffs overhanging the Nebel, the field-batteries of eight and twenty-four pounders are already unlimbered and ready for work.

In such a position, with such a tried army, and with the advantage in numbers, well may Marshal Tallard feel confidence.

Now let us cross the Nebel, get well over to the height in front of the bridge along which the highway is conducted, and from there survey the entire field and watch the entire battle, for, once past that height, the English will never be driven back. The Nebel lies at its foot. English field-batteries are already unlimbering upon it; the lines of cavalry and infantry are deploying behind it; but here is the point of all others from which to see the combat; here in a few moments will be Marlborough himself. Just now he is among those little stone-houses to the north, the hamlet of Wolperstetten, eagerly talking with Prince Eugene, while the troops of the latter are still filing through on their way to the extreme right. Here, facing about, towards the Nebel and the French, the field lies before us. There to our left front, a mile away towards the Danube, is Blenheim, a citadel now. Here, directly in front, is the highway-bridge across the Nebel. There to the right front is Oberglauh and Marsin's stronghold. Beyond that, backed by the woody crests, Lutzingen and the Bavarians. Every foot of the opposite bank is occupied by the compact army of the French.

Now for the English lines. On our extreme left, down towards the Danube, is the division of Lord Cutts—four lines of horse and two of foot. He is well forward, almost within musket range of Blenheim, and close to the east bank of the Nebel. Next to him, stretching way across the rising ground on which we stand, across the highway and up the valley towards Prince Eugene, in two slender lines some hundred yards apart, are the infantry battalions of the English centre, and *between* these lines, a third long line of closed squadrons of cavalry. It is unusual to form cavalry in this way with footmen in front and rear, but the crossing of the stream is already a problem on which Lord Marlborough has been studying; officers have been forward to

sound it; cavalry sent to the hills to cut bundles of saplings and tie them into "fascines" for temporary use in fording; and engineer officers with pontoons have already got to work at different points between the hamlet of Unterglauch and the burning mills. Marlborough means to cross the stream and assault an army in position. He is only waiting for Prince Eugene.

Just at eight o'clock the guns of the French open a furious cannonade on the forming troops of Marlborough, and the batteries of the latter answer at once. The battle of Blenheim for some hours is destined to be an artillery combat. Prince Eugene is having unexpected difficulty up there in the gorge, and cannot get his men into position to suit him. While waiting for the signal, religious services are conducted at the head of each regiment, and, when they are over, the army rests on its arms. It has been arranged between the two generals that their attack shall be simultaneous, and that Eugene shall extend his lines sufficiently far up the gorge of the Nebel to overlap the extreme left of the French army (there held mainly by Bavarians), and that he shall endeavor to gain the heights and "turn" that flank. But the prince has found the heights north of Lutzingen already occupied by a strong force, and this compels him to extend his line farther up the gorge than was expected; and then, to keep up his connection with Marlborough, he has to bring his reserve into the front rank. Now his ranks extend far out of sight up the wooded ravine beyond Eichberg, but he is ready at last.

Just at twelve o'clock, staff-officers come galloping up the slope, and, saluting Lord Marlborough, report that Prince Eugene is in position. "Let him attack at once, then," are the brief instructions as the duke mounts his horse and turns down the slope towards his left. "Order Lord Cutts to assault Blenheim," is the next command, and under the eye of the chief the four lines of infantry on the left sweep down towards the mills, and in thundering uproar the guns of Blenheim open upon them with grape-shot. Rowe's brigade of English leads. Behind him come the Hessians, then Ferguson's battalions of foot, and

then the Hanoverian brigade. Cutts' cavalry, consisting of Ross' dragoons and the light troopers of General Wood, remain for a moment to watch the success of the infantry crossing before they are sent in. Meantime Lord Marlborough orders forward every available gun, and personally superintends the opening of their fire. Now the infantry swarm down upon the burning mills and struggle across the Nebel. Foremost rides General Rowe, who rapidly forms and aligns his men on the western bank preparatory to leading them forward to the assault. To the English foot belongs the honor of the first crossing of the Nebel.

Swampy as is the ground along the little stream, they struggle through: for many, led by eager young officers, will not wait to crowd over the pontoon bridge. Blenheim stands back on rising ground, and there is a regular bluff close to the water's edge, under shelter of which the grapeshot of the batteries cannot reach them, and here the brigade of Rowe, all Britons, as we have noticed, forms and aligns its ranks preparatory to breasting the slope and charging up to the palisades and walls of the village. It will take at least five minutes even for their energetic chief to get that little brigade into shape; so, while the Hessians are crossing behind him, and Ferguson's brigade is occupying the mills, let us take one good look over the field. Ten minutes more it will be obscured by powder smoke.

Here on our knoll Lord Marlborough has again taken his station with his staff. It overlooks the valley of the Nebel, and here, if anywhere, the movements of the troops can be distinctly seen. The batteries are hammering away at one another, and occasionally the shot pass uncomfortably close to the commander-in-chief. But a moment ago one twenty-four pounder ploughed the ground between his horse's legs and covered him with dust and dirt, but could not induce him to quit the position. Looking over to the French side of the Nebel, we see what appears to be two continuous lines of cavalry stretching from Blenheim to Oberglauh—over a mile and a half of horsemen. Back of them are the tents of their late encampment. In front of them are the batteries; two are at Blenheim, blazing away with grape at the men of Lord Cutts' division still crossing at

the mills; another, close to the high-road, is sending its compliments across the Nebel at the very knoll on which we are standing; while west of it, three more are posted along the bluff firing apparently at the batteries we have placed in position near Unterglauch and Weilheim—these little villages from which the flames are still rising off here to our right hand. We wonder where Tallard has posted all his infantry, and well we may. Not a man, from the Duke of Marlborough down to the drummers, imagines that nearly 10,000 footmen are in and around the walls of that village on our left. Off to the west, at Oberglauh, we can see strong masses of musketeers around the stone walls and even on the slopes in front, and, in two lines, a division at least stands behind it. Somewhere there is that Irish brigade of which so much has been heard, and so much more is to be heard before we get through with this day's work. There beyond Oberglauh is another strong division of foot, and there is no telling how many that old soldier Marsin has planted in the village itself. Beyond them, some three miles away from us, we can see more lines of cavalry drawn up by squadrons, in front of Lutzingen, where the Elector of Bavaria makes his head-quarters; and farther still, way up in those wooded slopes, dense bodies of infantry. If *that* position can be flanked, it must be by a bigger army than Lord Marlborough can muster to-day. He is right—it must be attacked along the whole line, and pluck and discipline must win. He is wrong only in one supposition: that Blenheim is held by a detachment. He has had pontoons thrown over the Nebel: one in front of the village; two here between Unterglauch and the highway just to our right; two more up there just beyond Unterglauch; and he means to advance the whole line as soon as Rowe and Cutts get to work down there on the left. They are his fighting generals, and occupy subordinate positions, in reality, to men who are their inferiors in military merit.

We have come to that stage in European military history when princes and dukes are intrusted with important commands in the field simply through the favor of their sovereign, while better men do their manœuvring, planning and fighting.

These magnates are the persons of consequence named in the despatches, and to them the honors of the victory are oftentimes attributed. It cannot be said that they do not fearlessly share the dangers and exposure of the battle-field, but it must be admitted that many a high-born personage appears on the roster of Blenheim who is more in the way than anything else. The combined armies of Marlborough and Eugene do not exceed 53,000 men, and to lead them we have seven generals, thirteen lieutenant-generals, twenty-one major-generals, and eighteen brigadiers, more than enough with the two commanders to handle an army ten times its size. Fortunately a great many are merely honorary positions, and Lord Marlborough has so arranged his army that his Englishmen are mainly down towards the left where the hardest fighting must be; while to the Hanoverians and Dutch he assigns his own right, the centre of the combined line. In this way, too, Prince Eugene seems to have posted his best fighters—the Danes and Prussians—on his right, while his cavalry extended thence towards the centre. It is evident that the flanks are to begin the attack in force.

It is now just one o'clock. The thunder of the cannon has thus far monopolized the noise of battle. Now comes a distant sound, a rattle of musketry from our extreme right. Far up there in the gorge Eugene has begun his attack. Now for the assault on Blenheim. Every man grasping "Brown Bess," as in the days of good Queen Anne the English soldier called his musket, the men of Rowe's brigade scramble up the bluff; then, reaching the sloping ground above, find themselves fairly in sight of the palisaded walls of Blenheim. Let us watch them. Already the Hessian brigade has formed in their stead on the flats, and Ferguson is crossing his men. Our interest centres in that slender line now marching sturdily up towards the village. Never halting to fire, never responding to the discharges of the battery, they trudge fearlessly on. They are way within musket-shot of the hedges and walls, yet not a trigger is pulled. Can it be possible that the French mean to back out of Blenheim? Impossible. The line is almost at the palisade; the general, riding out in front, drives his sword into the wooden post at the

first gateway; then, with one explosion, the walls, roofs, towers, windows of Blenheim blaze with flame. Waiting until the English brigade is within thirty paces, the French infantry drives in a merciless, a death-dealing fire, and Lord Marlborough sees in an instant that instead of a detachment, a whole division is there. Instantly he orders forward his entire line.

But at the palisades General Rowe falls mortally wounded; his officers, attempting to carry off his body, are themselves shot down and killed; in five minutes one-third of the brigade lie dead in their tracks, and then with much dismay, but still keeping their front, the British recoil. Then, concealed by the smoke and noise of the batteries, three squadrons of French gens-d'armes rush down upon the right flank. The little brigade, leaderless, amazed, half-gone, falls slowly back, and this new assault throws them into confusion. The Hessian line rushes up to their succor, and the French cavalry have to turn, and General Lumley, here right behind the knoll, sends forward five squadrons of horsemen to punish those gens-d'armes. These fellows are English cavalymen. Prince Eugene only two months ago pronounced them the finest in Europe, and they go down the slopes, through the marshy Nebel, and up the other bank as though war were a delight. Halting but an instant on the other shore they draw sabre, and despite the guns, despite the galling musketry fire from the walls of the village, they charge squarely up the slope through the first line of French horsemen, *through* the second, the brigade of General Tilly; then, nearly surrounded and cut off, they have to charge back and once more reform down by the Nebel under shelter of the Hessian brigade.

Now Ferguson and Hulsen have got their brigades across, and the enemy fearing to lose his battery, calls the twenty-four pounders within the shelter of the walls. Lord Cutts' entire infantry sweeps forward, but a withering fire meets them from every inch of the walls. Blenheim still holds a superior force and the attack is madness. Twice he rallies his lines to the assault, but they are driven back with terrible loss, and at two in the afternoon the shattered infantry division of Lord Cutts is seeking shelter under the bluff southwest of the Nebel. Lord

Marlborough, eagerly watching the attack from our position here on the knoll, plainly sees that he has sustained a sad reverse. But he never loses heart, never changes his cheery, confident manner. Ordering Lord Cutts to hang on to the slopes, and, by keeping up a semblance of attack, engage the entire attention of the enemy in Blenheim, he himself conducts the movement which is, he hopes, to pierce the enemy's centre.

Marching down in closed columns to the Nebel, the infantry of the first line has already crossed and begun to deploy on the opposite shore. The guns rake them savagely with grape, but they do not falter. They secure their foothold opposite the enemy's centre and do not mean to yield it. After them come the cavalry of General Churchill's command, some over the pontoon bridges, some through the stream, and, before they can get out on the open ground in front of the infantry, down at headlong charge comes Turlauben's entire division of horsemen of the French first line. They have every advantage, and our horsemen are driven back—some as far as the Nebel; but Churchill's infantry has knelt behind the low hedge across the field, and their musketry fire soon drives Turlauben's troopers to cover; while from our second line, Bothmar's dragoon brigade sweeps forward in capital order and charges home on the retiring squadrons of the French, driving and following them beyond the Maulweyer; and here in turn our troopers are met by overwhelming numbers and forced to fall back. It is impossible to tell how matters will result here on our left and centre. Thus far the French have the best of it.

But meanwhile the Duke of Marlborough has been steadily sending all his army across the stream, and now, at three o'clock, General Lumley has reformed and straightened out our squadrons in front of the low bluffs west of Blenheim, and they are in readiness to act with renewed spirit. Meantime, too, Lieutenant-General Hompesch with the Dutch cavalry, and the Duke of Wurtemberg with the Danes and Hanoverians have managed to scramble over the boggy banks up towards Oberglauh, and now they are in line, the infantry closely following them. Marshal Marsin sends a few old battalions from his centre back of Ober-

glauh. They come steadily forward until at the crest, drive a few volleys into the Dutch and Danish cavalry; then comes a charge of French dragoons, and back go the Dutchmen. Marlborough has crossed most of his army, but, what has he gained? Nothing, apparently, but a position in which he can be hammered worse than when on the northeastern bank of the Nebel, and still there comes no good news from Prince Eugene on the west. Many a man would have lost his nerve at this juncture, and the Duke of Marlborough might readily have been excused had he seen fit to withdraw his troops and fall back to the line of the Kessel, where his tents were still standing, but his is not the stuff that gives up easily.

For some time the Prince of Holstein Beck has been cannonading Oberglauch from that knoll over there near burning Weilheim. Now he limbers up his battery, and with eleven battalions moves down to the stream and forms on the bank below the position of Marsin's right; begins to form rather, for before the columns are fairly across they are attacked by a strong division of infantry, and with that division is the famous Irish brigade. These fellows had hoped to be pitted against the British, but are quite ready to fight anything that comes in their way, and it is a black day for Holstein Beck and his Hanoverians. Lord Marlborough, watching the move across the Nebel, sees the sudden advance of Marsin's infantry and seems to have a premonition of what is coming, for instantly he gallops off towards Weilheim. Before he can get there it is all over with Holstein Beck; the Irish brigade have sprung upon his leading lines like starving tigers on their prey. Two battalions are swept out of existence, and, leaving their princely leader mortally wounded under the slopes of Oberglauch, the shattered division is in full retreat across the stream, when Marlborough himself appears in their midst. First he checks their wild and disorderly flight and faces them about; then he hurries the brigade of Bernsdorf over from Weilheim and posts it facing Oberglauch. Then, cheering on his cavalry, he sends in all the squadrons of Imperialists to charge the flanks of the now baffled line. The Danes and Hanoverian horse are sent around to the

other (western) flank, and by their impetuous rush, and the now steady valor of the German infantry, the battle is restored. Marsin's infantry are driven backward up the slope, Irish and all, and forced to seek shelter behind the walls of Oberglauh. For fifteen minutes it looked as though all was over with our right centre. *Now* all is triumph again, but it took all the magnetic power of Marlborough to effect it. He alone was capable of restoring the battle.

It is three o'clock as the duke gallops back to the high-road, sending Lord Tunbridge to announce to Prince Eugene that his entire force is now across the Nebel and about to assault the French centre. He also eagerly inquires how the battle is going on the right. Eugene has been having a vividly exciting but most unsatisfactory combat. The woods are thick, the ravines deep and rugged, and charges and countercharges have been going on for two hours. His troops are well-nigh exhausted and dispirited, for they have gained little or nothing. It seems impossible to drive those dogged Bavarians out of their covert among the rocks. The cavalry are unable to act, yet are severe sufferers from the grape of the enemy's battery. The artillery, after huge exertions, succeed in lugging their guns up the slopes and open fire on the Bavarians, but the latter are so sheltered that they cling to their ground. In vain Prince Eugene, the Prince of Anhalt and the elector himself ride among, and strive to encourage their men; a new charge is ordered, but, though the lines obey and advance, it is spiritless and weak; once more they reel and are about to recoil, when Prince Eugene, braving almost certain death, spurs out to the front, cheering and waving his sword, and some devoted soldiers follow him. The example is not thrown away; officers leap in front of the wavering ranks and call to their men to follow them, and now at last they grapple hand-to-hand with the Bavarians, and here the Bavarians get the worst of it. After a short, sharp, bloody struggle, they stagger from their stronghold among the rocks and trees and go sullenly backward down the ravine toward Lutzingen. "Now bring up those guns and plant them here," is the exultant order, for, the heights above the village once gained, a raking fire can

be poured along the enemy's lines and into the walls of Lutzingen. Eugene has turned the allied left. The Bavarians are falling back—yes, behind Lutzingen now; and they have left some of their own guns on the heights too. Another moment and—look! the rocky crest is vomiting flame and smoke, and the batteries of Eugene are hurling iron missiles down the valley. *Now, Bavaria!* the sooner you get out of it the better. The allied left comes drifting back, doubling up on the lines of Marsin behind Oberglauh. Lutzingen is won.

Yet it would not, could not have been lost to the Bavarians had Marsin detached a few battalions from his left, and sent them up to support the elector. Why did he fail? For four mortal hours the elector has held the heights against the combined attacks of Eugene and Anhalt, and not until five o'clock does he loosen his grasp on the strong position he has so doggedly held. Marsin ought to have aided him, but Marsin dare not send a man. Here, right along the slopes of the Nebel, almost under his nose, stretching from Oberglauh to Blenheim, but partially sheltered by the rise of the ground, the cavalry of Britain and the confederates have been coolly forming in two lines, backed by heavy masses of infantry, and Marsin dare not move; he does not know how soon he may need every man to repel the grand assault that is evidently coming. So too with Tallard. Throughout the armies of France and Bavaria there is a wholesome dread of the British cavalry, and Marlborough knows well how to use it. Leaving their colleague at Lutzingen to shift for himself, these two generals, Tallard and Marsin, devote all their energies to meeting the new move. Tallard marches strong battalions of infantry along his line, stationing them at intervals between the squadrons; Marlborough (whose infantry thus far, since crossing the Nebel, have been drawn up with convenient gaps through which the cavalry can retire if compelled to fall back) now sends forward some of the best footmen to crown the brow of the low hill towards the enemy, and having assigned them their positions, which they are ordered to hold against counter attack, he advances the entire line. In all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" the combined horse

and foot of Britain and the confederates move slowly up the slopes. At the same instant Marlborough's cannons open over their heads at the French lines, and in another moment, the leading ranks come full into view of the enemy. Then begins a thunder of field-guns such as Blenheim has not yet heard. Two field-batteries are run up to the brow of the bluff between the squadrons and open rapidly on the French lines.

And now eight thousand horsemen are about to charge ten thousand, supported, too, by infantry. For a few moments the English guns and musketry pour rapid volleys into the opposing ranks, receiving heavy fire in return, but holding firmly to their ground. Then right and left along the slopes the trumpets ring out their stirring call, the sabres of fifty gallant squadrons flash in air, and with one mad cheer the troopers of England dash forward to the charge. In vain the French musketeers salute them with rapid, low-aimed volleys that empty many a saddle. On they go, and the gunners and footmen hold their breath and envy their mounted comrades the glory of that wild ride. Straight at Tallard's squadrons they drive. In they rush between the hurriedly forming squares; and the French dragoons appalled at the fury of the onset, fire their carbines in panicky haste, then dash spurs to their horses, wheel about and scatter for shelter, leaving nine squares of gallant musketeers to their fate. In vain Tallard rallies and faces westward a strong division of his horsemen, whose right now rests on Blenheim. The victorious riders after driving before them five thousand horsemen over into the valley of the little Brunnen, now wheel to their left, charge this new formed line, and scatter them like sheep over the banks and down into the morass and the Danube beyond. The centre is pierced. Tallard and Marsin are hurled apart. Blenheim is won, and the cavalry have won it.

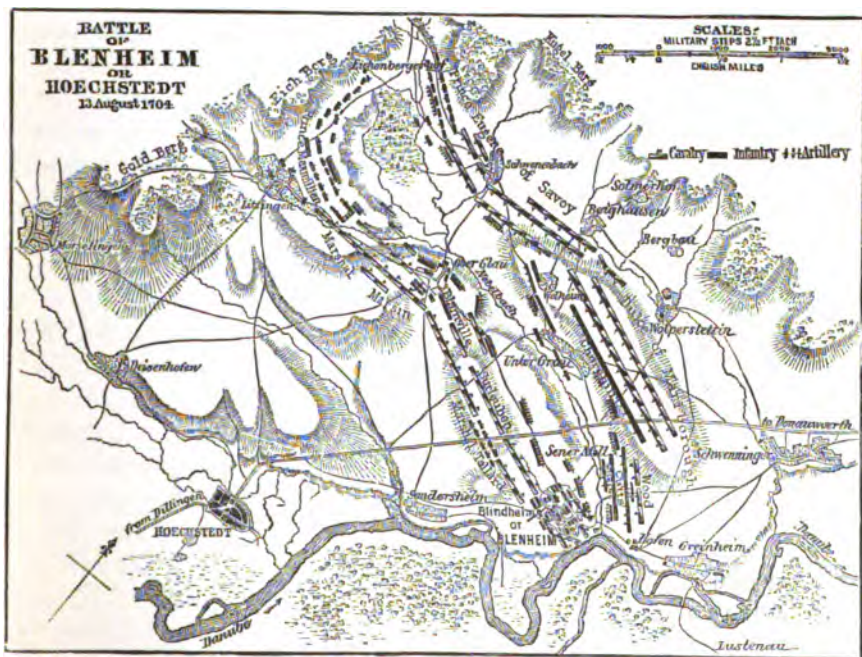
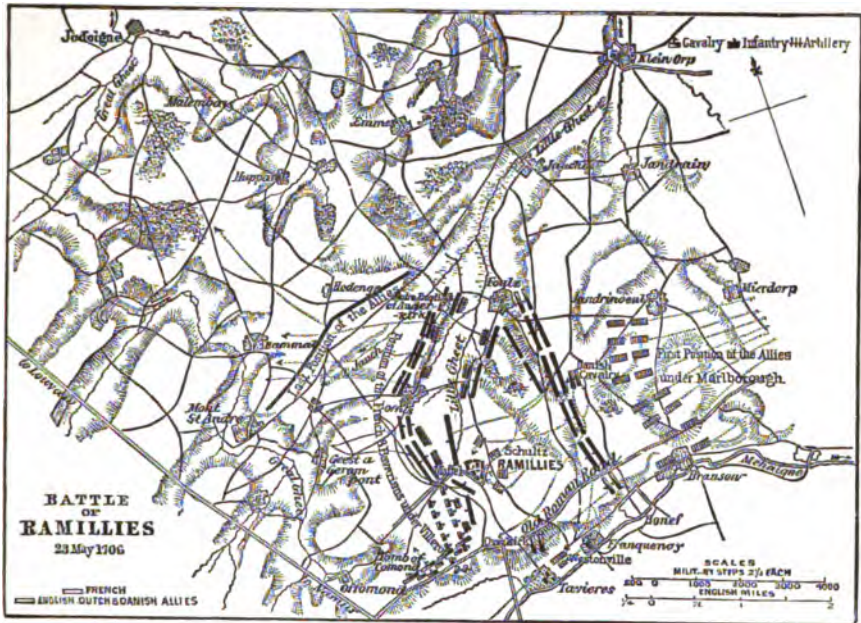
But it is only half-past five, and before the sun goes down there is a deal of hard fighting to be done. This last charge of horsemen has completely cut off the garrison of the town itself from the rest of the army. Tallard's wing is practically ruined. He himself, a small escort of cavalry and his staff have narrowly escaped being cut to pieces, and though witnesses of

the slaughter and destruction of the thirty squadrons which so lately strove to reform, back of the tents and to the south of Blenheim, he and his immediate followers have managed to slip through to Sonderheim, a little hamlet just under the banks of the Danube. He has sent to Marsin imploring aid, but Marsin's right has been doubled up on his centre, and now this latter officer finds himself in a bad predicament. Directly in his front there is no longer any foe; yet towards Lutzingen, to his left and rear, the troops of the Elector of Bavaria are crowding back upon him, and to his right his lines are being doubled up by the squadrons and foot of General Churchill. From the heights above Lutzingen, Prince Eugene has been a witness of the grand charge and victory of the Duke of Marlborough, and now he is straining every nerve to complete the work on the enemy's left. His losses have been severe, but he renews his efforts and sends his wearied men in to the attack of Lutzingen. It is speedily carried, and then the Bavarians fall back in disorder upon Marsin, who now sees no help for it. He, too, must retreat, but he forms his columns and falls back in capital order, while from the roofs and walls of Oberglauh and Lutzingen, columns of smoke and flame rise in air. The vanquished army is setting fire to everything in its retreat. Keeping close under the heights, though vehemently pursued by Eugene, the remnants of the elector's army and the well-handled columns of Marsin move steadily back towards the valley of the Brunnen. They are frequently charged by cavalry, but the gathering darkness favors their escape, and by eight o'clock they are clear of the field.

But around Blenheim the battle still rages fiercely. Marshal Tallard had sent an officer earlier in the afternoon to order the troops within the village to file out and join him, but the order never reached de Clerambault, who was in command, and now, at six P. M., Tallard himself, with his staff, has been surrounded by dragoons in Sonderheim and is a prisoner of war, treated as a distinguished guest by Marlborough, and de Clerambault is drowned in the Danube with hundreds of unfortunate men who strove to swim across its rapid tide. The gallant Frenchmen holding Blenheim are without a commander, without orders,

without hope, but they mean to fight. They have seen the complete demolition of the cavalry. They can plainly see the distant retreat of Marsin. They are isolated, and will soon be surrounded. An effort is made to cut their way through towards Hochstadt; but General Lumley with some of his battalions and that renowned regiment of dragoons, the Scots Greys, fiercely charge and repel the sortie. General Churchill extends his infantry completely around the stone hedges of the little town. Lord Orkney and General Ingoldsby lead their men in to the assault, but recoil before the heroic defence of the garrison, and, just as the sun goes down, further shedding of blood is obviated by the honorable surrender of the troops in the village. With the coming of darkness the field is completely won.

Of the allies that had mustered nearly sixty thousand strong that bright morning, only twenty thousand were left upon the slopes back of Hochstadt, whither Marsin had led his men. Twelve thousand lay on the field dead or wounded, as many more were prisoners, and all the artillery, all their tents and camp equipage, hundreds of colors and standards, the general-in-chief and twelve hundred officers of rank were united in the losses sustained by France and Bavaria. Five thousand killed and eight thousand wounded, summed up the casualties on the side of the confederates, but the fruits of their triumph were incalculable. Bloody and desperate as it had been, Blenheim was a glorious victory for England—brilliant, decisive, and of world-wide importance in its results. The power of Louis XIV. was broken. From that time forth he fought only on the defensive. The French were driven from the valley of the Danube. Ulm, Landau and Treves surrendered to the confederates. Bavaria broke her alliance with France and humbly submitted to Austria, and the supremacy of British arms and valor was established throughout Europe. Marlborough and Prince Eugene became the renowned names of the century, and where they fought side by side, no power seemed able to withstand them.



RAMILIES.

1706.



O worthily describe these great battles and campaigns of Marlborough, a dozen books the size of this might well be written. It is necessary in the space to which we are limited, to make only the briefest allusion to some of his most brilliant deeds. Blenheim had rid all Germany east of the Rhine, of the French invaders. Lord Marlborough then turned his attention to affairs in Holland, and sent an army up the valley of the Moselle to confront the French under Marshal Villars, but diplomatic duties with which he was burdened, called him for a time, away from the head of the armies, and the sluggishness of the Dutch delayed his combinations. Sent to Vienna he was there created a prince of the empire as a reward for his heroic services; but in 1706 he resumed the direction of matters in the field, and on the 23d of May he again attacked and defeated a French army in position, winning the spirited battle of Ramilies.

The army of France under Marshal Villeroy occupied in May a strong position between Brussels and Namur in mid Belgium. The river Dyle covered their front, and Namur on the Meuse, which defended their right, was strongly held and fortified. Marlborough hoped to surprise the fortress and secure it through the agency of one Pasquier, a resident of the city. If he succeeded, their line could no longer be held, as he had turned their right flank. If they detected his move in time to prevent it, they would be compelled to march out from their lines to meet him in front

of the Dyle, and a battle in the open country was what he needed.

Lord Marlborough entered upon this campaign in low spirits, for numerous harassing complications had occurred; and though he counted on defeating the French, he feared that his Dutch allies were not to be thoroughly depended on, and he wanted to make the battle decisive.

On the 12th of May, Lord Marlborough arrived at Maestricht on the Meuse, forty-five miles northeast of Namur. Here he found the Dutch troops awaiting him, but the English were yet in march to join. Fifty miles due west lay Brussels, and along the Dyle south of west and thirty-five miles away, lay the French army. Between the Dyle and the Meuse, in several small branches, the river Geete drained the country, flowing northward into the Dender. On the largest branch nearly due west of Maestricht and some twenty-five miles east of Brussels is the little town of Tirlemont. Namur is due south from Tirlemont, and thirty miles away; a good road joined them, and this road after crossing the river Mehaigne, passes northward through several little villages, among them Judoigne on the banks of the Geete, and Ramilies out in the open country between the headwaters of the Geete and the Mehaigne.

Ordering his English troops to meet him there, Marlborough marched west towards Tirlemont; and Villeroy took alarm at once. He was ordered even to risk a battle in the field with Marlborough, rather than let him swoop down upon Namur. He had learned, too, that the forces of the confederates were far from united, that the Hanoverians were not yet joined, that the Danish cavalry had not come at all, and that the English were delayed. He promptly recalled Marshal Marsin, who had been detached with a large force, and then did just what Marlborough hoped and prayed he would do—crossed the Dyle and came forward towards Tirlemont, as though to give him battle.

On the 20th the English army reached the camp of Marlborough. The Danes were confidently expected on the 22d. The forces then at the disposal of the English duke would be 123

squadrons of horse and 73 battalions of foot. The French had 128 squadrons and 74 battalions, so that they were nearly evenly matched. In round numbers, Marlborough had about 60,000 mixed troops, against 62,000, mostly Frenchmen.

Now it began to look as though a decisive battle might be fought after all, and Marlborough's spirits rose high at the prospect. They had been fighting over this very ground the previous summer, and he knew it well.

Villeroy, crossing the west branch or Great Geete, moved down towards Judoigne; and Marlborough, marching in eight columns by the left flank, passed around to the head-waters of the middle fork or Little Geete. It stormed during the night, and the infantry made slow progress; but Lord Cadogan, who had been sent forward with 600 cavalry to reconnoitre, reached the uplands of Mierdorp at eight o'clock on the morning of May 23d, and from there plainly saw the French columns marching across the plateau of Mont St. André, five miles west, and heading for the Mehaigne, which has a branch running east just a couple of miles below Ramilies; and in Ramilies itself one of the branches of the Little Geete has its source.

The battle that is to decide the fate of the Netherlands is soon to be fought right here, so it is well to look at the lay of the land. Mierdorp, where Cadogan catches his first glimpse of the enemy, is a little village on a ridge that runs north and south from Wasseige, on the Mehaigne, to Orp le Petit, at the forks of the Little Geete, a distance of five miles; and along this ridge ran the old line of earth-works built by the French engineers, and demolished by Marlborough the previous year. The Mehaigne is bordered on the north by a gently sloping range of heights, under which, and close to the water's edge, lie in regular order from east to west a number of quiet little country hamlets. Supposing ourselves here at Mierdorp, and facing west, we look out over a rolling plateau nearly five miles broad, and, on the side of the Mehaigne, five miles long. To our left, down under the bank and close to the stream, is Wasseige. Two miles farther west is Branson, then Boneffe, then Franquinay, then Tavier—all within four miles of us. Each has its little bridge

over the Mehaigne; and from Tavier, around which there is a good deal of marshy ground, a road leads up northward over the farther end of the plateau, passes beyond the sources of the brooks that make up the Little Geete, and so on to Judoigne, just visible to the northwest eight miles away, and down in the valley of the Great Geete. The first village this cross-road strikes after climbing the bluff north of Tavier is that little hamlet we can see so plainly four miles away straight in front. That is Ramilies.

Bordered by tall poplars, and parallel with the Mehaigne, the high-road runs along the top of the bluffs; but except these trees, which stand like two long ranks of infantry against the southern sky, and two little coppices out here to the front, a couple of miles away, the plateau is bare of trees. From Ramilies to the northeast, around to our right hand, sweeps a ravine that divides the plateau diagonally, and in that ravine trickles along the rivulet of the middle Geete. The ground sinks around the north of Ramilies, and is marshy at the sources of this stream. Then a bold ridge rises from the marsh, juts out northeastward two miles or so, and back of that is another ravine. This ridge is simply a tongue of land stretching northeastward from the middle of the position of St. André, as the west end of the plateau is called; but two important hamlets lie there on the ridge: one, just north of Ramilies and a mile and a half from it, is Offuz, at the base of the tongue; the other, near our end of the tongue and between the two ravines, is Autre-Eglise—Anderkirk the Dutchmen call it. A line joining these four hamlets, Tavier, Ramilies, Offuz and Anderkirk, forms a great semi-circle, with the concavity towards us at Mierdorp, and the centre of the circle would be at that first coppice or grove two miles out there on the plateau. We stand on the highest ground in the neighborhood except one point. Off there to the west, close to the high-road and beyond Ramilies, is a high, conical hill, all by itself, and the ground slopes up to it around its base. They call it the Tomb of Ottomond.

From where we stand, it looks as though an army in line of battle, could march with a front four miles long, square to the

west through Ramilies, but it could not; that ravine this side of the ridge of Autre-Eglise and Offuz is deep and marshy, and between Ramilies and the end of the ridge there are only three points where it can be safely traversed; country roads are built across it from Offuz, Autre-Eglise and the very end itself. Between Ramilies and Tavier, to the south, the ground is high and unobstructed.

Such is the battle-field on which Lord Marlborough looks out at ten o'clock on the morning of May 23, 1706, and the low fog lifting, shows him the army of France going into position over beyond the ravines on the position of St. André. Our end of the plateau is called Jandrinœuil. From ten o'clock until one the army of the confederates is occupied in moving up into order of battle. In two long lines they now stretch across the plateau, facing west from the bank of the Little Geete on our right, down to Boneffe on the left. They have a front of nearly four miles, and are now two miles west of Mierdorp, where the baggage is left—what there is of it. Before we go forward to join them let us see what disposition Villeroi has made of his command. All four villages from Tavier to Autre-Eglise are swarming with infantry; long lines of infantry extend along the ridge to Offuz; others from Offuz across the low ground to Ramilies; then between Ramilies and the swamps of the Mehaigne, in two long lines of squadrons, with intervals, stand the entire horse of the French army; and the hedges and walls of Tavier, and the roadside and fields well out to Franquinay, are lined with skirmishers.

The position is undoubtedly formidable, but Villeroi is overconfident or he would never have violated one of the first principles in selecting a defensive position. He has formed a deeply concave line, and if any part is heavily threatened he has to march reinforcements way around the arc while his opponent takes the shorter line across. Marlborough sees the error quick enough; sees too that the point he wants to gain is that height of the Tomb of Ottomond beyond Ramilies. The experience of Blenheim has taught him the futility of attacking infantry in stone-walled villages, and he notes with delight that only cavalry

are drawn up across the high ground parallel with the main road. His main attack is instantly determined to be against the French right, between Ramilies and the river, but he intends to make Villeroy believe the opposite.

To this end he advances his line until the infantry has made almost a half wheel to the right, and is now facing and threatening Offuz, Autre-Eglise and the ridge between them. Villeroy instantly orders a strong division of infantry from Ramilies to reinforce his left, and with commendable rapidity it marches the mile of distance to Offuz, passes around behind it and soon files out on the ridge behind the lines there stationed. This accomplished to the complete satisfaction of Marlborough, and while Villeroy is now drawing upon his extreme right for footmen to replace those who were thus sent from the centre, an order is suddenly given to the two lines of English and German infantry to face about and march back to the ridge on which they deployed originally. They obey, and when the leading one has passed *over* that ridge and is out of sight of the enemy's lines, the rearmost rank halts and faces to the front again on the crest, while, behind the ridge, the second line marches rapidly over towards the high-road where Marlborough is forming his men for a grand attack. Even if discovered, it is now too late for Villeroy to remedy matters. He has to march way around his own line.

And now at half-past one the attack begins. Marlborough's batteries open from our side of the first ravine upon the three villages, and the guns of the allies (French and Spanish) respond with spirit. The Dutch guards, with two light guns, oblique down the slope towards the Mehaigne to drive the skirmishers back from Franquinay and to assault Tavier, while General Schultz, with twelve battalions, surrounds the walls and hedges of Ramilies.

Prince Eugene is away on other duty, and Marlborough has not with him his great colleague. He has instead a brave old soldier and a devoted officer in Marshal Overkirk, who now leads forward the cavalry in three deep lines, centre resting on the high-road, to attack the one hundred squadrons drawn up

across the ground between him and the Tomb of Ottomond. Marlborough has determined to win that height, for, from it, he can enfilade the whole position of Mont St. André.

And now as the Dutch guards sweep along under the bluffs towards Tavier, driving in the skirmishers, Villeroy sees that he has been misled. The main attack is coming on his right after all. He must hold Tavier at all hazards or these fellows will get it and then take him in flank. His spare infantry is now too far away, but over there on the ridge beyond the Ottomond height are fourteen squadrons of dragoons. He quickly sends orders to them to dismount; leave their horses there with a small guard and make their way across the swampy ground into Tavier. Two regiments of infantry at the same time hurry down to support them. But it is too late. Before they can reach the walls the Dutch have driven out the little garrison, and then twenty-five squadrons of Danish horse come sweeping down the slopes, out to the front, and in a few moments have sabred the dismounted dragoons or driven them into the river. Then they turn on the Swiss infantry and hack them to pieces. Tavier is taken almost without a struggle, and its would-be reinforcements annihilated.

Even while this brilliant piece of work is going on, Overkirk receives orders to charge, and now with all the old enthusiasm of Blenheim, but unfortunately without the English dragoons in the lead, a gallant array of squadrons rides down upon the French. The lines crash together, and the French front line is overturned; but the second charges in prompt and spirited form upon the Dutch and German horse, throws them into confusion, and then drives them back upon their supports. The grand cavalry attack is a failure so far, and now, while General Schultz is hammering away at the walls of Ramilies with his guns and musketry, Lord Marlborough himself, seeing the confusion of his cavalry, goes tearing out there with seventeen squadrons from the right of our line. They are needed, for our people are being driven back, and the Bavarian cuirassiers of the French army are now charging from behind Ramilies. These Marlborough himself meets with his squadrons, drives them back, and

now for half an hour a vehement and rattling sword-fight goes on, the duke himself being among the foremost ranks, striving to restore order and spirit among the too easily broken cavalry. He is speedily recognized by the French dragoons, a dash is made to capture him, he is surrounded, and only escapes by leaping his horse into a ditch where he is hurled to the ground. An aide-de-camp supplies him with his own horse, and Colonel Binglefield, while holding his stirrup, is shot dead; but the duke escapes, and at this moment twenty fresh squadrons, Britons these, come dashing across the plateau from the right, and ride in against the left of the enemy's line, while the Danish dragoons under the Duke of Wirtemberg, who have already done such capital service down in the valley of the Mehaigne, once more ride in, facing the French right. The Dutch dragoons make a grand rally and charge, and this time weight is against the French horse. Both lines go reeling back, and despite all efforts of Villeroy, once started, there is no stopping them; for Marlborough's cavalry, British, Dutch, Danish and Hanoverian, thunder at their heels. Away they go. The whole plateau of Mont St. André, back of Ramilies, is one disorderly mass of fugitives. Away they go like sheep, past Geest, past Offuz, and out along the country roads to the north, now choked with the baggage trains. Marlborough promptly seizes the height of Ottomond, the object of his great attack, then turns to aid Schultz at the walls of Ramilies. It is defended by the Marquis de Maffei, who is fighting valiantly, but shot and shell are doing desperate work. The Swiss and Bavarian infantry who are with him are worn and wavering. The battle has lasted three hours. It is now nearly five o'clock, when Schultz, heavily reinforced, makes his final dash and forces the garrison out upon the open plain to the rear. Here the Swiss and Bavarians are sabred by the cavalry, and Maffei is taken prisoner. The French guards have managed to march off towards Offuz and escape, but Ramilies is taken.

And now Marlborough turns the divisions of Schultz, reinforced by General Wood, against Offuz, while he, with the cavalry, sweeps northward along the plateau to prevent all possi-

bility of a rally. It is low swampy ground between Ramilies and the foot of the ridge, but the troops are wild with victory now and plunge through with absolute merriment, breast the slopes at Offuz and rush pell-mell through the enclosures and over the ridge only to find the French gone. The entire French left has abandoned the ridge. Churchill, Mordaunt, Lumley, Hay and Ross, with their foot and horse, rush over the intervening valley to the assault of Autre-Eglise at the same time and with the same result. The dragoons press on in pursuit, overtake the celebrated regiment du Roi back of Offuz and compel its surrender. Out by the farm of Chantrain, way to the northwest, the Spanish and Bavarian horse-guards have halted and are reformed for a countercharge, but they are dashed upon by Wood and Wyndham, and that is the last stand of the French army. At the close of day all that is left of it is in disorderly flight, and all night long—at least until two in the morning—the army of Marlborough streams northward through Judoigne in pursuit. The main army finally halts at Meldert, nearly fifteen miles away, and the victory of Ramilies is over.

It was a most surprising, yet most triumphant, victory, and was won first by the skillful manœuvres of the duke, and second by his personal and high soldierly bearing on the field. He seemed to be everywhere at once. His example was electric; his judgment unerring. Overkirch, too, displayed signal zeal and ability, but the victor greatly missed Eugene.

Most of the French guns, all their baggage, eighty colors and standards and great quantities of small arms and equipments fell into the hands of the victors, and the losses of the French in killed, wounded and prisoners were 13,000, among them several officers of high rank. On the other hand, the army of the confederates lost the Prince of Hesse Cassel and 81 officers killed and 283 wounded, while of the rank and file 1,066 were killed and 2,567 wounded.

The news was received like that of Blenheim, with the greatest exultation in England. The queen again went to the cathedral of St. Paul's in great state to render solemn thanks for the victory of her arms. Another national thanksgiving was proclaimed

and the name of the illustrious general was on every lip. His devoted wife was still the confidante of the queen and high in power at court, but her imperious temper was soon to sow the seeds of discord, and the many enemies of Marlborough at home were incessantly striving to undermine him. For a time Ramilies put a check to their efforts, but only for a time.

And now France was overthrown in Belgium, as two years before she had been on the Rhine. Brussels, Ghent and the principal towns of Brabant soon surrendered to Marlborough. Ramilies had freed the Netherlands, and the waning power of Louis XIV. received another severe blow.



LOUIS XIV.

OUDENARDE.

1708.



UT Louis XIV. had enjoyed unlimited power and triumph so many years of his life—was so absolute a monarch, that he could not believe himself whipped by the confederates. Experience was to teach him a bitter lesson. Soon after the disaster of Ramilies his grandson, Philip V., came reeling back into France from Spain, where Lord Peterborough had almost demolished his army in front of Barcelona. The Spanish Netherlands were gone. Spain itself was almost crushed. Then Antwerp and Ostend fell before Marlborough. It seemed as though Louis XIV. were tottering on his throne.

But dissensions among the confederates in the Low Countries, intrigues and cabals at home, and his renewed employment in settling important diplomatic affairs, checked Lord Marlborough at the moment when he could and would have carried the war into France. Over a year was lost in senseless hesitation and delay, for which he was in no way responsible. The French reorganized their armies on the northeastern frontier, and in the spring of 1708 Marlborough and Eugene, once more united, were called upon to meet a formidable force of French bent on the recapture of the lost cities of Belgium. Their plan was a good one. They were afraid to meet the army of Marlborough on even terms in the field, but had bethought themselves of a feasible project for robbing him of all the fruits of his conquests of 1706. All the cities of the Netherlands were disgusted with the oppressions of the Dutch, their new masters, and the people were only too ready to co-operate with the French. It

was resolved therefore to surprise the citadels of Bruges and Ghent, and to capture Oudenarde, an important fortified town on the Scheldt, about twenty-eight miles southwest from Ghent. So far as Bruges and Ghent were concerned the plan worked to a charm. Both surrendered without a shot, for the garrisons were Flemings and Walloons, or Dutch; and Marlborough was far in the interior, beyond Brussels, near the old field of Ramielies, waiting for Eugene who was coming from Maestricht.

The French, on July 9th, laid siege to Oudenarde, then held by General Chanclos, and, to "cover the siege" and delay Marlborough's move to the rescue, they attempted to seize the left bank of the river Dender and hold it against his crossing.

But Marlborough was quicker than they. Eugene had galloped forward to join him, and together they crossed the Dender and the French recoiled behind Oudenarde and the Scheldt.

All around Oudenarde the country lies in low, gentle undulations. The valley is wide; the ground is thoroughly cultivated; corn on the uplands; flax, clover, buckwheat and peas on the lower. Only on the few steep acclivities are woods to be found. Over towards Courtray to the west, and up the Scheldt towards the frontiers of France, there are or were forests, but around Oudenarde it was nearly all open. Low hedges divided the fields but there was nothing to impede the march of troops, even of artillery, and, by a strange contradiction, artillery was the one thing lacking in the sharp battle which took place at this point. Oudenarde was an infantry and cavalry fight. The river runs about northeast through the queer old Dutch town, then sweeps around towards the north. One or two castles and an old abbey were, with those inevitable windmills, the features of the rather uninteresting scenery. Marshes bounded both sides of the stream, but north of Oudenarde the ground rose; two little streams cut through the rise and reached the Scheldt a mile or so northeast of the town, and a larger creek, flowing nearly east, and bounded north and south by sloping banks, intersected this low plateau three miles north of the town. It was called the Norcken, and between this stream and the walls of the city the battle of Oudenarde took place.

The French had determined, it has been said, to hold Marlborough east of the Dender while they invested the town, but before they could get their guns in position, Cadogan—he who led the advance at Ramilies—was crossing the stream six miles south of them and their position was “turned.” Amazed at such rapid moves, even of Marlborough, the French commanders decided that now they must get across the Scheldt, near Oudenarde, and confront him there. For this purpose their columns were directed on Gavre, six miles northeast of Oudenarde, where bridges were already thrown across; and about half-past ten on the sultry morning of the 11th of July, their advance, under the Marquis de Biron, passed quietly over and moved up the slopes of the Norcken, sending out foragers right and left. Behind him, in leisurely march, came the entire French army. Despite the lesson of the Dender it did not seem to occur to these leaders of Louis XIV. that Marlborough might teach them another, and *beat* them to the commanding ground across the Scheldt. Had Turenne, Condé, or even unlucky Villeroi, been at their head, there would have been less deliberation and far more energy of movement. The Duke of Vendome, one of their chiefs, was a fine soldier, but all his efforts were clogged by the Duke of Burgundy, whose rank carried with it supreme command, and both on the march and in the battle that followed, his fatuity brought about grave consequences. At the very moment when de Biron with his advance was lounging about the bridges at Gavre, Cadogan, eager, rapid and impetuous, was urging his men to the completion of the four bridges he had to throw across just below Oudenarde, and then out he went, he and his light horse, and at twelve o’clock the foraging parties of the French, plundering among the villages on the plateau, were confounded by the sight of the British standards on the opposite slopes. The largest village, Heurne, lay on the west bank of the Scheldt, two miles below Oudenarde, well up on the slopes, with a broad plain behind and on each side of it—a plain that stretched another two miles northward, where it came to a point between the Norcken and the Scheldt, just above the French bridges at Gavre.

Cadogan's advance was composed of eight squadrons of light horse and sixteen battalions of foot, with good field-artillery. The cavalry were mainly Hanoverians; the artillery had not come up, thanks to heavy roads, but Cadogan never hesitated. He swung his two brigades of infantry into position, facing north-east, on the slopes beyond Oudenarde and dashed in at the head of his squadrons, forded the little stream that cut the plateau in half, rode, cheering, through the village of Eyne on its north bank, whirling the foragers before him up the slopes to the plain of Heurne, and never drew rein until he had chased them to its extreme point and found himself charged in turn by de Biron with a much larger force, before which Cadogan retired in good order. De Biron pursued until he reached the bluffs above Eyne and there came in sight of the brigades of infantry in line of battle, the pontoon bridges down behind them on the Scheldt, and the huge clouds of dust rising skyward behind Oudenarde. In utter amazement he realized that the whole army of the confederates was within gunshot of the plateau, and his own people not within supporting distance. Promptly sending back word to Gavre of the approach of the troops of Marlborough, and the presence of their advance, he gallantly stood to his ground and seized the little village of Eyne with the intention of fortifying. And at that very moment Marlborough and Eugene arrived at full gallop at the bridges.

The French were thunderstruck by the news; Vendome alone seems to have formed a just estimate of the situation. He judged by the distance of the dust-clouds that only the advance of the confederates had crossed the Scheldt, and that by prompt action it could be overwhelmed and crushed before the main army could reach Oudenarde. Fine soldier that he was, Vendome lost not an instant. Seven strong battalions of Swiss infantry were thrown forward to occupy the village of Heurne, while all his divisions of foot and horse were directed to march southward with the view of forming line of battle parallel to, and facing the Scheldt along the plateau itself. It would have been a very easy matter for him by one o'clock, or two at the latest, to dash upon Cadogan and his comrade Rantzau, hurl them

back on the river and seize and break up the pontoons, for, besides the advance, only the confederate cavalry was in sight at noon.

Already his infantry was marching out upon the plateau, and General Pfeffer with the seven battalions of Swiss had gone, not into Heurne, but, by some mistake in name, beyond it a full mile, and was now loopholing the walls of Eyne, which Biron had so recently seized. Already Cadogan and Rantzau saw their position threatened and began to cast anxious glances towards Oudenarde and the coming reinforcements; already Marlborough and Eugene, marking the massive advance of Vendome's columns along the opposite plateau, were trembling with apprehension for their advance, if such men ever did tremble, when suddenly the heads of their own columns appeared, some crossing the heights of Edelære, behind them, some winding around the southern base between the heights and Oudenarde, and at the same instant the French divisions sheered off to the north, and, by a rapid movement to their right flank, began the descent into the ravine of the Norken. To the rage of Vendome, to the wonderment of Marlborough, and the unmixed delight of himself and Eugene, the faint-hearted Duke of Burgundy had countermanded Vendome's orders—abandoned the whole plateau, and was falling back to the line of low heights behind the Norken, marked by the villages of Lede and Huysse. They had left poor Pfeffer with his Swiss division all alone out there in Eyne under the plateau.

Marlborough was not the man to let slip such a chance. Already his cavalry was crossing the bridges, and by three o'clock the head of the infantry columns began to arrive. The one battery that had managed to struggle forward with the horsemen was posted on the slopes commanding the ground towards the village of Diepenbeck, which stands on a portion of the plateau, shaped for all the world like an inverted, old-fashioned, circular tin pan, the two branches of the stream that drain the plateau having scooped out semi-circular troughs for themselves around it, and then, meeting on the east side, rippled off towards the Scheldt. This flat-topped, circular mound is about a mile across,

with Diepenbeck on its eastern edge, the Oudenarde side, and it must be noted well. That mound is to be the vortex of the battle.

The moment the infantry came up, Cadogan's brigade of foot left to guard the bridges was relieved and sent across to join him. At three o'clock he had there twelve battalions of musketeers, and Rantzau's Hanoverian dragoons, and there was Pfeffer with his seven battalions of Swiss, backed by a few of de Biron's horse, utterly isolated, abandoned by the blundering stupidity of the French duke. The sight was enough for any soldier. Cadogan swooped down with his whole force, Sabine's brigade of British infantry in front, while Rantzau's horse splashed through the rivulet higher up to take the position "in reverse." The fight was sharp, short and bloody. Twelve battalions, eight of them English, were too heavy metal for the Swiss even behind loopholed walls. They were soon driven out; Pfeffer and three battalions were taken prisoners on the spot; the rest, attempting to retreat across the plateau towards the Norcken, were surrounded, shot or sabred, and a number more taken prisoners out near the old windmill. The French cavalry, far from coming to their aid, attempted to slink off towards their supports, but were charged by Rantzau, driven pell-mell across the Norcken and up among their own comrades on the other side, and yet Rantzau and most of his troopers came back unharmed, with twelve standards and a French colonel among their trophies.

Several distinguished nobles charged with Rantzau in this gallant little affair—among them the electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II. of England, and Count Lusky, who was killed.

Now it seemed to the French generals that something had to be done. Anything more lamentable than the manoeuvres of the Duke of Burgundy thus far can hardly be conceived, and yet, spurred to action of some kind by the furious arguments of his generals, who were overcome with rage and mortification at the disgrace which had attended them so far, he decided to fight at once, and therein made a bigger blunder than he had before.

He had sacrificed Pfeffer and the plateau in order to gain a strong position behind the Norken. He was now *in* that position, and there was little likelihood of Marlborough's attacking him before the next day, for the latter's army had marched fifteen miles and was much fatigued, and in no condition to assault an enemy posted as the French were now posted. If they did attack that evening, the chances were vastly in favor of their being whipped. If they did not, then the French would have twelve hours or more, in which to strengthen their ground, and the morrow would be the more likely to bring them victory.

But the hot-headed Frenchmen clamored for instant battle, and, yielding to their demands, the duke weakly decided to attack, and in so doing he came down from his strong line, recrossed the Norken in front of Marlborough's forming divisions, and proceeded to grapple with him on equal terms, on the very ground he had abandoned an hour earlier.

He had made heavy sacrifices to abandon that position for a better; now he proposed to make still heavier sacrifices to regain it. All this irresolution, confusion and change of purpose was plain to the keen sight of Marlborough and Eugene, now seated in their saddles on the low bluffs just opposite Eyne, and they were in blithe spirits over the prospect.

As yet Marlborough's infantry was not in line; some of the divisions were still crossing the bridges, but fast as they came up they moved up the slopes near the hamlet of Bevere, and out towards the castle of the same name, where they extended their lines to the left, and halted, facing north along the slope of the rivulet which flowed between them and the circular mound of Diepenbeck. Nearly all the French cavalry were drawn up across the Norken on the west end of their line, and from this, their right wing, the duke ordered the first movement. Grimaldi with sixteen squadrons swept down across the stream and forward towards Diepenbeck to "feel" the British position, but at sight of the silent lines of infantry a mile away, he concluded to come no farther, but halted at the mill of Hoyegem, over on the second plateau. However, enough had occurred to lead Marlborough to see that the French meant to attack speedily,

so he himself rapidly crossed the little stream at the head of the Prussian horse, and placed it, facing the enemy on the plain, back of Heurne in support of Cadogan, where twelve battalions were thrown forward into the hedges of Groenevelde directly in front of the French centre. Even as the cavalry were trotting into position, the French right centre quickly advanced down the slopes of the Norken, crossed the farther plateau on which Grimaldi had halted, dipped down again into the circular ravine which swept around the plateau of Diepenbeck, and then came gallantly down upon Cadogan's advance in the hedges. These were the best troops of the French line, thirty battalions of French and Swiss guards, and the chosen brigades "du Roi," Picardy and Royal Roussillon; but Cadogan stuck to his hedges like a bull-dog, yielding not an inch of ground until the Duke of Argyll, general of the British infantry, hurried forward to his support with twenty battalions, and then the combined commands proved too strong for the Frenchmen; they fell back across the rivulet, and formed on the slope of the Diepenbeck plateau, their front following the course of the stream and showing a complete semi-circle with the convex side toward the English; and now Cadogan lapped around towards the French left with his own flank dangerously threatened by attack across the Norken, while Argyll swung completely around from their centre to their right, and thus it happened that the mound of Diepenbeck became the vortex of the fight. The French sprang forward to reinforce their advance, the English and their allies swept on to sustain Cadogan and Argyll, and after half an hour's desperate grapple the French found themselves bent backward into a circular line of battle around the plateau of Diepenbeck as a centre, while across the rivulet which marked their front, strong lines of confederate infantry closely invested them.

It was six o'clock. Marlborough and Eugene, who had hitherto been watching and directing the conflict from the plateau back of Heurne, now separated—Eugene being assigned to the high honor of commanding all the right wing where the British infantry and most of the British cavalry were fighting, while Marlborough galloped back across the stream to direct opera-

tions on his own centre and left. Here, with their backs towards Oudenarde and facing Diepenbeck, the Prussians and Hanoverians were stoutly engaged with the dense masses of the French; but the heaviest fighting was still going on over to the north and eastern sides of the central mound, and thither Marlborough sent most of his infantry.

Thus it happened that Eugene had some sixty battalions at his disposal, while his comrade had but twenty. Meantime, of course, the whole left wing of the French had crossed the Norcken and thrown itself on Prince Eugene; and Cadogan, well out to the front, was now assailed front, right and rear, and had to drop the hedges near Herlehem whither he had worked his way, and face this new attack. Then on his right there came to support him a grand charge of Prussian cuirassiers, led by General Natzmer, which broke the first line of Vendome and sent many of his battalions scurrying down into the ravine of the Norcken, whence they rallied, however, and swept the squadrons with a heavy fire of musketry that emptied dozens of saddles, and, being charged in turn by the French household cavalry and himself severely wounded, Natzmer had to retreat with considerable loss; but he had saved Cadogan, and when Vendome again urged forward his footmen, the British were ready and received them with a withering volley that drove them again to cover.

Meantime Marlborough, with the Hanoverian and Dutch infantry back of Oudenarde, charged the French lines along the rivulet, drove them up the reverse slope, and were now slowly but surely creeping forward and more closely penning them in. But the French line extended some distance southwestward, toward the higher ground around the mill and village of Oycke which overlooked the plateau of Diepenbeck. Had they occupied this high ground the French would have commanded the field within range of their guns, but the only real soldierly general of their army was far to the other side. The Duke of Burgundy never seemed to see it, and the chance was lost.

Old Marshal Overkirk, who had brought up the rear with twenty battalions of Dutch and Danish infantry and a large

body of cavalry, had just crossed the bridges and was deploying upon the extreme left of Marlborough's line. It was after six o'clock, but there was still time. Half an hour's sharp marching would gain the plateau of Oycke, then he could wheel to the right, and the right wing of the French would be immediately under him. Marlborough lost not a moment. He galloped over to where the old German soldier was deploying his lines, pointed out the position, quickly explained the great advantage to be gained, and then as quickly gave his orders. He had a noble subordinate in the veteran marshal. The latter saw through the plan at a glance, and sent in his right division to sweep the enemy out of the ravine near the castle of Bevere, which was accomplished after a short and bloody struggle. Then his centre and left divisions, supported by the cavalry, moved up on the plateau of Oycke, and then, finding no enemy there, "changed front forward on the right"—a movement which brought them at right angles to their old line, and enveloping and enfilading the right flank of the French. It was the decisive move of the battle. The army of the confederates now formed one vast semi-circle around the right wing of the French, and the latter could look for nothing but surrender or annihilation.

Vendome, commanding the French left wing along the Norden, now made a desperate effort to cut his way through to the rescue of the surrounded right. Dismounting from his horse he led forward his lines, and fell again upon Cadogan with his right brigade, while the rest of his wing confronted Prince Eugene and the long, serried ranks of British squadrons on the plateau. The attempt was fruitless. His men were disheartened at the utter inefficiency of their leaders when compared with those of the confederates. Cadogan was as solid in his position as before, and the rest of the line, seeing the cavalry of Eugene preparing to charge, could not be induced to advance another step. In bitter humiliation Vendome saw his wing recoil before the mere threat of attack, and once more take refuge in the ravine. Ordering his cavalry to hold them there and to charge if a single battalion again attempted to show front on the plain, Eu-

gene galloped in toward his left, to complete the encircling of the French right wing. Cadogan's division, having shaken off the assault of Vendome's right, and being assured that no further molestation need be feared from them, now changed front forward to the left and lapped completely around the northeastern front of the plateau of Diepenbeck. It was growing dark, and the ruddy flashes of the musketry alone served to determine the position of the contending lines. Still the French fought gallantly, desperately, hoping to be extricated from the trap.

It must have been nearly eight o'clock when Prince Eugene and his staff officers caught sight of dark masses descending the slopes a mile away towards Oycke, and coming down on the rear of the French foot and on the right flank of the French household troops and dragoons who were still watching the conflict from their halting-place beyond the mill of Hoyegem. And when it was so dark that they could not tell whether the advancing lines were friends or foes, the prince and his officers were greeted by the stirring sound of volleys from the west, and in a few moments more the crest of Hoyegem was all in a glare with the rapid flashes of their musketry. Away went the dragoons and household cavalry of France. Taken in flank and rear by advancing lines of disciplined infantry, they were thrown into confusion. Some galloped back to the ravine of the Norken. Some pushed forward into the centre of the narrowing circle on the plateau of Diepenbeck. The last hope of the Duke of Burgundy was gone. Old Marshal Overkirk, after changing front to his right on the plain of Oycke, had thrown forward Count Tilly and the Prince of Nassau with a strong force of infantry and cavalry to descend to the plateau behind that of Diepenbeck, sweep away the cavalry drawn up at the mill of Hoyegem, and then assault the French rear on the circular plateau. Completely surrounded now, nothing but darkness saved the French right wing from annihilation. Fearful that, as his own right and Overkirk's left were now in juxtaposition, they might mistake one another for enemies, Eugene caused his own lines to halt and cease firing, and this being imitated by Overkirk, the battle practically ended here.

It was nine o'clock. The carnage on the French side around Diepenbeck had been terrible, and the confederates had also lost heavily. But now in the darkness some nine thousand of the French managed to slip away towards the south through the dark ravine by the castle of Bevere, and by marching all night these stragglers made their way to the frontiers of France. Others too, in knots of four or five, succeeded in crawling back towards the Norcken, but these were trifling in comparison with the numbers that remained dead, wounded or hemmed in on that bloody circle.

And now, at ten o'clock at night, the Duke of Burgundy with a retinue of panic-stricken generals stood in the village of Huysse listening to the tales of disaster and ruin that met him every moment. Here he was joined by Vendome, who strove to induce his superior to issue orders reorganizing his demoralized forces, and conduct an orderly retreat, but the duke would do nothing. He was completely whipped and thought of only the quickest way to get to a place of safety. With some few battalions and squadrons Vendome wearily faced the foe, and in deep disgust strove to cover the flight of his countrymen, who, generals and privates alike, broke for Ghent in wildest disorder. The battle of Oudenarde was the most crushing blow yet administered to the armies of Louis XIV., for hardly a brigade was left with the colors when morning dawned upon the scene.

Marlborough and Eugene bivouacked on the field, closely guarding the plateau, and at the first break of day proceeded to count their gains. Four thousand Frenchmen lay dead along that gory semicircle, and eleven thousand, wounded and prisoners, still remained to fall into the hands of the confederates. Seven fine regiments of dragoons in the centre of the plateau surrendered their standards as they stood among the corpses of their comrades and their slaughtered horses. Seven hundred officers gave up their swords. No guns are reported taken, as those of the French too were left east of the Scheldt, but, while the confederates had lost only 3,000 killed and wounded, the army of Burgundy and Vendome was literally pounded to pieces. Indeed, as the duke wrote at the time, could they have had three

hours more of daylight, there would have been an end to the war.

Even as it was, King Louis made proposals of peace. He had had more than enough of fighting against such men as Marlborough and Eugene. The enmity of the latter was something he bitterly regretted, for though called Prince Eugene of Savoy, this brilliant soldier was a Frenchman, a Parisian by birth, and had years before offered his services to his king, was refused a commission, and so took service in Austria, where he soon rose to high command and distinction. Then King Louis strove to recall him to France, but he declined to give up his commission in the service which had warmly received him and borne him to such great success. Sentence of exile was then passed upon him, and Eugene became a Savoyard, as being the nearest thing to a Frenchman. He and Vendome were own cousins.

Marlborough's grand success at Oudenarde led to further rejoicings, festivity and public thanksgiving in England, but bitter enemies were still at work against him, and the imperious temper and tongue of his wife were stirring up incessant discord at the court, where her majesty the queen found that the exactions and domineering ways of the friend of her youth were plunging her into deeper entanglements all the time. Lady Marlborough's influence at home was on the wane, and even the unlimited successes of the great captain of his day could not save him from court jealousy and intrigue. England began to fail him in the support he needed. The terms proposed by the King of France were not accepted, and the war went grimly on.

An unusual feature of Marlborough's great battles was that, in point of numbers engaged, the contending armies were generally very evenly matched. It was the case as we have seen at Blenheim and Ramilies. Here again at Oudenarde about 60,000 men came into action on each side, and at the most bloody and hard fought of all, the memorable fight of Malplaquet, in the following year, each army brought 100,000 men into line. As a battle Malplaquet is perhaps more deserving of description than Ramilies or Oudenarde, for the forces there engaged were much larger, and much more brilliantly led than before, but it

was utterly indecisive in its results; it was won by hard pounding at an almost impenetrable position; it involved a terrible sacrifice of life and limb, and for no purpose whatever. Marlborough and Eugene only succeeded in forcing the French to fall back in good order a few miles, at a cost of 20,000 killed and wounded; while at the highest estimate only 14,000 men can be claimed as the total loss, including prisoners, of the French. Malplaquet was a fruitless slaughter, and though a tactical victory could be claimed for the arms of the confederates, it is certain that it did them more harm than good. At home the outcries against Marlborough broke forth afresh. He was accused of peculation and disloyalty, and although the French now yielded to him the palm of invincibility, it was only in the field. He never fought a battle that he did not win, never laid siege to a city that he did not conquer, never met a leader in the ranks of war whom he did not overthrow. His last campaign of 1711 was perhaps the most brilliantly conducted of his career, and yet soon thereafter Marlborough left England a voluntary exile. He could not triumph over enemies at home whose battles he was fighting at the front. Distinguished as courtier and statesman as he was as soldier, and though a faithful husband and devoted father, the great duke had grave faults, which historians and writers, notably Macaulay and Thackeray, have not failed to fully describe. We deal with him only as the soldier, and as a soldier he had no superior.



III. PORTRAITS OF GREAT GENERALS OF MODERN EUROPE.
 (Famous and Decisive Battles.)



LEUTHEN.

1757.



BEXT among the great generals came Frederick II. of Prussia, justly termed Frederick the Great. The death of his harsh old father brought him to the throne on the 31st of May, 1740, and he who had hated military duty in his youth, had loved music and literature, had loved extravagance to the verge of foppery in dress, suddenly found himself King of Prussia. He sprang to the head of the finest army in the world in point of discipline and efficiency, though small in numbers, and found himself called upon to defend his frontiers on every side from powerful and bitter foes. Six months after his accession he clashed with Austria for the possession of Silesia, which his people claimed as Prussian territory, and from that hour almost to the end of his eventful life, Frederick the Great was involved in desperate and almost incessant warfare.

The eighteenth century brought forth more brilliant soldiers in Europe than have been found in the whole world in any other hundred years. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were in their prime when it opened; Charles XII. of Sweden was still the amazement of Christendom, though his star soon waned at Pultowa, and now, all over the continent there seemed to spring into vigorous life more than a score of younger generals of all nations. In the campaigns from 1740 to the close of the century we find them everywhere. From a soldier standpoint we might mark off that century into right, centre and left, and assign its chief to each, or divide it into three epochs—those of its three greatest soldiers: 1st. Its beginning; 2d. Its middle; 3d. Its end,

and in the ascending scale of greatness place them where they stood in order of time—Marlborough, then Frederick the Great, then, greatest of all, Napoleon.

We have come to the middle of the century, and for twenty years no name rivalled that of Frederick II. of Prussia; and no war, for brilliant moves, rapid combinations, desperate, sanguinary and thrilling battles, compared in interest with that on which we now enter, *The Seven Years' War*.

Fought originally for the sake of Silesia, it became the fiercest, as it was the last of the three great struggles for that province. Austria demanded Silesia as her right, Russia, through the Empress Elizabeth, hated Frederick, and was willing to help. The Elector of Saxony and King of Poland had grievances of some kind against Prussia, and weak, woman-led Louis XV. of France was glad enough to do anything the reigning favorite, Madame Pompadour, demanded. She, too, hated Prussia, and before he knew it King Frederick found himself absolutely encircled by enemies. No one but England would lend him a helping hand. All Europe was jealous of his almost perfect army, and so the cordon was woven round him—east, south and west—only northward was he unassailed, and so it resulted that the armies of this great coalition became known as, and frequently termed, "The Armies of the Circle." Never before, never since, had the sturdy German kingdom such odds against her. Could they attack all at once, or on all sides at once, Prussia was ruined. But it took time to get troops upon her borders, and Frederick jumped at the chance. He would beat them in detail.

Saxony lay nearest, and the first of the seven campaigns of the Seven Years' War began August, 1756. Prussia pounced on Dresden, the Saxon capital, whipped back Austria when she came to the rescue, and turned the Saxon soldiers into Prussians forthwith. So far Frederick was way ahead, but, being compelled to winter in Saxony and Silesia in order to hold them, he and his armies were far to the south. Then Sweden concluded to attempt to reconquer Pomerania, Prussia's north borderer, and so joined the circle, hemming in the east half of her northern

front, and now at the opening of the spring campaign of 1757 the Armies of the Circle numbered 430,000, against Frederick's total of 260,000 (British and Hanoverians included). He was no whit dismayed. He had the great military advantage of moving on interior lines while the allies hammered at him at different points of the big circle. He had faith in his combinations, and for seventeen years he had been studying and practising war as faithfully as he had previously clung to his flute.

He darted first upon the Austrians and wofully whipped them at Prague, though it cost him 18,000 men, killed and wounded, to do it, and the Austrians suffered only 1,000 more. But then a new Austrian army under a splendid soldier, Daun, one of the brilliant galaxy that made the century famous, drove Frederick back in turn, beating him fairly at Kolin; and the French under their fine leader, D'Estrées, punished the English and Hanoverians, so that the second year of the war looked black for Prussia.

But Frederick, now threatened by another French army in Saxony, together with a large force of Imperialists, bade his outposts stand firm. He himself led a rapid march against the new attack, and on November 5th administered a crushing blow at Rossbach, one of his best fights (it would take ten volumes of this size to tell them all), and then, just one month after, just when it seemed as though there were not an earthly hope left for him or Prussia, he turned back like a lion on the swarming foe in Silesia, and on December 5th, fought and won his greatest and most astonishing battle, Leuthen, otherwise known as Lissa.

Premising that the great master of the art of war, Napoleon, says of this battle: "It is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution; enough to immortalize Frederick, and rank him among the greatest generals," let us, as best we may, lay before the reader its story.

With more than 80,000 Austrians at his back, Prince Charles of Lorraine, the favored general of his empress, has pushed northward through Silesia, whipped out the small Prussian garrisons, winning town after town, fort after fort, arms, stores and

guns; has at last reached and conquered the city of Breslau, with Count Bevern, its luckless chief, and its large garrison and armament; thence, flushed with triumph and delight, he sends his proud message to Vienna—"All Silesia is now regained to your majesty;" and here he learns with utter amaze and incredulity that Frederick is hastening by forced marches, and with only such troops as he can hurriedly pick up on the way, to give him battle. It is the end of November; the weather is gloomy and threatening, yet in the Austrian camps around Breslau all is jollity and confidence. The story goes among the officers at mess, among the men at the canteens. "What! Fritz with his Potsdammers *advancing* on us?—Bosh!" Even should he dare come, what more could they ask? He might scrape up 30,000 men from the shattered, scattered fragments of his armies, and they—they had full 90,000 here around Breslau. They had whipped the Prussians all through Silesia for three months past. "Let him come—he's as mad as his old father."

He *is* coming, sure enough, and what is more has "turned" the line at Liegnitz, where lay a strong Austrian force thrown forward by Prince Charles to hold him in check, and now, December 2d, he is close under the banks of the Oder at Parchwitz, only two days march away, waiting only for Ziethen, staunch old Hussar-leading Ziethen. He has come way round in a big circle from Rossbach across the Saale; starting with only 13,000 men, quick as marching could make it, he has swung through Leipsic and Torgau and Bautzen, 200 miles on a bee-line, 250 the way he had to come—he is here in front of Breslau.

Prince Charles is fairly mad with joy. Right here before him, with only 25,000 or 30,000 men at the utmost, is the arch enemy of his beloved empress. He with his army occupies a strong position facing west, covering Breslau. He has the fortifications of the city behind him. Before him lies the "Schweidnitz Water," so easily defensible. He has nearly 90,000 men, and Frederick proposes coming to whip him out. An additional, an inevitable triumph lies in his grasp, and in his impatience he takes the step that robs him of it all—aye, even of all he has

won before. He cannot wait for Frederick: he must move out, fall upon and crush him.

But he hears of expostulation and demur among some of his generals who see no reason for giving up their ready defences to try an issue in open field. He summons a council, and there speaks General Daun, his second in command, the Daun who had fought Frederick before, knew him well, and knew him too well to throw away chances. "Why move out?" said Daun. "Let him assault us here, and we will crush him."

But Daun had been superseded by Prince Charles. Daun might be jealous, thought the Prince and the Prince's satellites. Some few old war-dogs growled their approval of Daun's arguments, but there were all the eager young bloods, all the chivalry of the empire against him. Lucchesi spoke up in vehement advocacy of the advance: "Forward," he urged. "We cannot fail; we have won Silesia. Now let us finish him and the war with him," and eager Lucchesi carried the convention by storm. Daun was overcome, the advance was sounded, Lucchesi won, and paid for it with his life. Frederick "finished *him*" two days after at Leuthen; fooled him first and killed him afterwards.

And so, for the first time on record, the Austrians marched forward to open battle with Frederick. They never tried it again.

Twelve or fifteen miles west of Breslau lies a low ridge running north and south across the highway; not much of a ridge either. There are no real hills anywhere in that part of the country. There are knobs and knolls and waves of ground, and low swamps, and scrubby patches of woods, and numbers of stoutly built little hamlets. Six or seven of these are in sight from the point where the highway crosses this low ridge, and right here Prince Charles is met by startling news. Twelve miles farther west lies the town of Neumarkt. He had sent forward to that point his army bakery, his bakers, a few quartermasters, and a reasonably good-sized guard. Their orders were to set up the bakery at Neumarkt, and have 80,000 rations of fresh loaves in readiness for his epicurean soldiery when they

got there next day. The news was that Frederick had got there first, and with much gusto had swallowed up his bakery, bakings, bakers, guards and all, and was coming ahead as though only too ready to swallow everything he encountered. It was here that General Daun is reported to have originated a query that has since become a household word: "Didn't I tell you so?"

Then arose the question, What was to be done? To fall back ten miles to the old works would certainly shatter the *morale* of the army. To push ahead might be to stumble into some one of those traps the wily Prussian king so well knew how to lay; and here, right here, was a capital line. It was adopted at once. With its centre in the village of Leuthen, a long mile south of the highway, its right at Nypern, two and a half miles north of that road, and its left off behind Sagschütz, the whole some six miles in extent, the Austrian army formed line of battle. The position was a good one; the villages were heavily garrisoned by strong divisions of infantry, thrown forward from the main lines. Over one hundred guns of light calibre were advantageously posted along the ridge; the cavalry of Lucchesi, out on the extreme right, where that zealous and enthusiastic soldier is to have command; that of Nadasti on the left and facing a low meadow-like stretch of land, lying down to and beyond Sagschütz to the west; while Daun's horsemen are posted in rear of Leuthen, and Daun is to command the centre immediately under the eye of Prince Charles, who has begun to think by this time that it were to his best interests to have his experienced subordinate close at his side. Nadasti on the left is a fine soldier, and has made an admirable disposition there. A thick little copse bends around on the slope with rather a sharp angle or elbow. He has crammed it with infantry, felled trees towards the west and south, and now occupies a compact little field-fort at this angle, while his line, bent back towards the rear at this point, is strongly backed up by a second line of footmen, and by the squadrons of horse. The peculiar formation is known to military students as "*en potence*."

Such being his main line, Prince Charles sends forward a strong brigade of cavalry to the west towards Frederick, and

gives its commander, General Nostitz, orders to go well beyond Borne, the first village to the west, and there watch for the advance of Frederick, and give timely notice of his coming. This done, he and his army betake themselves to easy-minded repose.

Now for Frederick. On Sunday morning at four o'clock he sets out from Parchwitz at the head of his army, learning with grim satisfaction that the Austrians have moved forward to meet him, and he will not have to assault them in their stronghold. He knows every inch of the ground towards Breslau, for all along here he has been in the habit of exercising and manœuvring his army. Early that afternoon he pounces on Neumarkt with its bakers and bakery, and that night and for several to come, the Prussians have fresh bread for supper. Before leaving Parchwitz he had held a memorable meeting with his generals, and delivered an address that has come down to us verbatim. We have only space to quote a portion :

"I intend in spite of the rules of art to attack Prince Carl's army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of numbers, or the strength of his position; all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case; so I will act in it. If there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he can have his discharge to-night."

But no general needed that: all were eager and confident. They, too, most of them, knew their ground and had faith in their leader. Then the king strolled off among the bivouac fires to see his soldiers. It was a quaint fashion he had, but it made them love him. "Good-evening, my children," he cheerily hailed as they rose and grouped about him; and some old life-guardsmen, well knowing his humor, queried in the brusque and familiar way he liked at such times: "What news then, Fritz? What brings you so late?"

"Good news, lads: to-morrow you are to thrash the Austrians for me, and thrash them well—no matter how strong we find

them;" and sturdy, resolute answer did he get from all. Then with parting "Good-night, good rest, my children," and "Good-night, old Fritz," or, more respectful, "Good-night, your majesty," off he would go to the fires of the next regiment.

And so in the very best humor his brave fellows had marched on towards Neumarkt that raw Sunday morning; and in still better humor, immensely tickled at the way old Fritz had nabbed that Austrian bakery, they had by his orders gone early to their blankets that Sunday evening, for soon after midnight, very stealthily, he wakes his army. At one o'clock they are in ranks; at two, on the road to Breslau.

It is long before daybreak—a raw, foggy, Monday morning, this 5th of December, 1757, and in four columns, both on and parallel to the high-road, Frederick in front with his staff, only a few hussars well out ahead, the Prussian army trudges or trots along—very silently too—well closed up on head of column. There is no telling how soon the Austrians may be encountered. All goes well six—seven miles. Then word comes back from the hussar advance that there is something ahead. Vigilant light cavalrymen, "the eyes and ears of the army," make out that across the highway, and extending nearly half a mile right and left, there is a line of troops just astir.

Quickly, without trumpet call, but in that perfect order and discipline in which old Ziethen kept his hussars, six or eight regiments of horse form line to right and left-front, feel their way forward until, in the first gray mists of dawn, they can just make out the shadowy line ahead, then charge! Away they go, crashing in upon poor Nostitz and his outpost, killing the unwary leader and many others, capturing 500 prisoners and driving the Saxon and Austrian horse helter-skelter back towards Leuthen; every man for himself, in wildest disorder; and, as luck would have it, these panic-stricken, stampeded wrecks go whirling off north of the high-road as they near the lines of Austria, and tell their tale of dismay not to sturdy Daun, but to mercurial Lucchesi up at Nypern on the right. "The whole Prussian army is at our heels—we are cut to pieces—nothing left of the Saxon hussars," etc., etc., and Lucchesi starts in at

daybreak, on this eventful day, with the expectation of being the chosen object of Frederick's attack. Despite the peat-bog in his front, he believes that there and nowhere else will the Prussians appear. Already, argues he, they are striking off north of the high-road, and will come thundering down on my right; so, nervously, he begins to feel off in that direction with his alarmed cavalry, and sure enough, before 'tis broad daylight, they come tearing back. They have seen a few squadrons, and that was more than enough.

Long before Frederick arrives in sight of the Austrians, their right is uneasy and alarmed.

But Frederick has halted his main army at Borne, and, with his staff and a few horse-guards, spurs forward to the one high knoll to be found thereabouts, and from here—the hill of Borne—he sees two miles away, stretching right and left, the long lines of the enemy. It is just growing light. Little by little the range of Nypern, Leuthen and Sagschütz becomes perfectly distinct, and grim Fritz Magnus laughs in glee. He knows every rood of the land, and he could ask nothing better. The height he is on stretches away in a gradually lowering range till opposite the Austrian left at Sagschütz. He can watch every move they make, but this height and range utterly hides his army from their view. Quickly he orders up a sufficiently large body of horse and some light guns to hold the height and apparently threaten the enemy's right; then soon after seven, orders forward from Borne, his four parallel columns. He has decided just exactly what to do. He means to give them a taste of the move of all others he most believes in—most loves to make—the attack in oblique order, and he means to try it down there at Sagschütz to the south. 'Twixt eight and nine the heads of columns are well up from Borne, and there are his staff officers busily at work resolving the four, into two parallel columns and *turning them southward*. At ten o'clock his infantry is trudging down back of the range and completely out of sight of the Austrians.

Prince Charles in losing Nostitz and his outpost has lost his eyes. He cannot form the faintest idea of what Frederick is

doing. Up there on the heights at the high-road, and farther northward in front of Nypern, a couple of cavalry brigades keep up a restless moving to and fro—now taking ground farther northward, as though to open out for more troops; now massing as though for attack—*always* in front of Lucchesi. Not a trooper shows anywhere else along the front, and King Frederick is delightedly keeping up the delusion. By ten o'clock he has Lucchesi completely on tenter hooks. "The whole Prussian force is massing for attack here; I must be strengthened at once," he sends word to Prince Charles, and Prince Charles appeals to Daun. "Impossible," says the latter; "the King of Prussia has manœuvred all over this country and he is not going to attack across bogs and morass." So Lucchesi is ignored.

Still Frederick keeps stirring him up. More cavalry are made to show out there on the Nypern front, for the Prussians are having hard work getting up their guns. Seventy-one they had in all, and all heavier than the Austrians, who had twice, perhaps three times, as many. But ten of the Prussian guns are of very heavy calibre, the pets of Frederick and his whole army; and these very guns—"The Boomers," as they are called—he happens to want just now way over in front of Sagschütz, and it takes time to get them there. Meantime something must be done to keep the Austrians entertained, and that explains this masquerade over against Nypern.

After eleven o'clock, and there is no telling still what the Prussians are doing. Prince Charles, with Daun and other trusted generals, is up in the old church tower of Leuthen, or perched on top of windmills scanning the west through their old-fashioned spy-glasses. No use to send out cavalry to make inquiries at the right and front. Those horsemen of Prussia are too quick and vigilant; and as for the left, opposite Nadasti, any one can see there is nothing there. Even if formed, they have not men enough to reach that distance in single line. Ah, no; and who would suppose that by this time all the army except these few cavalry are massed down there waiting only for "The Boomers." Every few moments there comes some new rumor or alarm from the right, and soon after twelve o'clock an urgent

message that begins to look as though there might be something after all in Lucchesi's entreaties.

King Frederick, watching everything from the Borne hill, has now got his infantry in exact readiness and position to advance in their celebrated oblique order. In two parallel and heavy lines the Prussians are formed, still masked by the low hills, and facing, *not* toward the main line of the Austrians, but to the backward-thrown flank of Nadasti, so that the Prussian front really forms an angle of about thirty degrees with that of the Austrian main line. The former faces east-northeast; the latter due west. The cavalry are all formed—those who are to act under Ziethen in the grand assault on Nadasti's "*potence*;" the guns are in readiness to be run forward into battery the instant the word is given, and now, noting the extreme strength of Nadasti's position, and that of Daun in centre, the wily king determines on another move.

Sending orders for all the cavalry of his left to trot out before the eyes of Lucchesi, and form as though for attack, the king waits the result. Long before half their numbers have deployed, Lucchesi, scared in good earnest, sends word to his chief: "Send me strong reinforcements of cavalry at once or I will not be responsible for the result;" and, out of all patience, Prince Charles orders Daun to take all his cavalry from the left-centre and go up there and see what is the matter; and, disgustedly enough, Daun and his horsemen trot off, a three or four mile move in the wrong direction. Grimly Frederick watches them through his glass; signals "ready" to his watching army, and "forward," as the great gap shows in the Austrian line. Just at one o'clock the golden moment has come.

Fancy the amaze of all Austria when the next moment, in perfect ranks, in compact battalions or squadrons, all in their appropriate positions (what we soldiers call *in echelon* by battalion from the right), in the far-famed oblique order of Frederick, lapping beyond the left flank of Nadasti, supported by their heavy-metalled artillery, "Boomers" and all, over the knolls and ridges beyond Sagschütz, comes the whole Prussian army. Three minutes bring the great guns into play; three more the

light, and then the battalions open fire. One grand assault of nearly 25,000 magnificently trained soldiery has burst upon Nadasti's left, and the rest of the Austrian army, for all it can now do to help him, might just as well be in Breslau. Frederick himself has galloped down to superintend.

This oblique order is something that ought to be explained right here. Suppose four battalions to be drawn up on the same straight line, elbow to elbow. Now to advance "*in echelon* from the right," as practised by Frederick the Great, the right battalion marches straight to the front. As soon as it has gone fifty paces, the next battalion starts; the third "standing fast" until the second has gone its fifty paces, and so on until we have the four battalions moving to the front something like a pair of stairs, each one fifty paces behind the line of the other. Now instead of fifty steps, the distance might be made a hundred, or, instead of a hundred, the number of steps it took to pace off the front of a battalion, and the interval between it and the next in line, say three hundred and twenty paces. In this last-named case the "tread" or top of each step would be equal to its height, and, having our battalions in this shape, it is plain that each at the same instant could wheel to its own right, to its own left, or halt, face about, and open fire direct to its new front without danger of hitting any other of the comrade battalions. Now, instead of confining the move to a little brigade of four battalions, conceive the whole Prussian line, each battalion, battery and squadron in its appropriate place, executing this beautiful manœuvre, and you have just what Frederick played on overwhelmed Nadasti at Leuthen. With only "fifty-pace" distance, beginning with the right, he launched in his superb and compact army; then when the batteries, battalions and squadrons, which had begun the move, had got well out beyond Nadasti's extreme left, with one simultaneous impulse, this right division made a half wheel to the left, and Nadasti was enveloped in an arc of flame and smoke.

Nadasti is a gallant fellow though, and, seeing well what is coming, hurls in all his cavalry at headlong charge on Ziethen's flank, now out in the air down beyond Sagschütz, and the attack

is so spirited that but for the steady fire of their supporting infantry the hussars would be completely overthrown; as it is, they get time to rally, charge in turn, and then, getting the better of the Austrians, chase them well home around Nadasti's left flank, and Nadasti is now too hard pressed all along his front and his retired flank to help his horsemen any further. Here, of course, the Prussians are in overpowering numbers. "The Boomers" play havoc with the Croats in that thick copse, and before the firm, steady, sweeping advance of the Prussian infantry no stand can be made. Up on his right the oblique advance has burst through Nadasti's line *between* the wood and Leuthen, and the luckless guardians of his extreme left are cut off, a tumultuous retreat begins, and at two o'clock the Austrian left wing is tumbling back in utter disorder upon or back of its centre.

Daun with his misled cavalry comes tearing back at this juncture, but he cannot make headway or charge through a surging tide of his own people. Brigades and battalions come down at double-quick, or the run, from behind Leuthen; but they arrive "blown" and disordered, are swept into the sea of their huddling and bewildered comrades; for, all the time, steadily, remorselessly, fatally, the serried lines of Prussia are sweeping northeastward up the ridge, halting by battalion and firing with the precision of machinery, then sweeping on again; and all the time old Ziethen is whirling his hussars around the outskirts of the sheep-like droves, taking whole battalions prisoners at a time, until at half-past two, the hitherto resistless advance butts up against the walls of Leuthen. Then comes a pause. Crammed with musketeers and light guns that Prince Charles has been frantically urging into position there, and on the ridge behind it, Leuthen becomes for the while a little fortress, a rock on which the Prussian battalions have to hammer a full hour before it is shattered under their blows.

But it gives Austria a chance to breathe. Daun and Nadasti labor like heroes to bring order out of chaos now, and check the retreat. Resting its right on Leuthen, a new line is formed extending off towards the southeast nearly to the valley of the

Schweidnitz Water, but its left is "out in the air," and Ziethen chops at it with his sabres, splintering and shaving away until, little by little, that line is dwindling in toward Leuthen—Leuthen still the stormy vortex of the battle.

Lucchesi, too, by this time has been making up his mind to do something, and changes front forward on his left, so as to have his line sticking out to the northwest, resting somewhere on the highway, also "in the air;" and at this flank those vultures of cuirassiers and the light cavalry of the left remorselessly peck, dribbling it away, as it went on the other end of the line.

But the centre is still a rock. All around Leuthen the fighting is terrible. The church and the walled church-yard for a long hour resist all efforts, all blows. "The Boomers" hammer the walls into chips; and then in hand-to-hand fashion the guards and linesmen rush in, and the bayonet does the work. So hard is the struggle here, and so desperate are the chances, that the king orders in the reserve, till this moment "refused" at Radaxdorf, a hamlet just over the Borne ridge; and as the fresh battalions come sweeping across the low ground south of the highway, Lucchesi at last fancies his hour of vengeance has come. He has a strong corps of cavalry which has been of no use in the *melée* around Leuthen. Now he sees a chance to swoop down on the flank of those reserve battalions. It is open over towards the "Scheuberg," the Borne ridge; nothing is to be seen at the moment, so with fervent impulse, with several thousand fresh horsemen, in he goes—to his death.

He might have known that such a master as Frederick would never have left that flank defenceless; a few squadrons thrown forward to peep behind the Borne ridge would have told him the truth—that there, in ambush, lay Driesen with the reserve cavalry of the Prussian army, and Driesen's orders are to guard the flank of the infantry when it goes in, and nothing else.

Instead of meeting him with counter charge and driving him back, Driesen does far better. He lets Lucchesi rush past his covert, then—up rise his squadrons to the crest, shake free their reins, dig spurs to chargers' ribs, and down the slope they go

upon Lucchesi's rear. He is trapped. In ten minutes he himself lies sabred and hoof-trampled to death. Dismay spreads through his entire wing. His left reels back before the Prussian reserve; his right is whirled off the field by Driesen's immediate rush upon them; they drift away back toward Lissa. And now, right gone—left gone—what use to hold Leuthen? Back go Charles, Daun, Nadasti, and with them all Austria, three miles back to Saara, and here, just at sunset, the last stand is made—a stand so weak, so tottering, as almost to be pitiful. It melts away before the first attack of the leading Prussian division; and the proud, boastful array of Austria is in full retreat before the disdained Potsdam barrack guard. Four bridges cross the Schweidnitz water towards Breslau, and for hours these are jammed with disorderly fugitives—rank, regiments, all forgotten. It is a rush for the sheltering walls of the distant city.

With Ziethen spurring behind them in vigorous pursuit, well may they flee. The Prussian infantry are halted in line at Saara. Strong guards are posted over the prisoners and plunder back on the battle-field; and King Frederick, as is his custom, rides among his battalions to praise or censure, as need be. Chief of the infantry of the right wing is the General Moritz, of Dessau, who has been simply superb to-day. Ever since Kolin, he has been burning for an opportunity of retrieving the ill-fortune that there attended him. Ziethen, Driesen, Ratzow, have all been daring and conspicuous; but the king singles out Moritz of Dessau, and calls to him in hearty commendation, "Well done! I congratulate you, Field-Marshal;" and the emphasis on the last word carries glad tidings to the soldier, for no promotion is so dear as that won upon the field of battle.

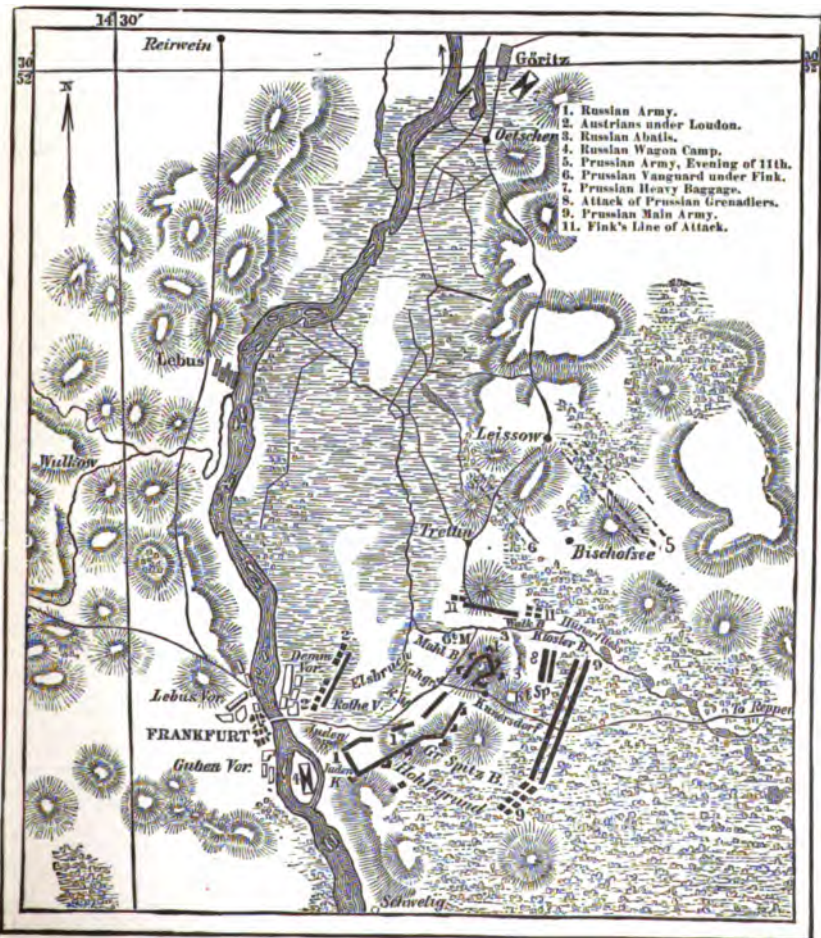
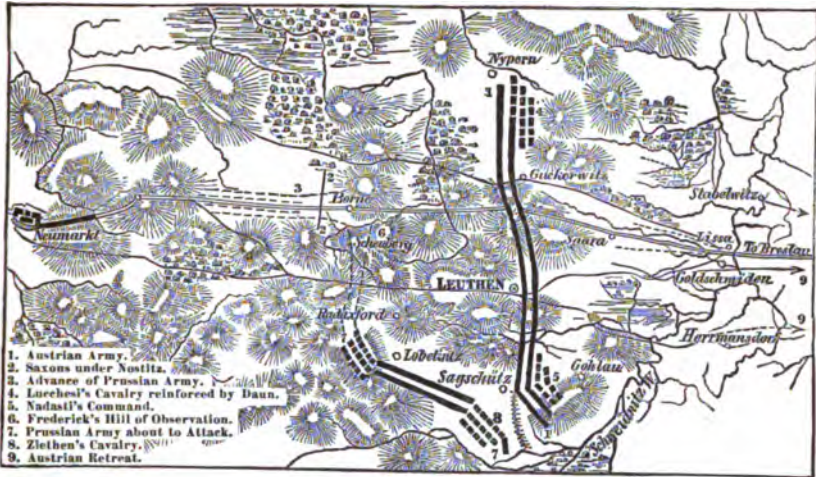
Then Frederick pushes ahead through the darkness to Lissa, down by the Schweidnitz water, only a few miles away. In the village, the small brigade, that accompanies him stirs up a number of skulking Croats and stragglers in the outhouses and village taverns, and a fight breaks out in the darkness. The sound of musketry comes floating back through the still night air to the wearied footmen at Saara, and knowing their king to be ahead there, they resume their arms and trudge along to join him,

singing solemn hymns of praise as they march, and so, make their soldier bivouac around Lissa, miles beyond the field they had won.

Of all Frederick's victories, Leuthen was the most decisive. He says, and with good reason, that had there been two hours more of daylight, he could have utterly annihilated the Austrian army. As it was, his 30,000 had attacked and utterly routed 80,000 in a strong position. No finer tactical battle had ever been fought: 3,000 Austrians were left dead on the field, 12,000 were taken prisoners on the day of battle, and 9,000 more within the next few days; 116 cannon fell into his hands, and fifty-one flags and standards. Against these, the losses of Frederick were 1,141 killed, 5,118 wounded. Twelve days after Leuthen he had re-conquered Breslau, with all its arms, stores and trophies. Silesia was his again, and 17,000 more prisoners of war.

As for the Empress of Austria, in her utter chagrin at these terrible losses, she relieved Prince Charles of his command and restored Daun to his former high position. Ten years before, Prince Charles had been termed one of the finest generals of the day; but in five pitched battles he had been beaten by Frederick, and war had lost its attractions for him.

All Silesia being once more safely won to Prussia, and it being now mid-winter, the king and his army proceeded to make themselves comfortable in and around Breslau, where they remained until the opening of the third campaign in the following spring.





KUNERSDORF.

1759



AFTER his great victory of Leuthen, as we have seen, King Frederick spent the winter in Breslau. Early in the spring, however, he was again in the field. His forces proved too weak for those of his adversary, Daun, who, as second in command, was whipped at Leuthen even whilst protesting against the battle. In all the fighting that followed, in all his combinations, Frederick the Great had no such antagonist as this gallant and loyal general: gallant, because he was ever ready to be "foremost in the fray;" loyal, because, whether superseded in command or being chief, his best efforts went to the cause of his country, and many and many a brilliant and skillful battle did he fight for her. Daun drove Frederick out of Moravia, which the latter had invaded, but could do nothing further. That in itself was an achievement. But, meantime, the vast forces of the Russians had swept down from the northeast. Frederick was compelled to meet them, and in August he fought and won the bloodiest and most destructive battle of the Seven Years' War—that of Zorndorf.

Space compels us to limit the description of our battles to those which were most decisive or characteristic in a campaign, and Zorndorf lacked the brilliancy of manœuvre which so distinguished many or most of the great engagements between Frederick and his legions of enemies. It lasted for several days; was fought among bogs and morasses, and in a country so broken as to cramp the movements of the cavalry. The Russians fought with stolid desperation; the Prussians with determined valor; and the slaughter on both sides was appalling. Frederick won from sheer per-

sistency, though this sanguinary battle was never one on which he prided himself. As its result, the Russians were compelled to fall back beyond the frontier of Poland.

Then the king turned once again upon the Austrians in Saxony, driving them before him steadily, until that brilliant Daun turned upon him with the sudden leap of a skilled fencer—actually took him by surprise, and gave the Prussians a sound and severe thrashing at Hochkirch before they had time to recover from their astonishment. Frederick rallied, and soon resumed his steady drive of the enemy, but this third campaign concluded with but trivial advantage for the Prussians.

And now we come to the Fourth Campaign, and the darkest hours of Frederick and his gallant nation. We followed him to his greatest triumph at Leuthen. Let us see how he met and bore his deepest humiliation. It reached him at Kunersdorf.

The Russians had routed the Prussian General Wedel at Züllichau on July 23d, and Frederick had to make all speed to his assistance. On the west, the Duke of Brunswick won a gallant fight at Minden, August 1st, badly whipping the French; and if Frederick could but retrieve the losses sustained at the hands of the Russians during the spring and summer, the Fourth Campaign would be in his hands. He was hopeful and buoyant. He had this spring introduced to the military world the first battery of "horse artillery," and he was delighted with the new arm, which he destined to accompany his cavalry. *Mounted* artillery was already an old story, and the reader must distinguish between the two. In the latter, the drivers ride the "near" horse of each team, but the cannoneers walk or run alongside the gun carriages; and though occasionally allowed to ride on the ammunition chests, their movements are like those of foot troops, and *mounted* batteries could only accompany infantry. Not so with this new arm of Frederick's. He had thought it out in the previous year, 1758. Now in the spring of '59 he put it into practice. With guns and carriages made very light, but of the best material for strength, with the cannoneers galloping along after their guns, he astonished the enemy with a little four-gun, six-pounder battery that spun over hill and dale, wherever horses could go. Next year

Austria imitated him ; then all Europe, though only very gradually.

And now while Frederick with his new toy was watching Daun, there came the startling news that the Russians under Soltikoff had terribly defeated Wedel at Züllichau—or, as others call it, Kay—and Palzig ; next, that Soltikoff was marching on Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Could he reach and take that city, he would be within sixty miles of Berlin. With all speed Frederick starts to aid Wedel. Disastrous as is the news he is nothing daunted. But on the last day of July the Russians seize the defenceless city ; there they are joined by an Austrian corps—18,000 strong, under Loudon ; and, hurry though he may, Frederick comes too late.

The Oder here runs nearly north. The little city of Frankfort, then containing some 12,000 inhabitants, lies on the west bank, a single bridge of stone connecting it with the east side. West of the river the ground is hilly and broken ; east of it, from opposite Frankfort down to Goritz, fifteen miles to the north, it is marshy and well-nigh impassable for three or four miles out ; then, nearly on a straight line north and south, there runs from Goritz to Schwetig, four miles above Frankfort, a range of heights. The river makes a bow-like sweep of these eighteen miles—a flat arch with the concavity to the east, and the range of heights along the string. Close under the heights, draining the eastern edge of the marsh, crawls a lazy, murky stream ; it makes a sharp elbow about four miles out, north of east of Frankfort, breaks through the line of heights from the southeast, and if we follow it out a few miles through the thick woods in that direction, we find it draining a chain of muddy little ponds. This dirty string of puddles is to play the mischief with Frederick's plans, and may as well be understood ; and its outlet—with miry bottom and oozy banks—the Hünerrfleiss (Hen Floss) is to give his artillery great annoyance.

Now just where this Hünerrfleiss breaks through the ridge, the ridge itself turns sharply westward and makes for the Oder, just about four miles away ; and we have or had then (for the wind and rains have almost blown and washed away the topography of this famous battle-ground) a chain of knolls, never more than a

mile across, and this chain was called "the heights of Kunersdorf," from the little village that nestled under the shelter of the easternmost knoll—the Mühlberg, or Mill Hill. Through Kunersdorf ran the high road to the east, along which the Russians had come. The road passed through a depression in the ridge west of the Mill Hill, then swept round to the west and followed the base of the spur to the bridge across the Oder. West of the Mill Hill came another and longer knoll—the Spitzberg; then a deep valley or depression through which the Oder must have flowed in days gone by, as, indeed, it must have washed its way through these other depressions or channels—the Kuh Grund (Cow Hollow) and Tiefe Weg (Deep Way); but this deep and clearly defined cut between the Spitzberg and the Judenberg (Jew Hill), a cut not unlike some of our western cañons, is the most important of all—Hohle Grund (Big Hollow, some call it); *Loudon's Hollow*, people called it for years afterwards, and with reason! It was through there that Loudon, the Austrian, with his unexpected 18,000, swept down upon the wearied flank of Prussia's army and turned the tide of the furious fight at Kunersdorf.

These three commanding knolls even then were no more than 150 feet in height, while the general elevation was about 100. All north of the chain, remember, is marsh and ooze except the narrow bench along which runs the high-road; and parallel with this high-road is a sluggish canal-like drain that lazily flows into the Hünerefleiss, and with it is lost in the swamps toward Goritz.

Just east of the Oder and north of the high road is a suburb, protected from the encroachments of the stream by a stout embankment, and called, from the earthwork to which it owed its existence, the Dam Suburb; and out east of this patch of houses were a few acres of dry ground, separated from the chain of knolls by that muddy canal. The sunken road of Ohain, says Hugo, was fatal to Napoleon and to Milhaud's cuirassiers at Waterloo years afterwards, because it could not be seen, and La Coste, the peasant guide, shook his head when asked if there were any obstruction up that apparently smooth slope of Mont St. Jean. This

canal was fatal to Frederick because he *could* see it in part, and his peasant guide shook his head when asked if there were any means of crossing it from the north. Loudon's 18,000 lay out there on that patch of dry ground, and the peasant did not know that in one night, with logs, stakes, barn-beams, stones and rubbish, they and the Russians had bridged it opposite the Big Hollow; but they had, and it well-nigh ruined Prussia.

East, around the slopes of the Mill Hill and south, along those of this range of knolls, lay an open valley, perhaps half a mile in width. Then came a belt of thick, tangled woods clear over to, and beyond the ponds of the Hünnerfleiss—woods so impenetrable that from the heights themselves they masked and hid all movements that might be going on; yet so boggy and miry was the ground all through there that the Russians seem to have considered it impracticable for the passage of troops; even their restless and hardy Cossacks never prodded its thickets with their lances. Their whole time was taken up plundering the villages along the Oder.

Such was the ground over which Russia and Austria were to grapple with Frederick the Great; and yet Russia and Austria had not the faintest idea that the grapple would come when and as it did. Well they knew that Frederick would make all speed from the west to rescue Frankfort; and, not deeming the city defensible, it was their idea to let him come in, to retire before him to the east side; entice him across until he had the Oder behind him; get him between the heights of Kunersdorf, the flat patch near the Dam Suburb, the embankments of the Oder; tempt him to attack the heights, then fall upon and annihilate him.

On Wednesday, August 8th, a gay party of Russian and Austrian generals had gathered at the cosy inn of Fischers Mühle, some distance out beyond the western suburbs of Frankfort; dinner had been ordered, a jolly time was to be had, when in came the miller's boy all panic and perspiration, just able to gasp out "Prussian hussars!" The convivial bout broke up in wild haste and confusion; the officers mounted in all haste and went scurrying back to Frankfort, sharply chased by the wiry swordsmen of Seidlitz, that prince of light cavalry soldiers.

King Frederick has arrived at the Oder and is out reconnoitring. His main body is at Lebus, six miles down stream, north of Frankfort. He has but 40,000 men all told, and the Russo-Austrian army has 90,000—Leuthen figures over again, but the ground is far different. The old war-dog knows they will not come out to attack him, that he must be the assailant; and with such odds against him he can have little hope. He sees, too, that they have made no attempt to fortify Frankfort. He readily divines their intention of enticing him across there. He studies the distant heights of Kunersdorf through his glass, and sees their redoubts and earthworks bristling with guns. He needs more men, sends couriers to General Finck, and meantime goes on quietly with his preparations for crossing.

Soltikoff and Loudon now march all their troops, except a small garrison for Frankfort, over to the east side. Soltikoff takes post at Kunersdorf at the east, Loudon in front of the Dam town at the west. The Russians swarm along the heights, which on both faces, north and south, are fortified with parapet and ditch; while at intervals heavy redoubts are thrown up. Nearly two hundred pieces of artillery are distributed along that formidable range, whose western end reaches the banks of the Oder, three-quarters of a mile south of that one bridge over which Frederick is expected, nay, invited to come.

Frederick does nothing of the kind. Finck with 10,000 men joins him on the 10th of August, at Reitwein, opposite Goritz. That night, on two hastily prepared pontoon bridges, the Prussian artillery and infantry cross the Oder opposite Oetscher, a little hamlet a mile south of Goritz. The cavalry ford the stream at the shallows higher up. Not a sign of preparation had been visible at the river until after dark. Not an inkling did the allies get of what was going on. At four in the morning all are safely across and stretching away southward on the road along the bow-string line of heights already described; the heavy baggage is left under guard near Oetscher, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, to the utter amaze and consternation of Soltikoff, the Prussian army appears in magnificent order of battle, *not* behind Frankfort as was expected—*not* marching blindly

into the trap prepared for it under the guns of the Juden, Spitz and Muhlbergs, but off there to the northeast in the open country, between Leissow and Bischoffsee. Frederick has fooled them again.

And now while all is excitement and consternation in the Russian cantonments along the heights, Frederick cautions his army to rest after its long march; and taking with him but a small escort of hussars, rides forward to thoroughly reconnoitre the position of the enemy from this side. He has utterly confounded them, it is true; but he has executed a manœuvre that would have completely unnerved a Washington Cabinet during the days of our civil war. He has gone around *behind* the enemy, leaving the road open to his capital so short a distance away. He has thrown Finck with his division well forward to threaten the Mill Hill from the northeast; while his main army, 40,000 strong, lies farther back in two ready lines, and calmly resting through the hot, sultry August afternoon; sorely needing water and shade, but patient and loyal to their grim old leader. It has grown to be a delight to follow him, no matter where he may go.

It is while out here studying the situation and riding to and fro on the heights of Trettin, that Frederick meets in the peasant who brings him a jug of cold spring water, the intelligent native on whose information he leans so much the next day. He can distinctly see the camp of Loudon over there at the Red Grange, back of Dam town. He can see the marshy alder-waste, and the murky little west branch of the Hen Floss that runs between the highway and the boggy flats; north of which lies the dry patch where Loudon is posted; and he asks that question of his guide to which allusion has been made: "If you wanted to get across from the camp of the Austrians to the Big Hollow there, or to the Judenberg, could you do it?"

"No, your majesty. The Hen Floss is not fordable, nor the alder-waste beyond; you have to go way round—back through Dam town," and though the king looks sharply at him and repeats with emphasis his question, the peasant sticks to his assertion, and honestly believes it.

Even now Frederick is not fully satisfied. He cannot conceive it possible, that, between the corps of Loudon and the army of Soltikoff, there should be no direct means of communication. On a bee-line, they lie not more than two miles apart—not more than one from Loudon's nearest flank to the slopes of the Judenberg. Even admitting that he was expected to come no other way than across the bridge from Frankfort, Frederick feels sure that there ought to be some causeway through the alder-waste—some bridge across the Hen Floss. So he calls up Major Linden, whose regiment had long been posted at Frankfort some little time before, and who had hunted all over this ground. The major answers as confidently as the peasant, and Frederick, satisfied at last as evening lowers, rides back to Bischoffsee to make his dispositions for the morrow. That night the western sky is red with the glare of conflagrations. In revenge for being outwitted perhaps, but for no good and sufficient reason, the Russians are burning the defenceless villages, and thousands of homeless creatures are wandering, weeping through the darkness, seeking over pathways lighted only by the flames of their own roofs, some refuge from the wrath to come. Kunersdorf and other outlying hamlets lie in ashes before midnight; Schwetig and Reipzig go down before the Cossack torches on the morrow, but meanwhile the Prussian army sleeps.

All night long, upon the heights, the Russians are swarming to and fro, dragging guns into new positions to meet attack from the quarter so unexpectedly occupied by Frederick. All around the base of the Mühlberg, which stands nearest to the Prussian line, a thick abatis has been constructed. The redoubts upon its crest are very strong, and if Frederick could but attack from the northeast and sweep over that height, he from its summit might "enfilade" the entire Russian line; perhaps roll them up on the centre as he did the Austrians at Leuthen.

On the night of August 11th, the Russian lines, three miles long, stuck out northeastwardly towards him. His army was posted at right angles to them, facing southwest, for all the world like the cross to a **T**; and, studying the situation from maps and histories, one cannot help wondering why he did not

attack that exposed flank from that very direction. True: the east branch of the Hen Floss lay before the advance of Finck's division, but it could be crossed. He himself, with all the main body, *did* cross it higher up. The advantage he would have gained is apparently immense, but he adopted an entirely different plan, and probably knew what he was about, even if the move seem incomprehensible to the student of to-day.

At three o'clock Sunday morning, August 12th, 1759, the Prussian army is again in march. Finck with 12,000 men in strong formation, sweeps down almost to the east bank of the Hen Floss, quite within long range of the guns on the Mühlberg, and there he halts, and begins making apparent dispositions for attack. His orders are to induce the Russians to believe that the grand assault is to come from there. He runs forward two strong field-batteries; he and his generals ride forward making ostentatious reconnoissance of the heights; the Russians bang away at them with their field-guns in the redoubts, and they fall back for shelter but make no reply. For hours they keep the Muscovites on tenter-hooks of expectation, always threatening, never executing a charge.

Meantime, what has become of Frederick? Even as he keeps up this aggravating by-play, Finck is constantly watching the skirt of the woods beyond the valley south of the chain of knolls. Six—seven o'clock come, and still no sign of soldiery in that quarter. Finck is getting alarmed and impatient.

At three A. M., when Frederick with his main army moved off into the woods towards the high road that led to Reppen and the east, he had no idea of the intricacies of the way—pools, bogs, marshy rivulets, thickets, underbrush, tangled copsewood—everything, in fact, that could impede the march of an army, stood in the path; yet he had made up his mind and was determined to go ahead, lugging his guns with him. Even before Seidlitz with his leading hussars succeeds in reaching the Hen Floss, out of sight of the Russian advance posts, the artillerymen, time and again, have been compelled to unhitch, turn their carriages round by hand, work, and pry, and push them around all manner of boggy corners. The large guns, like the "Boomers" of Leuthen,

are drawn by twelve horses each, and are of immense bother. Frederick, after his talk with that Nimrod of a Major Linden who had ridden all over the country, thought he could be in the desired position by day-break; but it is eight o'clock before his columns issue from the ooze and tangles of the boggy woods; and soon after eight the eagerly watching Russians on the heights detect the fact, that while the main attack may still come from the northeast, Frederick and his people are feeling around towards the south. The skirts of the woods along the low heights across the intervening open space are now brilliant with small bodies of gayly dressed hussars. Soon they can be seen all along that front from the Walckberg on the northeast, across the Klosterberg—a wooded crest lower than the heights of Kunersdorf, but parallel to them and stretching southwestward, intersected about the middle by the road to Reppen. Beyond the road, on both sides, in fact, are thick woods; and in these woods, close to their edge around the Mühlberg, Frederick is running up his heavy guns. Nine o'clock comes, and ten, and eleven, of this hot August Sunday; and still he is not ready. Still the first line of battle (with Seidlitz to the extreme left (the west), facing the great Spitzberg; and Prince Eugene, of Wurtemberg, on the right, lapping round so as to join hands with Finck) waits for the completion of the batteries and for the second line to get straightened out behind them. The main army of the Prussians is facing northwest. It has marched completely around the position of the Russians on the heights, and the attack is to come from the very last quarter the latter expected. Eager to find out what may be going on behind that veil of light cavalry along the Klosterberg, some inquisitive Cossacks come loping out on their shaggy ponies and prying into the shrubbery. A roar from a light battery and a whizzing shower of grape stretches some of their number on the ground, and scatters the rest to cover. Still it is argued that only a few light guns and a cavalry scouting detachment can have worked around there through that thicket; and once more Soltikoff gazes nervously northeastward. Much of his cavalry and the fine Austrian grenadiers are still in reserve over there with Loudon at the Red Grange. All goes well—if slowly—with the

Prussian lines, only Seidlitz does not like the looks of that Big Hollow off to his left-front. It is beyond his flank; he has not force enough to cover it; he cannot see into or through it from the little Spitzberg where he is posted, but he shrugs his shoulders and determines to make the best of it. At eleven o'clock the lines of Frederick envelop the Mühlberg like a great shepherd's crook, with Seidlitz at the handle, Eugene at the shank, and Finck at the curving tip. Frederick is with Eugene, hopeful, energetic as ever. He, at last, gets sixty guns into battery (there are seventy Russian guns on the Mühlberg alone), and just at half-past eleven, with one simultaneous crash and boom they open on the heights. Instantly Soltikoff sees that he is enveloped; but so strong, so confident is he in his chosen position that it makes no odds to him. His gunners spring to work, and for an hour there rages the fiercest, loudest cannonade of the Seven Years' War, with one exception—Torgau in the following year. Two of Frederick's batteries posted on the Walckberg have opened an enfilading fire on the lines of the opposite Mühlberg, and these guns are doing great execution, their shot leaping along the parapets, springing from battery to battery, driving the gunners to shelter, and knocking gun-carriages into toothpicks. It is magnificent practice, and Soltikoff rages in his heart when he sees that he has not a redoubt or field-work so built as to permit him to respond to those particular guns. By the artillery fire alone, the Russians manning the shoulder of the Mühlberg are so hard hit that they fail to serve their guns with any care, and after a brief half hour of this work Frederick determines on an assault. Sending word to Finck to press vigorously from the north, he orders forward eight pet battalions—Prussian grenadiers, and now comes the grandest sight of Kunersdorf.

"Steady as planets," marching with a precision and accuracy that would have been applauded at Potsdam, these grand veterans sweep forward in charging column; "steady as planets" they descend the slopes, and for a few moments are sheltered from direct fire as they cross the hollow; then they breast the Mühlberg—their alignment never wavers. Up they go till the tall, pointed grenadier caps rise above the crests; then despite the

fury of fire that greets them, forward they press squarely to the muzzles of the Russian guns; one grand volley they give, then in with the bayonet; and ten times their numbers of Muscovites reel, stagger, break and run before them. Despite all their officers can do, the guardians of the Mühlberg are whirling back in panic—in terror—before these eight battalions of six-footers. They make no stand at all. In ten glorious, never-to-be-forgotten minutes the Mühlberg, with its redoubts, lines, batteries, its seventy-two guns, its commanding, enfilading position, all are Prussia's.

Then "forward" is the word along the whole line. Seidlitz and Eugene lead in their divisions and strive in vain to cross arms with the panic-stricken Russians. No use. Soltikoff's army has surged back from the lines from the shoulder of the Mühlberg as far southwest as Kunersdorf and its hollow, and it is only one o'clock.

Now, now if the guns can only be run up here, all is won. The Russian guns left on the Mühlberg are useless to the victors since they have no ammunition to fit them, and little of the enemy's ammunition has been left. Finck strives in vain to get his guns across the Hen Floss, but there are only little rickety foot bridges (perhaps this may have been Frederick's reason for departing from his Leuthen tactics), and over an hour is consumed in patching up a suitable crossing. Then the guns that ought to have been down on Ziethen's left by this time, are hopelessly stuck in the mud a mile behind him, and the infantry of the second line that ought to be there to support the grand advance, are tugging at the muddy wheels, hauling at the straining ropes, and in the wild hour of triumph that succeeds the capture of that citadel of a Mill Hill, Frederick the Great is passing through the crisis of his bloody and desperate campaign. He knows it, and is powerless to help it. His assaulting force has hurled back thrice its weight in Russians. All that is needed now is a sweeping artillery fire upon the chain of knolls, then all those solid lines and masses near the Big Hollow must go. They will be driven helter-skelter down the slopes towards the morass, or the Oder, or else huddled within the walls of Dam town. Oh, for the guns! With them victory is in his grasp. Without them it is doubtful.

In all that fatal hour only four light guns, Tempelhof's, can be dragged to the crest. They are too few, too feeble, and now it is too late. The beaten Russians have rallied.

With victory presumably in his grasp at one o'clock, King Frederick sends his jubilant despatch by courier to Berlin. Tempelhof, however, has only one hundred shot, and these are soon gone—then, with vast labor, their twelve horses straining every muscle, men and drivers working like horses, some few of the heavy guns are slowly and painfully dragged to the height; but now, in fresh brigades and divisions, Soltikoff sends his reserves in eastward along the chain, while his erstwhile panic-stricken left reforms and comes up in support. Now, indeed, is Kunersdorf a furious battle. Seidlitz gets his horsemen out of the way, and wheels the infantry of his left wing around to face Kunersdorf in ashes, and the swarming, charging Russians now coming at him through the Kuh Grund. Their lines are deep and doubled and massive; the crash of their volleys is ominous, and the clash of steel when the bayonets cross in the desperate hand-to-hand fight that ensues, is far more sullen and deadly than the rattle of the sabres in cavalry onset. For some time, in the surging to and fro, 'tis impossible to say which side will prevail; but presently some of Finck's eager footmen who have scaled the slopes from the northeast, come charging down in support, and, once again, vehemently pursued this time, the Russians break and scatter beyond Kunersdorf. At three in the afternoon, panting, exhausted, victorious, captors of the heights east of Kunersdorf, and 180 cannon, the Prussians are triumphant; but—not a man has had a drink of water for twelve hours. They have been charging, fighting, climbing, shooting and stabbing, exhausting work, all of it, for three straight hours, and men cannot stand everything. Dense masses of Russians are still over there on the Judenberg; dense masses, down on the roadway under the heights, and Soltikoff is using every effort to straighten them out. Officers are shouting, swearing, beating with their swords, *forcing* the patient Muscovite soldiery into ranks, and ere long they will be on the heights again.

It is at this stage of the battle that some of Frederick's lead-

ing generals, notably Finck and even Seidlitz, urge the king to let well enough alone; to attack no more that day, but to rest content with winning 180 cannon and the Mühlberg. His men are fearfully tired, and the generals respectfully urge that he should now draw off to the Mühlberg itself, plant his batteries, get up his guns and the reserves of his second line still out there in the woods, and give the army its needed rest. But Frederick's blood is up. "Strike while the iron is hot," he argues. He orders up the entire left wing, as yet unengaged, and forms it for attack opposite the Great Spitzberg, where heavy batteries are planted. The wing comes up as ordered, furiously assaults the batteries and redoubts of this formidable knoll, but with heavy losses it is repulsed and driven back down the slope. Then the grape and canister of the Russian guns rake huge lanes through the ranks, and, unable to stand against it, they fall back in fair order towards the woods again. Frederick is in misery at this repulse. He will not give up, however. He again calls on his cavalry and rides up to Seidlitz. "Try it you, then, Seidlitz: you saved us at Zorndorf," and obediently the brave old hussar leads in his dashing squadrons. The charge is superb but well-nigh desperate. Russian and Austrian guns mow down the troopers. Seidlitz himself is wounded and borne off the field; then, dazed and irresolute for want of a leader, the cavalry break, whirl aimlessly about the field a few moments, raked and shattered by the incessant discharges from the heights; and at last they, too, bolt for the rear. Once fairly started, there is no stopping them till far from the field.

And now Frederick's chances are indeed desperate. Emboldened by their successful repulse of these two spirited attacks, the Russians at Great Spitzberg withstand with dauntless front these vehement charges led by the king in person. He cannot take that battery on the western heights. His men are dropping around him by scores. Two horses have been killed under him. His uniform is torn by bullets, yet he is unhurt. He rides hither and thither, striving to make his people stand against the now rapidly encircling masses of the Russians, but in vain. Worn, exhausted, parched with thirst, the Prussian lines are

drifting back towards Kunersdorf, and in so doing, they leave behind them the heights, the guns they had won and some of their own. Fresh battalions of Russians press them on their right from the north, and now, now issuing from that fateful Big Hollow, come Loudon's Austrian grenadiers. In superb array, fresh, vigorous, enthusiastic, they sweep eastward up the valley, strike the enfeebled flank of Frederick's line, and it crumbles to pieces. In vain Eugene with the cuirassiers rides round to the northeast and strives on Finck's side to break up the Russian columns pressing upon Frederick's line. The cuirassiers are mowed down before those ever ready guns and driven back. Then Puttkammer with the gallant hussars tries the same thing. He is killed and they are put to flight. It is no use, no use.

Back of the Kuh Grund, Frederick makes one last determined stand; the lines not fifty yards apart, and blazing at one another with their musketry; and now Loudon with all his eager cavalry trots out from that inexhaustible Big Hollow, and 10,000 fresh horsemen come thundering forward on the staggering line. Human endurance can bear no more. The valiant remnant of a valiant army breaks in dismay, and at six o'clock swarms eastward in utter disorder—in utter rout. Frederick rides among them exhorting, commanding, beseeching; all in vain. He prays for death; he longs to lie there on the field of his bitter humiliation. A little squadron of hussars rescues him from swarming bands of Cossacks, and staff-officers seize his rein and lead him from the ground. At the banks of the Hen Floss, they pass battery after battery abandoned to the enemy, they pass struggling, crowding fugitives, but his officers never let him stop. They lead their heart-broken king back to Oetscher, and there at the bridges Frederick can rally but three thousand of his men. His army is practically annihilated.

That night in his despair Frederick writes to the Count Finckenstein at Berlin: "The consequences of this battle will be worse than the battle itself. I have no resources more; and to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my country. Farewell forever."

Well might he be despondent. Between Oetscher and the southern hamlet of Bischoffsee, where he had so confidently bivouacked the previous night, the whole country was covered by stragglers of his proud army, now relentlessly pursued and lanced by those bloody Cossacks. His guns were all gone—165 of them—left on the hither bank of that fatal Hünnerfleiss. Flags and standards without number dropped upon the field; his grand cuirassiers crushed and virtually unhorsed, so many of their chargers had been killed; his dashing hussars well-nigh exterminated; Seidlitz wounded, Puttkammer slain; his stately grenadiers reduced from a superb division to a battered regiment. It was the blackest day Prussia had ever known. No wonder consternation and dismay reigned in Berlin when that fifth courier arrived. No wonder Frederick himself broke down and temporarily turned over chief command to Finck. They got him across the Oder to Reitwein on the following day, and there some 23,000 of his 50,000 rallied to the colors, but so broken and dispirited, shorn of arms, equipments, artillery, horses and leaders, that only the peerless discipline of the Prussian soldier kept them from further flight.

But Russia and Austria failed to follow up their great advantage. They had lost in this desperate and furious battle 18,000 men in killed and wounded. Prussia had left 6,000 dead, and 13,000 wounded upon the field, and vigorous pursuit would have scattered the remnant of the army to the four winds. So confident was Frederick that pursuit would come, that he caused the queen and court to abandon Berlin, and make hasty flight to Magdeburg. But the second, then the third day passed by. Only a few marauding Cossacks ventured westward from Frankfurt, and Frederick, standing by his resting army, took heart of grace, resumed command on the 17th, and ordered up artillery and supplies from Berlin.

Soltikoff it seems was drunk with triumph if nothing else, and the officers to whom he intrusted the pursuit got drunk with something else, if not with triumph. The former remained at Kunersdorf sending elated despatches to his imperial mistress, the tsarina, at St. Petersburg; the latter dismounted from their

horses and held a symposium before setting forth for Reitwein, and—never got any further.

And thus it happened that what should have been one of the decisive battles of the world; what could have been and would have been the death-blow to Frederick and to Prussia, was permitted to remain an unfruitful triumph—a valueless victory.

Loudon the Austrian, who had so contributed to the victory itself, was powerless to act when it came to pursuit. Already, grievous jealousy had broken out in the Russian ranks, and robbed him of his due merit. His counsels were neglected, even snubbed; and this worthy soldier was forced to look on and see the one great opportunity of giving the finishing stroke to the arch enemy of his country, utterly neglected. In the general paralysis which seized upon the enemies of Prussia after the blow at Kunersdorf, even the great Field-Marshal Daun was involved. He, with a large army, was only about eighty miles south of Frankfort—could easily have joined Soltikoff, or, independently, marched on Frederick; but they seemed to be waiting for each other; the golden moment passed by, and in six weeks, despite the fearful blow of Kunersdorf, Frederick was himself again.

TORGAU.

1760.



HANKS to the inaction of his adversaries, Frederick the Great was enabled to assemble some 28,000 men. The Russians were afraid of him, and backed into Poland. There was a lack of cordiality between them and the Austrians after Kunersdorf, that was of material service to Prussia. But the king was destined to suffer another severe blow in this eventful fourth campaign. General Finck, with 11,000 men, was captured at Maxen in Saxony on November 21st, and, in the desolate winter that followed, with an exhausted treasury and a well-nigh exhausted country, the indomitable monarch prepared for his fifth campaign. In the spring of 1760, he could muster all told, in all parts of his beleaguered kingdom, only 90,000 men. Then Fouqué with 8,000 men was captured in Silesia, and that bone of contention once more fell into Austrian hands. When autumn came, the gallant old soldier was well-nigh hounded to death. He was hemmed in on every side. The Austrians and Russians seized and sacked Berlin early in October; the Swedes came down from Pomerania; the Austrians under Loudon up from Silesia; the French, who had attempted a forward move from the west, were fortunately easily disposed of in two sharp engagements, Einsdorf and Marburg; but Frederick was fairly in the toils, and, like a hunted lion, was well-nigh goaded to desperation. It was then that he turned like a flash on his old antagonist, that famous Field-Marshal Daun, and on November 3d, just north of the Saxon frontier, won from him the great and

decisive battle of Torgau. Just when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he fought the fight and gained the victory that proved the turning point of the whole war. From this time on, all was triumph.

Of Daun it is said, that though chief in command of the Austrian forces this year, he had lost something of his old energy and skill. Possibly it may be that by this time Frederick had fathomed all his methods and he could originate no more. Of Frederick himself it must be said, that in his extremity he resorted to devices as questionable, if not as criminal, as those of his autocratic old father in the recruitment of his armies. He had agents and crimps everywhere; and able-bodied men, young and old, were spirited away from home and off to the front before anything could be done to rescue them. Once there, the case was hopeless.

A favored rascal named Colignon was one of the king's most successful recruiting officers. This man had a roving commission—went everywhere or anywhere under the royal safe-guard, picking up young clerks, apprentices, wild and wayward younger sons, discontented with the humdrum life of country homes, promised them lieutenancies, captaincies even, in the crack regiments, guards, cuirassiers, hussars; advanced them small sums of money, gave them orders for uniforms and outfit, ran them off from home stupefied with liquor, and when they came to their senses it was to find themselves in a recruit camp, learning the rudiments of the art of war to the accompaniment of a caning for every blunder. There was no time for extended explanation. And yet in this fifth campaign the Prussian army fought superbly, as we shall see, and these enforced recruits were better off in the end—those who were not maimed for life.

Late in October, 1760, Field-Marshal Daun with some 60,000 Austrians was encamped around Torgau, a city about the size of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, of 12,000 inhabitants. It lies ten miles north of the Saxon frontier on the west bank of the Elbe, and perhaps ninety miles west of south from Berlin. Off to the southwest, across the Saxon lines and thirty miles away, lay Leipsic, and here some 40,000 of the "Reich's" army, also Austrian,

had fallen back before Frederick's advance. Mid-way between the two cities, and on a good road, lay Eilenburg, and only a few miles north of Eilenburg, the little town of Düben.

With one of his wonderfully quick marches Frederick suddenly swooped upon Düben, built a little magazine and storehouse there, sent General Hülsen with a good-sized corps to give battle to the Reich's army at Leipsic, while he himself seized the high-road to prevent Daun from attempting to help his brethren. The Reich's people never gave Hülsen a chance to fight. The night he arrived before the north gates of the city, they slipped out by the south, and scurried off into mid-Saxony. They had no stomach for unsupported battle, even with a Prussian force vastly their numerical inferior. Hülsen left a little garrison at Leipsic, October 31st, and, like the prompt soldier he was, hastened back to join his king. The Reich's army thus summarily disposed of, Frederick was ready to measure swords again with his old adversary. They must have had a good deal of respect for each other by this time—Daun and Frederick—for though Frederick leads only 44,000 men, Daun dares not move out from his intrenched position to meet him; and though Frederick has whipped Austrians and Russians when the odds were three to one against him, he knows well that he can afford no odds to Daun.

On November 2d the Prussian army is *en route* for Torgau. That night they encamp at Schilda, seven miles south of the Austrian position, and this position is so strong as to be deserving of extended description.

At Torgau, the Elbe, which has been flowing northwest, turns suddenly northward, and from the elbow or bend there starts a ridge, low at first, with gradual slopes north and south, but bolder, higher, steeper toward the west, until, three miles out, the southern sides are well-nigh precipitous, while those to the west and north are easy of ascent. It is perhaps 200 feet in height at the highest point, three miles long from the west end to the walls of Torgau, and a mile to a mile and a half across. Close into Torgau on the southern side, there is another point where the bank is very steep, but here the elevation is inconsiderable. This

broad-backed ridge, mostly covered with vineyards, is known as "The Heights of Siptitz," and here within strong earthworks are Daun's 45,000 Austrians. Lacy with his corps, the rear guard, is farther to the east under Torgau.

All along under the southern slope runs a dirty, sluggish stream, the Rōhrgraben, which empties into as dirty a pond or series of ponds south of Torgau. Daun's army is facing south, and his front is covered by a score of these exasperating puddles. The whole country between Schilda and the Siptitz Heights is cut up by these lagoons of stagnant water, vastly in Frederick's way; but from Schilda as far north as the eye can reach, way beyond the western end of the heights, the country is level and covered with a dense growth of forest.

Frederick sees quickly enough that he cannot carry that invulnerable position from the south. He means to let Daun think he is going to try, however, and on the night of November 2d makes his plans with all deliberation, but takes no one into his confidence. Small as is his force, he has determined to attack on both sides at once. We have seen him massing his whole command against an exposed flank at Leuthen, attacking in one long encircling line at Kunersdorf, now we come upon him adopting a third and desperately hazardous course, dividing his army into two independent corps, leaving one to threaten Daun from the south, while the other marches miles away through the woods to the west and north, makes a great circuit, comes out on the northern side of the Heights of Siptitz and attacks from there. What if Daun were to pounce on that 20,000 on the south side while Frederick is miles away to the west in the woods?

But Frederick means that Daun shall not know of the separation. At half-past six on Monday morning, the 3d of November, he faces the entire army westward, marches out of camp in that direction in four columns. On the right is Ziethen's corps, next the grenadiers and foot-guards, then the hussars and cuirassiers, and farthest to the left the baggage. Once well into the woods the heads of columns are turned to the right, and move northward through the shadowy aisles of the forest along little bridle-paths and wood-roads; and here the king takes General

Ziethen into his carriage. In a short time they will reach the highway from Eilenburg on the west to Torgau on the east. Before they get there, Frederick unfolds his plan to his loyal subordinate. "You with 20,000 men will follow the road to Torgau, until you reach the 'Butter Road' which crosses the highway near Klitschen, and leads up to the heights of Siptitz. Here begin your deployment to the left. Prepare to attack from the south along the line of heights; but move slowly and deliberately. Be in no hurry. I have to march completely around to the north, and our attack must be simultaneous. You have barely six miles to march; I have sixteen; so keep here in the woods for an hour or so, to give me a good start," and by the time they have reached the Eilenburg road, Ziethen thinks he has the plan clearly settled in his mind. Yet he goes amiss.

It is a dreary, drizzling morning. The wood-roads are soft and slippery, but leaving Ziethen there along the Eilenburg highway, the king pushes on northward. He reforms along the road and now is marching in four columns: baggage to the extreme left, the west, then Holstein with most all the cavalry, the cuirassiers, hussars and dragoons, and a small brigade of foot; then Hülsen with two divisions of infantry of the line; then, nearest to the Siptitz heights, but still hidden from them in the woods, Frederick himself with 8,000 grenadiers and guardsmen, and 800 picked hussars under Kleist. The roads, though practically parallel in their general direction, are, after a while, somewhat baffling and intricate. The baggage is halted under strong guard well out in the forest, and the other three columns trudge ahead through the dripping woods. Daun has scouts out there, of course, and presently Frederick's column runs up against a small force with a light battery; the battery fires a salvo, then limbers up and trots off towards Siptitz, and couriers galloping in, warn Daun that the enemy are moving around him. All the previous night he has had Lacy with the rear guard, a corps of 20,000 in itself, down south of Torgau to avert surprise from that quarter; now he sends word to Lacy to close in on the heights, and take post facing southwest between the Röhrgraben

and Torgau. So towards nine o'clock Lacy is filing into his new position, while his cavalry go adventurously out to the southwest in search of possible Prussians. All the Austrian baggage is across the Elbe, sent there the previous day, for Daun believes in being on the safe side in the event of disaster. Besides the great stone bridge, he has three pontoons from Torgau to the opposite bank, and can cross at a moment's notice.

Meantime the three Prussian columns are steadily plodding northward, invisible to one another; and, unknown to Frederick, Holstein is getting altogether too far out to the west. He is following the road and really cannot help himself. Out here a regiment of Austrian dragoons, scouting, gets between the columns of Hülsen and Holstein, and is very cleverly trapped and taken prisoner, but in doing it several batteries get into miry ground, are delayed an hour or more, and just now delays are very dangerous.

But while Holstein is groping there to the west, Frederick continues pushing ahead. He has got to the northwest of the heights by this time, and Daun, following his move with sharp-eyed cavalry, readily divines his purpose of attacking from the north, and makes great preparations to meet him. He has immense store of artillery. Never before did so many cannon appear in battle. Austrian officers say that they had 400 guns, and 200 of these are hurriedly run into battery on the northern slopes to command the wood-skirts only 800 yards away. Somewhere along there Frederick must emerge.

Meantime, Lacy from the southwest has been marching up the Röhrgraben with the Austrian rear guard, sending forward, as we have seen, cavalry and some light guns to hunt for Prussians out towards the "Butter Street;" and old Ziethen with his 20,000 has by this time decided that Frederick has gone so far as to render his own move necessary. He has therefore marched east along the Eilenburg, turned north towards the heights at the Butter road, and there, runs slap into Lacy's explorers. These fellows, instead of scurrying back, unlimber their guns and show fight. Ziethen has to order up a few batteries to reply, and the next thing grim old Frederick hears, six or eight miles

away, is the booming of artillery south of the Siptitz, whereat he begins, soldier fashion, to swear. "Ziethen engaged already, and we won't be ready for two hours," is his reflection. Could he see just what Ziethen is doing, he would probably rage. The Austrian advance retires in good order before Ziethen, and the latter, intent on picking up all he can, pursues them. His instructions were to be in readiness to attack along the Butter road, which runs up on the west end of the heights. Instead of that, he has faced eastward again, and is following up that admirably handled reconnoitring brigade. Full two miles he goes, emerges from the woods, and finds himself engaged in artillery duel with Lacy across the Röhrgraben, and there he is planted the rest of the live-long day. He has found an enemy strongly posted and equal numerically to his own force. He knows he is out of position, yet he cannot bear to fall back in apparent defeat; so there, in chafing irresolution, he lingers, waiting for news from Frederick, and for want of something better to do keeping up this languid and sullen artillery practice.

Meantime, noon has come and gone; so has one o'clock, and Frederick with his grenadiers and Kleist's handful of hussars is now at the skirts of the wood north of Siptitz waiting for Hülssen and Holstein. Not a word can he hear of either. Staff-officers go spurring through the forest to the northwest in search of them, but another hour goes by, Hülssen is found and turned in the right direction, but no Holstein. Frederick can bear the suspense no longer. The steady thunder of Ziethen's and Lacy's guns grows louder as he pushes through the wood towards the heights. At last he halts his Potsdammers close to the edge of the open fields under Daun's batteries, and looks out. The position is well-nigh as formidable as that at Kunersdorf, and the guns and gunners are far more so; but those superb grenadiers, the flower of his army, carried the heights there, and they can do it here. In his impatience he cannot wait; the devoted guards are ordered to make the first attack; the grenadiers form in two lines; Ramin's brigade acts in support as a third; and, in magnificent order, despite the pelting rain, they issue from the woods, crush through the old rotten half-burned abatis left

there a year before, and stalk out on the unsheltered slopes, the target for three hundred and fifty guns. Pickett at Gettysburg is a recent parallel. Daun's left is their objective point; and Daun's left, like Nadasti's, at Leuthen, is thrown back *en potence*, and to the bellowing accompaniment of those twenty score of guns, Prussia's best and bravest move slowly and steadily up that natural *glacis*. "Did you ever hear such an infernal cannonade before?" asks King Frederick, as he rides to his place between the two lines of his grenadiers; for now and always, this superb old soldier fights with his men in the thickest of the battle.

There is something grand in this desperate charge; something inexplicable, however, in the motive that could inspire and direct it. Eight thousand men, unsupported by artillery, unsupported by anything in fact, for Hülßen has not yet shown a bayonet, to attempt to carry even the shoulder of a line held by such overpowering force, and defended by such vast numbers of guns! It looks like madness! Whole companies are swept to earth at a time; one regiment, the left of the leading line, is practically annihilated; only its colors and a handful of bleeding officers and men represent it when the line reaches the crest; but it gets there, what there is of it, fighting superbly, and the thinned, ragged, breathless line stands flashing through the battle-smoke, triumphant over all effort. But at what fearful cost! There were 6,000 grenadiers in those two lines twenty minutes ago; now, though right in among the Austrian guns, they number not 2,000. Two-thirds of their stern, battle-trying brethren lie stretched, dead, dying or crippled upon the northern slope of the Siptitz. And now, swarming around the devoted remnant, the Austrian foot-regiments pour in furious volleys of musketry; still the carnage goes on, and, with absolutely nothing won except honor, with almost everything lost except honor, Frederick orders them to fall back. Only 1,000 can obey, another thousand is lying there around the guns at the crest.

Slowly and in sullen order they give way, once more for an instant becoming the target of the thundering guns; then the exulting footmen of the enemy rush forward, envelop their flanks,

protect them from artillery fire but substitute their own musketry. They make the rush in tumultuous disorder. There is no breaking that indomitable Potsdam front, and suddenly the brigade of Ramin, right and left, sweeps forward in disciplined support. Then united the Prussians leap upon the mobs of the enemy, bear them backwards up the slope, enter the lines with them, through the guns, over the earthworks, never giving them time to reform or rally, and in the twinkling of an eye, Daun's left is thrown into grievous disorder and swept away, and Daun himself, striving to mend matters, is shot in the leg. It is three o'clock now, and luckily for Frederick and his exhausted men, here comes Hülsen.

Like grim death, the guardsmen and Ramin cling to what they have won while Hülsen's lines deploy under the fire of those terrible guns farther east. At half-past three he moves forward. The rain has stopped now, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," writes an artillery officer who saw it all, and Hülsen's attack is vigorous and well led. Daun's left, already disordered and the "*potence*" broken, is in a bad way, but he has right there on the west side of the heights along the Butter Street a strong reserve, the very people whom Ziethen was to hold and keep busy, and Ziethen is not there to do it. He is off to the east dallying with Lacy. Instantly, Daun summons the reserve to the rescue, and now with overpowering numbers he rushes on Frederick. Frederick himself is struck nearly senseless by a half-spent grape shot, and this time Prussia is carried back in some dismay. The second attack has failed, and both on his side and Daun's the losses have been terrible. Never had such a roar of artillery been heard. In this respect, Torgau was the Gettysburg of the Seven Years' War. Four o'clock has come: Frederick is again in saddle; Daun, bleeding but determined, is straightening out his shattered left. The sun is going down through the dripping clouds and murky smoke to the west; and just at this juncture, Holstein with the long lost cavalry comes trotting into line.

There is no time to waste in explanations or inquiries. Frederick calls once more upon his infantry, hurls Holstein in with

his whole force upon Daun's right, and so the third attack begins. The infantry, worn and wearied, make little impression; the cavalry do some superb work, but cannot hold what they win. Darkness is settling upon the field. Neither side can much longer see to fight; and, utterly disheartened, Frederick turns over charge of the bivouacking and night guards to Hülßen, and rides back to the rear for rest and a rap at Ziethen; while Daun turns over charge to his third in command (his second, Buccow, is killed), "an Irish Graf O'Donnell," and goes into Torgau to get his wound dressed.

"If Holstein had not lost his way and that stupid Ziethen his head, we would have won the fight three hours ago," thought Frederick as he gloomily rode away. Now it seemed that all was over for the day, and perhaps for good. Who could tell what Daun might not accomplish on the morrow, now that he knew how the Prussian army was divided? He might annihilate Ziethen at daybreak; then turn on the king.

But Daun never had the chance. The battle of November 3d that had apparently closed at sunset—drawn, was not yet done. It was stupid, much-abused old Ziethen who was to renew and to win it.

Way off at Elsnig, four miles back of his lines, King Frederick is dictating a furious letter to his old hussar leader whom he had left on the Eilenburg road that morning, when everybody starts to his feet and listens. Thundering, booming, crashing through the sodden air there comes the uproar of sudden cannonade far away to the south. It grows in vehemence with every moment; is presently supplemented by the roll and rattle of musketry. The southern horizon flashes like heat lightning with the reflecting glare of the volleys and salvos. It cannot be Hülßen; he is on this side or lapping around to the west side of the heights. It can only be Ziethen. It *must* be Ziethen. What can the old madman be up to now? Staff-officers spring into saddle and go sputtering off through the muddy roads and the murky darkness to inquire the meaning of this strange night-attack.

It is old Ziethen. Disgusted with having accomplished nothing all day, determined to have some part in the battle before the

3d of November shall have passed away at midnight, just when Daun's wearied army has thrown itself upon the ground around the bivouac fires for such rest as it can secure, Ziethen slips away from Lacy's unseeing front, plods back two miles through the woods towards the Butter road, his eager division commanders, Saldern and Möllendorff, pointing out the way. The latter seizes the passage across the Röhrgraben and deploys on its northern side, pushes on towards the Austrian watch-fires on the heights; while Saldern, farther east, takes for his beacon the lights in and around Siptitz. Presently they strike the out-posts, paying no heed to guttural challenge and orders to halt, and the next thing the Austrians know, a fresh corps is thundering at their battered and exhausted front. Ziethen is stumbling up the heights of Siptitz by the light of his own musketry, and if not driven back, in ten minutes he will be master of the key-point of the whole ridge, the westernmost, the loftiest of the heights.

It is dark—so dark that one's hand cannot be seen before the face; so dark that those who do not want to fight readily excuse themselves from taking part; not so dark but what those who *do*, manage to get there. Of the former is Lacy, who, with 20,000 fresh troops, is only three miles away, and to whom O'Donnell sends frantic and frequent appeals. Of the latter are gallant Hülsen and Lestwitz, who have been fighting hard all day, but spring to arms and come filing through the pitchy night to aid their comrades in the new and gloriously promising assault. Daun, way off in Torgau, has been speeding jubilant despatches to Vienna, as Frederick did from Kunersdorf to Berlin. Now he sends fervid injunctions to O'Donnell to hold those western heights at all hazards; and O'Donnell tries—tries hard. But the ascent is gradual and open; the Austrian guns had all been lugged over to the north side during the day; now, those they manage to hurry back, fire high and send their shrieking missiles clear over the heads of the assaulting columns; while Saldern's guns, sighted by the glare of burning Siptitz, rake the breastworks and sweep away their defenders. In one hour's superb effort, Saldern from the south, Möllendorff from the west, Hülsen and Lestwitz from the northwest, have stormed and carried the

heights of Siptitz at the highest point, and now are fighting down hill towards Torgau and the east, driving the Austrians before them. O'Donnell is whipped. The principals being out of the way, the seconds are finishing up the fight, and most conclusively. Lacy, it is said, is always more successful in getting out of the Prussian way than in getting in; and so when nine o'clock comes, and with it a disordered mass of Austrian fugitives swarming eastward for the pontoons and the bridge, Lacy, who swears it was far too dark to march into battle, finds it light enough to march out; and when the firing gradually dies away at ten o'clock, he and his corps, in most creditable order, file through Torgau *en route* for the other side of the Elbe.

The Prussians, closing in towards the city with its fortifications, form in rude semi-circle outside the works, deeming it best not to attack them in the night. Couriers are sent to Frederick to apprise him of the state of affairs, but the king is still gruff and out of temper. He must be vastly relieved at the thought that the heights are won, and the battle will not have to be fought again on the morrow; but he possibly hates to think that after all it was old Ziethen's, not his doing. At all events, he does not come down to the army. He spends the night in the church at Elsnig, using the altar for a desk, and sending orders and despatches.

Daun in Torgau has meantime had to send a very mournful missive to Vienna. Then he goes on with the work of retreat. By one in the morning he is ripping up his pontoon bridges behind his last battalions, and Prussian officers, prowling under the walls to find out what they can of movements within, gradually discover that they are unguarded; and along towards morning gloomy Frederick, wrapped in his cloak, and wandering among the hospital fires around Elsnig, is approached by a shadowy form. A wearied but exultant soldier dismounts, and greets his commander-in-chief with the news that Torgau is evacuated—Hülsen in possession. It is old Ziethen himself, and the storytellers of the day would have us believe that, in the joy of the moment, the monarch forgot his ire and embraced his forgiven general. Then he ordered his horse, and with Ziethen rode into the captured city.

Torgau was Frederick's last battle, and Daun's: the latter's star had set never again to rise. With the most elaborate artillery ever intrusted to any commander in the field, with an almost impregnable position, with strong numerical superiority he had met a disastrous defeat. He had lost 12,000 killed and wounded, 8,000 prisoners (left behind straggling in the darkness), forty-five guns and thirty flags or standards; and Frederick's final victory was won at the fearful cost of at least 10,000 killed and wounded (one-fourth of his command), besides some 4,000 who were taken prisoners and carried off across the Elbe.

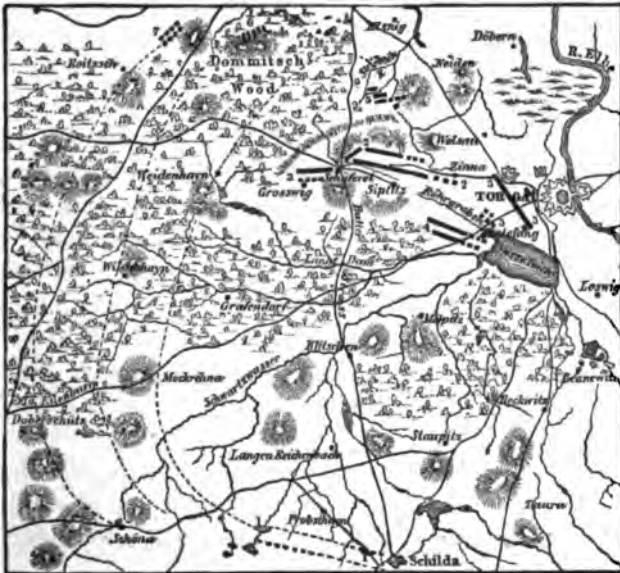
Pursuit was immediate. Even while Ziethen himself rode to Elsnig to bear the news to Frederick, his corps was crossing at the heels of prudent Lacy. Back went the Austrians through Silesia. Loudon, storming at Kosel, had to drop it and join in the retreat. The Russians, off to the northeast near the Oder, hearing the astonishing news of Daun's defeat, concluded that they had seen enough of Frederick's dominions, and his fighting tactics; so faced about, and for the third time made for Poland—this time to stay. The tide had indeed turned. In every direction the enemies of Prussia around the great circle were recoiling as though exploded from an immense central mine. The end of the fifth campaign was most triumphant for Frederick.

Still fortitude and courage were demanded. Severe reverses had to be encountered in the following year, when the Russians and Swedes, sworn enemies a few years back, joined forces and ravaged Pomerania, and the death of George II. deprived Frederick of the valued aid of England. The end of the sixth campaign—a campaign of manœuvres, not battles—found the Prussians hemmed in again on every side and well-nigh crushed; but in January, 1762, the beginning of the seventh year, the bitterest of Prussia's enemies, the Empress of Russia, was called to her last account, and with her death Russia abandoned the contest.

Now began the seventh campaign, Austria and France alone keeping up the fight, and when the proposition to submit the

cause to arbitration was refused by Austria, Frederick found an unexpected ally in Peter III. of Russia. True, no troops actually came to his aid in battle, for they were recalled by Catherine II. almost immediately; but Russian neutrality was all Frederick asked for. In May, 1762, he and Daun were facing each other on the old ground near Leuthen, but they did not come to blows. Their subordinates conducted the fights at Burkersdorf and Reichenbach, and both there, and again at Freiberg, the Austrians were badly beaten.

Then France gave up a contest in which she had hardly won a battle, and, on field after field, had lost the little military renown she had claimed since Fontenoy. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria was left, at last, without an ally, and in sore disappointment was finally compelled to sign the treaty of peace of Hubertsburg on the 15th of February, 1763, by which Frederick the Great was finally acknowledged lord of Silesia. So ended the great Seven Years' War, leaving Prussia the military leader of Europe, with a moral power vastly increased, and a war-like *prestige* that clung to her until her flag was lowered before Napoleon at Jena.



BATTLE-FIELD
OF
TORGAU.

- 1. Prussian Camp.
- 2. Austrian Army.
- 3. Austrian rear-guard under Lacy.
- 4. General Zieten
- 5. Frederick.
- 6. Hulsen.
- 7. Holstein.

SARATOGA.

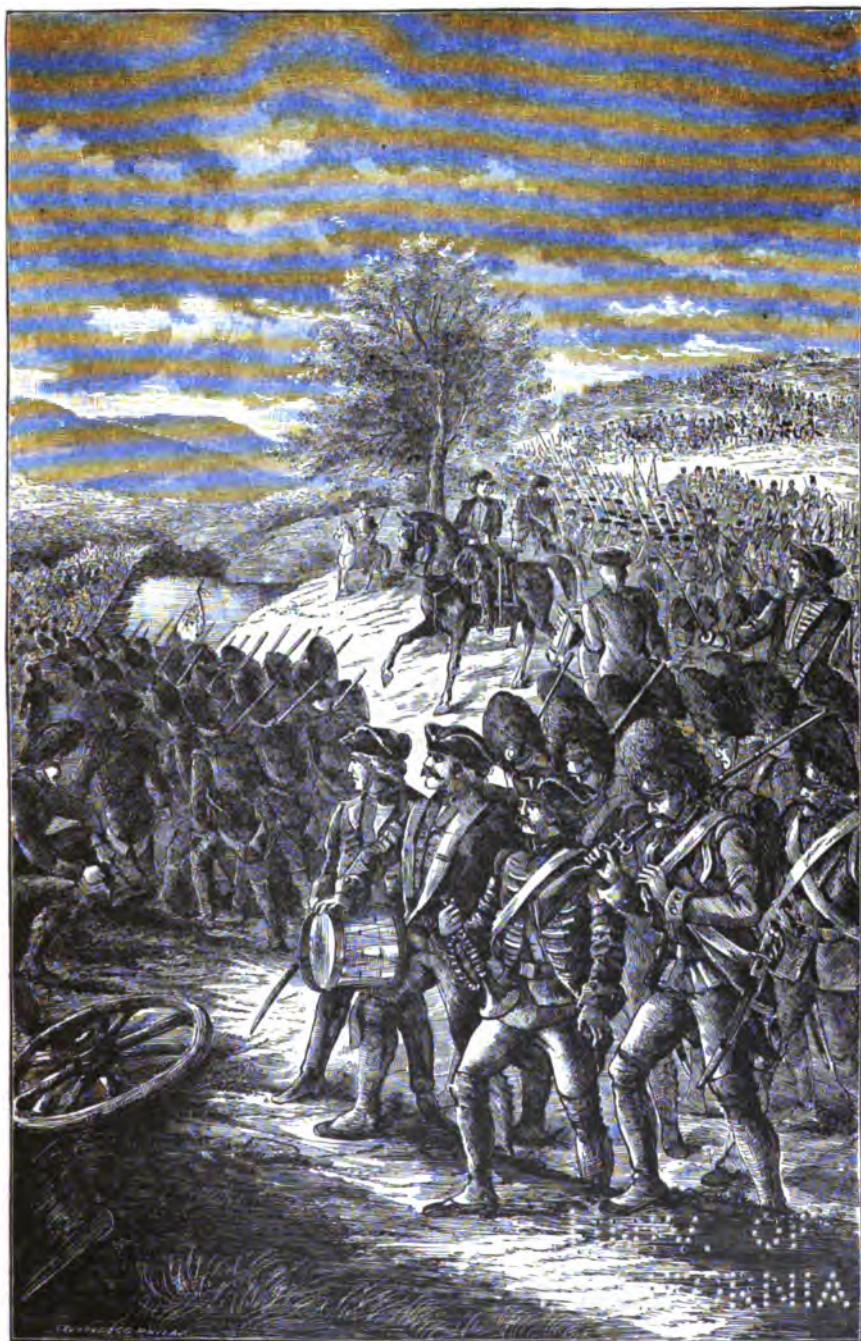
1777.



THE story of our war for independence is so well known to American readers that but little need be said by way of prelude to the memorable events which brought about the surrender of the British in October, 1777. For years we have been accustomed to speak of the scene as Saratoga, and for old association's sake the name is preserved here. In point of fact no battle was fought at Saratoga, so called, and the Saratoga near which the gallant and unlucky Burgoyne laid down his arms was a little hamlet on the west bank of the Hudson river, close by the old home of our noble-hearted Schuyler. Even then it was more properly termed Schuylerville, and the modern town of Saratoga, which has grown up around the celebrated springs of that name, is far west of the scenes we have here to describe, and the two battles which preceded the surrender occurred some miles south of Schuylerville—where the Fishkill empties into the Hudson—were fought in the woods and ravines of Mill Creek, and are properly known by the names of Freeman's Farm (September 19th), and Bemis' Heights (October 7th).

By the general name of Saratoga, however, we include both these engagements and the surrender which ensued, and so it is understood in England.

Trivial as were the numbers engaged in comparison with the battles that have been hitherto described, Saratoga ranks with the greatest of them in political and historical importance.



BURGOYNE'S ARMY MARCHING TO SARATOGA.

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One eminent writer, Professor Creasy, places it among his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," and as he adopts Hallam's definition, "Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes," no American need hesitate to claim for Saratoga that which so scholarly and learned an Englishman has so conscientiously accorded. "Essentially varied," indeed, would have been "the drama of the world," had Burgoyne been able to hold out a week longer and join his forces with those of Sir Henry Clinton.

The American army had been driven out of Canada. It had been soundly whipped at the Battle of Long Island. Washington had abandoned New York and was striving to keep up a gallant front in the Jerseys; but matters looked dark enough for the young colonies when, in the summer of 1777, Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne came marching down the shores of Lake Champlain with orders to sweep the valley of the Hudson to Albany, and then unite with Sir Henry Clinton, who was to move up the river from New York.

Burgoyne was a gallant soldier, and a gentleman of stainless character. He had won distinction in Portugal, and was especially selected by the ministry at London to head this elaborately planned expedition. He set forth in high hope; he took with him some of the most thoroughly disciplined and "seasoned" regiments of the British army; his Hessian and German allies were old regulars; his officers were loyal and accomplished soldiers; but he was hampered by certain orders and instructions that were destined to cause him infinite embarrassment and much mental suffering, and the worst of these was an imperative mandate that he should employ the savage tribes as allies.

Assembling his command on the river Boquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain, in June, he gave his Indians a war-feast and a lecture. They accepted the former with customary avidity and paid no earthly attention to the latter. Burgoyne adjured them through their interpreters to abstain from torture, or from the murder of unarmed persons. The Indians made no definite reply, and probably remained stolidly unimpressed by

his eloquence, for the brutal murder of Miss McCrea at their hands occurred soon after, and, despite his reluctance to employ them at all, and his earnest efforts to control the allies forced upon him by orders from London, the English general was compelled to bear the abuse and hatred of the Americans, for our generals found in this one circumstance a most powerful recruiting agent. Except as guides, and very rarely as skirmishers, the Indians were no help whatever to Burgoyne; whereas by their employment he saw, as he had predicted, all the colonists now vehemently arrayed against him. Men who had been lukewarm to the American cause before, now joined in heart and soul, and even the stolid phlegmatic Dutch of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, who up to this time had been counted on as leaning towards the side of the crown, flocked to the American camp by dozens, and after Stark's success at Bennington, by scores.

"All is fair in love or war" seems to have been the motto of his majesty's ministry in dictating the employment of Indians, and of our own generals in abusing Burgoyne as though the idea originated with him. His colleague, St. Leger, did go so far, when demanding the surrender of Fort Stanwix, as to threaten the garrison with the vengeance of the Indians in the event of a refusal to come to immediate terms; but Burgoyne from his inmost soul revolted at the idea, and never could be induced to yield to the Indian demands, that they should do as they wished with their captives. Like St. Leger's brief campaign, the subject of the Indian allies may be summed up in very few words. Far more harm than benefit was the result to the British arms.

St. Leger, who was to co-operate with Burgoyne, was sent up the St. Lawrence with a mixed force of regulars, Hessians, Canadians and Indians. His orders were to land at Oswego, reduce Fort Stanwix (or Schuyler), near where Rome now stands, then come down the Mohawk, punishing the American sympathizers by the way, and join Burgoyne, who by that time was to be in Albany. Neither of them ever got there. St. Leger obtained a temporary success at Oriskany, where our General Herkimer stumbled into ambuscade; but his threat to turn over

the garrison of Stanwix to the tomahawk and scalping knife led to a defiant reply and vehement resistance, and then, alarmed at the mere report that American reinforcements were coming, he and his men fled precipitately to Oswego, where at the end of August he confessed his expedition a failure, and had the grace to attribute much of the ill-success to the fact that his soldiers were in pitiable plight owing to the plunder of the Indians.

In this way Burgoyne's flankers on the right were successfully disposed of—a moral victory for the Americans that gave great encouragement and satisfaction throughout the hard-pushed colonies. Almost simultaneously, there came a gallant blow at his left. The British advance had been uniformly successful. The strong post of Ticonderoga had fallen before their artillery, and was justifiably abandoned by St. Clair in time to save his command from being surrounded and captured. By July 30th the army of Burgoyne was encamped at Fort Edward. Provisions were needed, and it was known that the Americans had large stores at Bennington, just over the Vermont line, so on the 15th of August a strong detachment of Hessians under Colonel Baume, subsequently strengthened by reinforcements under Breyman, made an attempt to seize the magazines. They were met by the Americans under General Stark and severely whipped, losing nearly a thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the total loss of General Stark was not more than eighty. This spirited little affair, followed so closely by the news of St. Leger's discomfiture, created a blaze of enthusiasm, and from all quarters recruits and volunteers came pouring into the American camp.

Crippled in this way on both wings, and by this time deprived of the services of many Canadians, and many more Indians, all of whom, said the gallant gentleman, he "would rather lose than connive at their enormities," Burgoyne, when essaying the advance upon the Hudson, was far from being over-confident. He had thrown a bridge of rafts across the river near Saratoga on the 14th of August, and made preparations to cross as soon as the supplies from Bennington were brought in; but those supplies, as we have seen, did not come, neither did the majority

of the troops sent to fetch them; and the British were compelled to lie for nearly a month in idleness in their camps. It is now time to take a look at the composition of their forces.

On the 1st of July, just before the investment of Ticonderoga, the muster-rolls show the British column to have consisted as follows (and we owe the details to Colonel Carrington):

Regulars from England	3,724	men
Regulars from Germany	3,016	"
Light artillery	473	"
Canadians and Tories	250	"
Indians (Iroquois, Algonquins and Ottowas)	460	"
	<hr/>	
	Total,	7,863 "

Before the affairs around Saratoga, the force of Indians was increased to about one thousand, but such was Burgoyne's distrust and dislike of them, that they rapidly left him—a good riddance.

Now these numbers are so small in comparison with those with which we have been dealing, that it may seem as though their deeds were unworthy of mention; but seldom have better troops taken the field: especially was this the case with the regulars from England. For some strange reason no complete regiment was with Burgoyne, a detachment from each one being retained in Canada ostensibly for its defence, or to accompany the St. Leger expedition along the Mohawk. All the grenadiers and light infantry, some 1,500 men, were organized as a brigade and placed under command of a skilled and gallant soldier, Brigadier-General Fraser. A second brigade was formed of the companies of the Ninth, Twenty-first, and Forty-seventh regiments of the line, 1,194 men; and a third of the Twentieth, Fifty-third and Sixty-second regiments, another 1,194. The artillery accompanying the column consisted of twenty-six guns, ten of these being formed in a special park under General Philips; the others, light three and six-pounders, being distributed among the brigades. So long as he could move parallel with the lakes, Champlain and George, his guns could be transported on rude

bateaux, but Burgoyne found them vastly in his way when it came to dragging them over the stony and narrow mountain roads.

Some of these troops were left behind as garrisons of the captured posts, and some changes were made in their brigade organization, but the fact must not be lost sight of that the soldiers of Burgoyne were drilled, disciplined, war-tried regulars under accomplished officers. On the 17th of August they were in line, facing south within thirty-four miles of Albany, with their advance on the same side of the river. At that moment a forward movement could have been made with far better hopes of success than a month later, but, stunned, or at least grievously embarrassed, by the disasters to St. Leger and Baume, General Burgoyne halted. The American army, poorly equipped, badly clothed and shod, and only indifferently armed and instructed, was thrown across their path.

For months the defence of northern New York had been entrusted to a patriotic, energetic and hard-working officer—General Philip Schuyler, a man so loyal, so unselfish, so honorable that even when relieved from command by a junior who had wronged and intrigued against him, he continued to serve faithfully and with the greatest zeal, and posterity has rendered him the honors he deserved. Daniel Webster himself has said, "I was brought up with New England prejudices against him, but I consider him second only to Washington in the services he rendered to the country in the war of the Revolution." Schuyler was not the equal of Greene as a general. It was in his single-hearted devotion to the best interests of his country that he was second to no man.

On the 19th of August there arrived at the American camp, with orders to supersede him, General Horatio Gates, a man who had been for some time previous under his command, and who, it has since transpired, was industriously engaged in circulating all manner of stories to his detriment, and writing all manner of unsoldierly letters to congressional and political friends. He was a born intriguer—was Gates, and Congress was quite as ready to open its ears to men of his low character in the old days of

1776-7, as it was in the nation's bitter struggle of 1861-5. Gates carried his point and many other points with it. He was received by Schuyler with the utmost courtesy and respect, which this ill-bred and malignant general rewarded by excluding him from the council of war summoned immediately after the new commander's arrival.

And now Congress proceeded to send to its new favorite all that it had denied General Schuyler, in money, men and supplies; and in his arrogance and success, Gates sent his letters and reports direct to that body, utterly ignoring the commander-in-chief. He had overthrown Schuyler, and it is recorded, was now bent on the removal of Washington and the establishment of himself in the general command. Fortunately for the country he failed in this.

After three weeks' delay the army of General Gates moved forward and took up a position selected for it by Kosciusko, twenty-four miles north of Albany, along the valley of Mill Creek and close to the Hudson. Redoubts and earthworks had been thrown up on the high ground south of the streams, so that an intrenched camp was formed. Nearly two miles away to the west and north was a range of hills or bluffs—Bemis' Heights; south of which flowed Mill Creek and its branches, cutting up the intervening valley into ugly ravines. Thick forests covered almost every portion of the heights, and the country west and north of the American camp; but out opposite the American left, and between the north and south forks of Mill Creek, was a cleared enclosure and some rude log-houses and barns—Freeman's Farm.

By the 15th of September the American works were well-nigh completed, and were very strong. Behind them, close to the river, were the brigades of Nixon, Patterson and Glover, forming the right wing. In the centre was Learned's brigade, made up of three full Massachusetts and one New York regiment; while the left wing—a good-sized division—was composed of three New Hampshire and two New York regiments, Dearborn's light infantry, Connecticut and Rhode Island militia, and the celebrated rifle corps, recently organized in the south, of General Daniel Morgan. This powerful division was the command of Brigadier-General Benedict Arnold.

Turning now to the British camp, we find Burgoyne rebuilding his bridge of boats across the Hudson. He has been scouring the country for supplies, and at last has gathered enough to last his dwindling army a month. A few "provincials" remain with him in addition to his regular troops, but he has but few voracious Indian mouths to feed. On the 13th and 14th of September he crossed the entire army to the west bank, encamped on the open ground near old Saratoga. On the 15th and 16th he moved cautiously southward, feeling his way towards the lines of Gates and thoroughly scouting the forests to guard against surprise. On the 17th he encamped along a line of bluffs north of Mill Creek valley, and within four miles of the American intrenchments. On the 18th a rattling fire was kept up most of the day between reconnoitring parties as they met in the woods and ravines, and on the 19th of September Burgoyne advanced to the attack.

The buildings of Freeman's Farm lay nearly two miles from the Hudson. The main road from Saratoga to Albany hugged the river bank, but along Bemis' Heights and up Mill Creek valley there ran three country roads, nearly at right angles to the river, and these east and west thoroughfares through the forest were connected with one another by winding wood-roads, quite practicable at this season for light guns and cavalry. Two well-traveled roads led from the American camp towards the northwest; one running between Freeman's Farm and the southernmost bluff of Bemis' Heights to the west of the farm; the other following up the valley of the south fork of Mill Creek. The instant the pickets reported the British marching down on Freeman's Farm, General Gates issued orders sending forward troops to meet them. The designated regiments (mainly from Arnold's division) moved out by these northwest roads. Gates himself remained in camp.

The American commander may have judged from the reports that the British move was only a "reconnoissance in force;" but, if so, he was in error. Burgoyne left only the Forty-seventh Foot to guard the bateaux and camp, sent the Germans under Riedesel, and the artillery park under Phillips, by the Albany

road, close to the Hudson. Fraser with the grenadiers, British and German, the light infantry and the volunteers moved around by the road on the heights, so as to be the westernmost of the English line, while Burgoyne with four regiments of foot marched directly on the farm itself.

Fraser with his disciplined troops was the first to strike our hurrying column. His Canadian friends and the provincials went scurrying back through the woods the moment they caught sight of, and a volley from Morgan's riflemen; but wheeling to the left and facing eastward, Fraser's grenadiers poured several rapid volleys into the flank of our forming lines and drove them in some little confusion into thicker woods to their right. Here a number of the riflemen from the shelter of the trees sent well-directed shots at Fraser's tall red-coats and checked their advance, while the supporting regiments forming in front of the farm arrived just in time to greet with withering volleys the centre brigade of the British army as it came marching forward through the cleared ground. Riedesel and Phillips, hearing the bursting storm to their right up the valley, turned the heads of their columns westward and hurried to the support of the centre—and support was needed. Morgan's men with their deadly rifles kept Fraser from coming farther towards the east, and the firing, which had begun about one o'clock, now at three in the afternoon raged around the British brigade fighting for life on that unsheltered little plateau. Burgoyne, apprised of Fraser's success, had ordered a spirited advance for the purpose of turning the American left, but once well out in front of the farm buildings he found the woods before, and on both sides of him crammed with Arnold's men; their aim was deadly, their fire most destructive, and his volleys crashing among the trees seem to have had but little effect. An Englishman hates to fall back even when it is death to stand, and the gallant Twentieth and Sixty-second Foot were almost annihilated before help came. Four light guns manned by forty-eight men were so swept by the American fire that they were silenced, thirty-six of the battery-men being killed or wounded, and of the infantry force not a hundred men were left unhit. The Ninth and Twenty-

first regiments supporting them were also severely handled, for by this time Arnold had pushed forward his entire division in support of the regiments of Scammel and Cilley that had gone out at one o'clock to back up Morgan and Dearborn. But by this time, too, the British grenadiers and light infantry had forced their way into the right of Burgoyne's hard-pushed centre; and Riedesel had worked up the valley and formed line on Burgoyne's left. The battle was renewed with great spirit and kept up until dark without much advantage to either side; but the whole brunt of the battle had fallen on Arnold's division. Gates never gave him any assistance, and kept sedulously out of the way himself. The British attempted several charges with the bayonet, and claim that in the final charge at sunset they drove back Arnold's line; but at dark his division with its guns was in perfect order, either to resist further assault or to resume the battle on the morrow. The British held Freeman's Farm at night, and extended their lines to the bank of the Hudson along the north bank of Mill Creek. They built five strong redoubts and brought forward their artillery, so that while their losses had been far heavier than those of the Americans they could justly claim to have won the day.

Gates made but brief report of the affair of Freeman's Farm to Congress. He had lost sixty-five killed and two hundred and fifty wounded and missing. Neither he nor any of his favorite generals took any part in the fight, but did their best to belittle the conduct of Arnold, who, with Morgan, was entitled to the credit of conducting so obstinate and courageous a combat.

In a few days more the feeling between the commander and Arnold broke out into open rupture. Arnold hinted that he desired to be relieved, and very promptly *was* relieved of his command; but before he left the camp the British made their second assault upon the American lines, and on the 7th of October fought and lost the combat of Bemis' Heights.

It seems that by the 3d of October, Burgoyne found his situation growing critical. He had been unable to drive one division of Continentals at Freeman's Farm, and could not expect to be successful against twice or thrice that number. He had

received only one message from Sir Henry Clinton, announcing that he hoped to attack the American forts near West Point about the 22d of September. October came and no further news; the men were put on half rations, desertions began to be frequent, and on the other hand, every day brought large accessions to the American force. Far from their base of supplies, the situation of Burgoyne's men was really desperate; and it was determined as the only proper course left them to make a vigorous attempt to turn the left of General Gates' position, or cut their way through in hopes of finding Sir Henry Clinton below. The general and his subordinates were of one mind in the matter, and the 7th of October was selected for the attempt.

Leaving strong guards for the intrenchments, the camp and hospital, Burgoyne himself; with Generals Phillips, Riedesel and Fraser, fifteen hundred picked men and six guns, moved over to the right of their line, and thence advancing, deployed upon a comparatively open piece of ground about three-quarters of a mile in front of the American left. Here Burgoyne's few allies, the "rangers" and Indians, were detached with orders to get through the woods around the American left, and attack it from the rear. The rest of the command would await the result.

The British line had formed facing south on the southernmost spur of Bemis' Heights, with the Mill Creek road directly in their front. The light infantry was on the right, the Hessians in the centre, the guns in front and the British grenadiers on the extreme left. Watchful eyes among the American pickets had seen the entire move; prompt report was sent in to Arnold's old division, now commanded by General Lincoln, and quick as ever those eager New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts regiments were pushed out to the front, formed line in the woods south of the heights, and all of a sudden the grenadiers found themselves the victims of vehement and sudden attack. The three New Hampshire regiments of Poor's brigade had dashed upon their exposed flank.

Major Ackland made a gallant stand, but was outnumbered five to one. The encircling fire swept away his tall soldiers faster than he could close his lines. The German grenadiers and Hes-

sian jagers from the centre were ordered to hasten to the support of their English comrades, but no sooner had they faced to the left, to move thither, than they themselves were as vehemently assailed from their own front. The brigade of General Learned and the Connecticut militia had moved promptly from the opposite woods and charged the slope opposite Burgoyne's centre. In ten minutes Earl Balcarras, of the light infantry, was the only battalion commander not hotly engaged, in the entire command; and, unknown to him, Morgan with his riflemen had crept around his right flank. For half an hour the battle was a series of furious charges and counter-charges. The Americans dashed through the English guns, killing and wounding most of the cannoners. The English made heroic efforts to recapture them, but every instant added to the strength of the Continentals, as fresh troops came pouring up from the rear; every instant added to the British losses. General Fraser fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field. Major Ackland was shot down; Major Williams seized and taken prisoner. The grenadiers had melted away to less than half their number, and Burgoyne, cool, brave, skillful, even in despair, ordered his line to fall back. Bearing the message to the line, his aide-de-camp, Sir Francis Clarke, fell mortally hit. But, pivoting on its left so as to cover the intrenchments, and face the foemen swarming around their right flank, the British force in good order wheeled backwards toward the northeast, and retired upon the redoubts and earthworks around Freeman's Farm. The guns were left behind. The Americans, cheering and exultant, pressed closely upon their over-weighted enemy. Then the Germans in the centre broke and ran, and nothing but Burgoyne's cool courage and the steady front of Balcarras with the light infantry, saved the little army from destruction then and there. Phillips, though his guns were gone, and Riedesel, though his countrymen had scattered, both exhibited devoted bravery, and strove to steady the retreat; so that, thanks to the efforts of these officers, the British reached their redoubts in tolerable order. Balcarras moved into those near the Farm, and Breyman with the Hessians into the earthwork farther to the northwest, and once more faced their pursuers.

It was at this point in the action that Arnold reappeared. He had no command, but, all ablaze with excitement, he galloped upon the field. His men recognized and cheered him. He drew his sword and led the way wherever he saw a chance for attack; and the other commanders, knowing his magnetic influence among the soldiers, made no attempt to hinder him in any way. The battle, which had begun between lines facing north and south, had now swung around, so that the British were facing nearly west, the Americans rapidly enveloping them. Maddened by his rage for battle, Arnold had called on the centre to follow him, and led them in a vehement assault on the stockaded redoubt held by Balcarras and the British light infantry; but the islanders were here too strong for them. The attack was repulsed, and never waiting to renew it, Arnold galloped furiously along the line to the left where Morgan's riflemen and Learned's brigade were fighting. Again his old men cheered him, and ordering Learned's men to follow him, he cleared at a single charge the redoubts and earthworks between Balcarras and Breyman, leaving the latter "out in the air." Never waiting a moment, he dashed still farther to the left opposite this last redoubt, took command of Morgan's men and James Livingston's New Yorkers, led them squarely at the Hessian-guarded fort, and fell, shot through the leg, his horse killed under him in the very entrance, and in the moment of victory. There too Breyman was killed, and the German soldiers made no farther stand, but broke and ran in renewed panic.

It was well-nigh dark by this time, and the Americans halted on the ground they had won, Lincoln's division occupying the position; while Burgoyne, sadly dispirited, fell back to the heights near the Hudson, above the north ravine. Being closely pressed here on the 8th by the dispositions of General Gates with the American right and centre, he that night retreated northward, passed through old Saratoga, and occupied a strongly intrenched camp at the angle made by the Hudson and Fishkill. His losses had been very heavy. He had been compelled to abandon his hospital and much baggage, and now his plight was critical in the last degree.

The position selected by Burgoyne, for his last stand, was admirably adapted for defense. His men, though half starved, were brave and devoted. Only about four thousand remained fit for duty by the 12th of October, however, and the American army, fully thirteen thousand strong, hemmed them in on every side. Ticonderoga had been recaptured, all his communications with the north were cut off, no supplies could reach him. Canadians, provincials and Indians had left him as rats desert a sinking ship. Night and day the Americans swept his works with grape and musketry, and not a word, after all, had come from Sir Henry Clinton. There was no help for it. On the 13th of October the defeated general sent a flag to Gates, asking for terms of capitulation for his starving army; and the first reply of the American general was of so humiliating a character, that Burgoyne sent word that sooner than comply with such terms the British army would die to a man. By the 16th, however, General Gates relented, and far more considerate terms were offered and accepted. The troops were to march out with all the honors of war; were to pile their arms near the river bank at the word of command of their own officers; officers were to retain their side-arms and personal baggage, and all were to be given free passage to England upon condition of not serving again during the war.

That very night Captain Campbell, of the British army, reached camp with the long-expected despatches from Sir Henry Clinton, announcing the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and that an expedition was on its way for the relief of Burgoyne; but it was too late. The English general had given his word, and he stood by it. On the 17th of October his entire force, sick and well, was formally surrendered, and five thousand seven hundred and sixty-three men became prisoners of war.

All historians unite in saying that the Americans behaved on this occasion with the utmost courtesy and kindness to their defeated enemy. No signs of exultation, no demonstration that might wound the feelings of their brave but unlucky foemen, were permitted.

Congress refused to abide by some of the terms accorded to Burgoyne, and his army was marched to Charlotteville in Vir-

ginia during the severe winter that followed, and it is said that most of them decided to settle in America, and did so on the closing of the war.

“Nothing succeeds like success.” General Gates became, for the time being, the hero of the American people, and the men who had labored hard to bring the army into the state of discipline in which he found it, were temporarily forgotten. The hero of the two engagements, Arnold, received his commission as major-general, together with a most flattering letter from Washington himself. His wound for some time prevented his taking part in active service, and when he did return to duty—the country knows too well the story of his treason.

Saratoga broke the back-bone of British aggression. New York, lying midway between the frontiers of the rebellion, as our English ancestors called it, would have been completely won to the British cause had those two armies, Burgoyne's and Clinton's, united at Albany. The cause of America would have been cut in two, and there would have been no life left to us. As it was, hope, courage and strength revived. The news of our decisive victory flew across the ocean fast as sail could take it, and then France threw off her mask and came to our aid. Saratoga turned the scale for independence and the great future of America.



MEDAL AWARDED TO GEN. GATES BY CONGRESS, 1777.

MARENGO.

1800.



At the very time that the colonies of North America were in the midst of their struggle for independence from England, there was admitted to the military school of Brienne, France, as a king's pensioner, a sallow, sad-faced, ten-year-old boy from Corsica. The little fellow's name was Buonaparte. His father was what would now-a-days be termed a persistent office-seeker, and he was so fortunate as to secure the aid of the governor-general of the island, and through his influence to obtain cadetships for his sons Joseph and Napoleon. The former was destined for the church, the latter for the navy. The former studying under the Bishop of Autun suddenly developed a desire to enter the army. The latter studying at Brienne became so disheartened with his surroundings, that he begged his father to take him from the school with its military associations and let him turn his hand to anything else; but the boys were kept at their work. It was in April, 1779, that Napoleon entered Brienne. He could then barely speak—he never *could* write—the French language. He passed the preliminary examination after a fashion, speedily showed some capacity for mathematics, geography and history, had no ability at all in Latin, and from the very start was solitary, dreamy and morose in his habits; he hardly had a friend at the school.

In October, 1784, young Buonaparte passed his closing examination at Brienne and was passed on to the military school at Paris. "Character imperious, domineering and self-willed," was what the inspectors wrote on his papers. Here at the more

advanced school, the solitary young Corsican was employed in studying modern languages, history, mathematics and fortification, and was instructed to a limited extent in drawing, dancing, fencing and riding. He had one friend and companion, a fellow-cadet named Alexandre des Mazis, son of a poor soldier of fortune. He had dozens of tormentors and almost enemies among the cadets, especially among those who, like De Rohan, De Marcillac and De Montmorency, belonged to the wealthy nobility. When only fifteen years of age the little Corsican, not yet four feet eleven inches in height, had imbibed a hatred for aristocrats and aristocracy. He turned out to be, to the full, as haughty and exacting as the worst of them.

Cadets of the Royal Military School at Paris were entitled to their brevets of second lieutenant when reaching the age of sixteen, provided they could pass a not very difficult examination. Only those of very studious dispositions seemed to care for the scientific branches of the service, the engineers and artillery. The wealthy and high-born preferred the dash and excitement of cavalry life; the indolent, the plodding existence of an infantry garrison. Napoleon Buonaparte was sensitive to the last degree about his poverty, and now that he had given up the idea of becoming a sailor, early decided that the cavalry would be no place for him. For the infantry service he had a contempt. "An infantry officer," he wrote, "wastes two-thirds of his time in dissipation," and the Corsican cadet resolved to try for the artillery. He passed, but only a moderately good examination. Fifty-eight young men were commissioned in the army from the Military School of Paris in the summer of 1785, and among those fifty-eight the future conqueror of Europe stood forty-second. He was assigned to the Regiment de la Fère at Valence, a regiment of heavy artillery. Young des Mazis was ordered thither with him, and so poor was the Corsican graduate that autumn, that after trying in vain to borrow money from a cloth merchant who occasionally lent it to young gentlemen of the school, Lieutenant Napoleon Buonaparte—de Buonaparte as he then called himself—made the journey to Valence at the expense of his poor but generous comrade.

This was what the examiners of the afterwards greatest general of the world wrote of him in September, 1785:

"Reserved and studious; he prefers study to any amusement, and enjoys reading the best authors. . . . He is silent and loves solitude. He is capricious, haughty and excessively egotistical: has great pride and ambition, aspires to anything. The young man is worthy of patronage."

The prospects before Napoleon Buonaparte in 1785 were not alluring. His total income did not amount to five hundred dollars a year. He could not hope to be a captain until he had served fifteen years as a subaltern. He soon learned to hate the routine of garrison life. His health suffered. He asked and obtained incessant leaves of absence, visited Corsica and domineered over his brothers and sisters, became involved in various political intrigues and schemes with disaffected islanders, one of which had for its object the expulsion of all Frenchmen from Corsica. He was absent without leave nearly four months. In fine, he was anything but a model lieutenant of artillery even in the days of lax discipline which preceded the great French revolution, and when that revolution came on, he promptly declared for the popular side as against the monarchists.

It was the French revolution which gave to young Buonaparte his first real start in his profession. It cost him some trouble and a good deal of ingenuity to provide satisfactory excuses to the military authorities for his protracted absences and evasions of duty; but the nation was then in need of educated officers. Buonaparte was one, and he suddenly found himself a captain of artillery after only six years of very indifferent service as lieutenant, since more than half the time he had been absent with or without leave. Under ordinary circumstances he would have been court-martialed and dismissed; but the Buonapartes were exiles from Corsica by this time, and the brothers Joseph and Napoleon were not backward in demanding commissions under the popular government. Toulon was then being besieged. Napoleon was sent thither as a junior captain to help manage the batteries. On the road from Marseilles, the republican troops met the enemy at Olioulles. The English

and Spaniards beat back the French. Then came a rally, a fresh advance, and the French were victorious; but trivial as the affair was in point of casualties it had this result: of the two men wounded and disabled, one was Donmartin, chief of artillery, and though not next in rank by any means, Buonaparte was on the ground, pushed for his place and got it. He appeared at the siege of Toulon as major of the Second regiment of artillery. And now began his career of phenomenal success.

In less than four months after his promotion to the majority, Toulon was taken, and no man had been more distinguished for skill and ability than young Buonaparte. Brave old General Dugommier, in his report, mentioned his name first of all, and in February, 1794, Napoleon became a general of brigade. He was not yet twenty-five.

Powerful and influential men—Robespierre, Barras and Salicetti, the latter a Corsican—were backing him by this time. His vehement ambition was now aroused to feverish activity. He kept in constant correspondence with the Directory, urging, planning, suggesting, criticizing. He was sent on many missions requiring tact and skill. Everything he did proved brilliant; everything he wrote was bold and telling. He was called to Paris as defender of the convention, and when 30,000 national guardsmen attempted to force the palace of the Tuileries, he mowed them down remorselessly with grape-shot, and, as his reward, was made general-in-chief of the army of the interior, with his headquarters at Paris. In March, 1796, he was sent to take supreme command of the Army of Italy, as the French forces operating against the Austrians southeast of the Alps were then called. He found but 36,000 half-starved, half-naked soldiers, but with them he took the field, and in a brief campaign of wonderful dash, daring and brilliancy, he ruined an army of 75,000 foemen, winning the stirring battles of Montenotte, Mondovi and Lodi. Five armies, one after another, all under accomplished generals, all greatly outnumbering his, were sent against him by Austria, and the world was amazed at the marvellous skill and rapidity with which he met and over-

threw them. Utterly beaten, Austria, in October, 1797, sued for peace, gave up to France the Netherlands and Lombardy, and Napoleon went back to Paris the idol of the nation.

Then came his Egyptian campaign; the spirited battle of the Pyramids; the storm of Jaffa and Acre; then his hurried recall to Paris, for the nation was disturbed by the menace of many foes; and now, as First Consul under the new constitution of the French republic, Napoleon took up his residence at the palace of the Tuileries and became ruler of the destinies of France. But he was in no mood to remain in Paris when the glory and excitement of battle called him to the field. Austria was again at war with the young republic. Moreau, with a small but powerful army, was defending the frontier along the Rhine, and Napoleon, assembling with remarkable secrecy and speed another army of 36,000 on Lake Geneva, began in May, 1800, his wonderful passage of the Alps, following the example if not the actual footsteps of his great predecessor Hannibal. On the 2d of June, to the amaze of the Austrians, he had entered Milan, and was again ready to give them battle on the old campaigning ground, the beautiful valley of the Po.

The venerable Baron de Melas was the Austrian commander in northern Italy. He had brought thither with him an army of nearly 125,000 men. At least 30,000 of these were occupied in the siege of Genoa, where for weeks the brave French General Massena, with only some 8,000 soldiers, had been holding on, despite starvation and suffering, in hopes that the First Consul might come to the rescue. But Napoleon needed the forces of General Moncey from the north before he felt able to act against such strength as that of de Melas, and Genoa had to go. When the little army of defenders had eaten even their horses, mules and boots, Massena capitulated, and was allowed to march out with the honors of war. This left de Melas free to concentrate a large army on Napoleon, and forthwith Alessandria, in Piedmont, and Placentia, southeast of Milan, on the Po, were designated as the points on which his scattered corps and divisions were to assemble.

But Napoleon too was concentrating. He was himself at

Milan, *between* de Melas and Austria, and determined to give the imperialist a severe lesson before reinforcements could reach him, or before he could get back homewards. Three superb generals were there in readiness to carry out any orders the First Consul might give—Murat, Lannes and Victor; and to Lannes fell the duty of blocking the Austrian attempt with 18,000 men to burst through the pass of Stradella and reach Placentia. All unaided, with only 12,000 men, the gallant general fought and won the brilliant battle of Montebello, driving General Ott back upon Alessandria with heavy loss.

Then Napoleon hastened from Milan across the Po to Stradella in order to prevent Baron de Melas from breaking through to Placentia, in case he should attack the French lines in strong force.

Alessandria and Placentia lie on the south bank of the Po, very nearly sixty miles apart by road—Alessandria being a little south of west from Placentia, and Milan being to the north at the apex of a triangle formed by imaginary lines joining the three cities, the sides being a little shorter than the base, for Milan is not more than thirty miles north of the Po. Stradella lay twenty miles west of Placentia, and here the bold foot-hills of the Apennines come nearly down to the river, so that the high-road was built through what was practically a defile, and here Napoleon posted the corps of Lannes and Victor, and the cavalry of Murat, to confront Melas and the Austrian army should they strive to come that way.

Now there was every reason why the Austrian general should seek an immediate pitched battle with the French. He had great superiority in numbers and in cavalry and artillery, he had two hundred guns well manned, horsed and equipped. Napoleon was very short of guns. He had been able to bring very few across the Alps, and as an artillery officer, educated to have a high trust in this arm, he felt his weakness keenly. It was the very best opportunity yet afforded an Austrian commander to crush the young upstart who had so humbled their proud empire, and de Melas determined to make the effort.

On the other hand, the French had so invariably routed the

Austrians, no matter how many there might be of them, that a feeling of perfect confidence possessed the entire army; and Napoleon himself was oppressed with a fear that Melas might attempt to escape northward, or move southward through the Apennines to the walls of conquered Genoa, and so avoid a fight until great reinforcements could reach him. Napoleon was far from France; Melas was but a short distance from Austria. Aid could reach the latter long before it could the former, and Napoleon felt that the decisive battle must be fought at once.

The 10th and 11th of June were passed in watching the movements of the Austrians, in concentrating his small army near Stradella, and resting the divisions after the long marches some had had to make. On the 11th, in the person of a single general, there reached Napoleon a reinforcement that was worth a division of veterans—his tried, trusted and valiant comrade, Desaix; a man who loved his young commander with almost passionate devotion—a sentiment that Napoleon, who was pre-eminently a judge of men, was careful to cultivate and to utilize. Of the brilliant generals of France at this time, Kleber, Moreau, Massena, Lannes and Desaix, none stood higher as soldiers than the last named, and even Lannes did not love Napoleon so well. Kleber was in Egypt, chief in command; Moreau on the Rhine; Massena had just surrendered Genoa, after a superb defence against every foe, even disease and starvation; Lannes was with Napoleon, and now came Desaix, burning with eagerness for immediate employment. He was at once put in command of a corps made up of the divisions of Monnier and Boudet.

Up to noon on the 12th of June, the First Consul watched and waited, but no enemy appeared to assault his lines. Then he could wait no longer, but, at the head of his entire force, broke camp, marched westward along the high road, bivouacked for the night at Voghera; kept on westward the next morning, crossed the little stream known as the Scrivia, flowing northward into the Po, and marched boldly out upon the broad, level, far-reaching plain that lay between the Apennines and the Po, the Scrivia and the broader Bormida—the historic plain of Marengo.

Where the high road, skirting the base of the Apennines, falls

back from the Po after passing westward through Stradella, the valley flattens out towards the north, and a level tract of country spreads, far as the eye can reach, from the foot-hills towards the river. At Tortona the road turns abruptly to the west, making almost a right angle with its track, crosses the Scrivia, passes through a little village called San Giuliano, and strikes out square across the plain for the walls and fortifications of Alessandria, some fifteen miles away. Northward all is flat as a floor, rather dreary and desolate. Southward the rolling, tumbling masses of the Apennines give shelter in their valleys to numbers of little hamlets, and through one of these, Novi, passes a broad highway to Genoa that joins the main road just before it crosses the Bormida, which empties into the Po to the east, and almost under the guns of Alessandria. Out on the main road, a league from San Giuliano and near the Bormida, stood a little village—Marengo.

Now if the Austrians were still in force at Alessandria, they would be sure to have outposts on the plain and strong guards at the bridge across the Bormida. The French hussars scoured the plain east, north and south of Marengo and found nothing. Napoleon, pushing ahead with Victor's corps along the highway, came in sight of the village towards night-fall of the 13th of June, and then, and not until then, the brisk rattle of musketry indicated that something had been discovered of the Austrians. It was nothing but an out-lying brigade that fell rapidly back pursued by the cavalry, and escaped in the darkness across the Bormida. The cavalry sent in word that the bridge across the Bormida was *not* held by the Austrians in force. If that were so, what *could* have become of them? Leaving Victor with the divisions of Gardanne and Chambarlhac in and around Marengo, the First Consul rode back, turned Lannes' corps out into the open plain where he could bivouac for the night; posted Murat with all the cavalry close by Lannes, then galloped for the head of Desaix's corps, just entering the plain from the east. "March south, take Boudet and his division, go to Novi, and if the Austrians are moving that way, hold them and send for me," were the orders rapidly issued; and prompt and eager, Desaix and his

one strong division turned down towards the Apennines and were soon out of sight. Napoleon himself retained Monnier's division and his own horse and foot-guards with him. He intended going back to Voghera, where he hoped for news from his watchful generals along the Po and the Tessino; but, to his annoyance, he found the Scrivia suddenly swollen to such a torrent that he could not cross, and so was compelled to spend the night on its western bank, instead of twelve miles farther east at Voghera, where he wanted to be. It little occurred to him that he would be needed right there on the plain early on the coming day. The night of the 13th of June the French army was widely scattered; Victor around Marengo, Lannes and Murat out on the plain, Monnier and the guard under Bessières back at the Scrivia, and Desaix far southward toward Novi. The Austrian army, 40,000 strong (with 10,000 more within supporting distance in the garrisons of Acqui, Tortona and the valley of the upper Po), was concentrated in Alessandria, and determined with the dawn of day to sally forth and cut its way through to Placentia.

Now if Napoleon had known the plan of the Baron de Melas, he could have crushed him before eight o'clock on the following morning. There were only two narrow bridges, covered by one bridge-head or field-work, across the Bormida, and the entire Austrian army had to cross them in long column. General Ott, with 5,000 cavalry and 5,000 foot, was to turn to the left (northward) after crossing, strike at the village of Castel-Ceriolo, which lay about a mile north of Marengo, and so "turn" Victor's right flank, while Generals Haddick and Kaim, with the main body, 20,000 strong, should assault along the high road and storm Marengo, directly in front. General Oreilly, with 6,000 men, was to move a short distance up the Bormida and attack the left of the French position, and the whole movement was to be supported by the two hundred guns, while a large body of cavalry and guards remained in reserve under the fortifications of Alessandria. It would have been an easy matter for Napoleon to let a few divisions of the enemy cross the stream, then fall on them from front and both flanks, and crush them out of existence while their comrades were held helplessly on the opposite shore; but

he had good reason to believe they were making off in some other direction, and did not in the least expect their coming over the Bormida.

And so it happened that with the dawn of the 14th, Oreilly, with his 6,000 men and half a dozen powerful light batteries, silently and stealthily marched over the bridges through the eddying mist, deployed on the eastern bank, and were about to move southward in accordance with their orders so as to make room for Haddick, when they were suddenly discovered by the French pickets. A lively fire began at once between the Austrian flankers and the outposts of Victor's corps. The trumpets of the French rang out the alarm in the bivouacs of Marengo. "To arms" was taken up and resounded over the plain, and Gardanne's little division of infantry came jauntily out from among its watch-fires to ascertain what was going on at the Bormida. It was then too late for Oreilly to think of moving off by the flank. Unlimbering his batteries he turned savagely upon Gardanne, overwhelmed him with a storm of grape and musketry, and after a brief but most ineffectual stand, the astonished division was driven back to the shelter of the village walls, vastly perplexed and badly crippled. So sudden, so severe was the onslaught of the Austrians that the Frenchmen believed that the entire army was already across the river and about to assault; and, seeing Gardanne's shattered condition, Victor made no effort to find out the actual state of the case, but began instant preparations for a vigorous defence of the position intrusted to him.

And so passed a golden moment. The oversight came near proving the death-blow of the cause of France, for while Victor was engaged in strengthening the walls and hedge-rows of the village, battery after battery, brigade after brigade of Austrians kept crossing the bridges and deploying in his front, Oreilly meantime keeping up a lively fire, and occupying the attention of the French. Two mortal hours did it take Haddick and Kaim to cross and deploy their divisions. Then Ott with his 10,000 hurried over and went on down to the open fields towards Castel-Ceriolo, and now, without waiting for Ott to reach his position, covered by the thundering fire of his batteries, Melas ordered Haddick and Kaim to assault Marengo.

Unluckily for the Austrians there lay just west of the village a deep, muddy ditch through which flowed a sluggish stream called La Fontanone. It made a semi-circular sweep with the concave side toward the Bormida, into which it flowed not far below Marengo. It was a natural obstacle of great value to the French, as it broke up the assaulting columns, and gave time for Lannes to form his lines in support of Victor. All told, the French had on the ground not more than 18,000 men to oppose 36,000 until Napoleon could arrive, and the preponderance of field-guns on the Austrian side was simply demoralizing. But Victor was a stubborn fighter, and, despite the terrible cannonade which preceded the assault, he posted Gardanne's broken but still valiant brigades in the village itself; upon its left Chambarlhac's three brigades, the Twenty-fourth, Forty-third and Ninety-sixth; and a little in rear and in support were stationed the Second, Eighth and Twentieth regiments of cavalry under their gallant and accomplished leader, Kellerman.

Lannes moved up with his one division, that of Watrin, and formed on Victor's right, his lines extending towards Castel-Ceriollo, and even as he was marching into position the shock came on the centre. Marengo was shrouded in the smoke of a half-score of batteries.

With the Austrian division of Bellegarde in advance, General Haddick charged impetuously at the flashing walls and hedges held by Gardanne's men. The Fontanone, with its muddy bed, aided by the storm of bullets, threw the column into disorder despite all efforts of its officers. Seeing this, the French General Rivaud leaped forward with the Forty-fourth and One Hundred and First "demi brigades," and with desperate and determined bravery, crowded upon the very lines as they strove to form, and hurled them back into the ditch. Three times General Haddick rallied and led forward his struggling divisions, but they could not shake the thin French line on the other bank, their artillery could not help them in such a *mêlée*, and at last the Austrians gave way, broke in rout and tumult for the rear, bearing with them the body of their now mortally stricken general. Haddick had received his death-wound, one-fourth

of the division Bellegarde was stretched bleeding upon the banks of the Fontanone, and the first attack on Marengo was a flat and dismal failure.

Then Melas made his second attempt. Kaim's division was ordered to relieve the shattered brigades of Haddick in front of the village; Oreilly was sent well up the Bormida and ordered to cross the Fontanone with all Pilatis' brigade of cavalry and charge vehemently upon the left of the French lines, while a new and more powerful attack was made by Kaim's fresh troops along the highway. Once more the Austrian guns were brought to bear along the entire front, and grape and round shot were hurled at the devoted village, battering down walls and fences, and sending splintered rocks flying in every direction. The hamlet was almost untenable, yet the gallant Frenchmen clung to it; for so long as they could hold Marengo, there was one point at least on which to rest the line; with Marengo gone, there was nothing. Their little force would be driven out on the open plain among the wheat fields, and there cut off by cavalry or mowed down by the bellowing guns of the Austrians.

Encouraged by the success of their early defence, both Gardanne and Chambarlhac had advanced to the edge of the Fontanone, and when Kaim's fresh columns moved to the assault, received them with a converging fire of musketry that proved of terrible effect. At the same time, brave Kellerman with his horsemen received word of the flank movement of Oreilly, and, moving over south of the road, came in sight of squadrons of the Twelfth regiment of cavalry slowly retiring before Pilatis' overwhelming numbers. There lay the broad level of the plain of Marengo, the very place for cavalry manœuvres; there, plunging through the Fontanone, came the gay squadrons of Austria's dashing hussars, the most renowned light horsemen of Europe at this time, each regiment being gorgeously uniformed, and mounted on the finest horses money could buy. On this sight, Kellerman's grim troopers in their sombre dragoon dress of dark blue, gazed a moment with eager eyes, then their trumpets sounded the charge, and with one impulse the three massive regiments bore down on the jaunty horsemen of the empire.

Kellerman had well chosen the moment, for the Austrians were not reformed after the passage of the Fontanone, and the charge struck home with terrific force and effect. The gay hussars and lancers were tumbled over like ten-pins, and rolled in the mud of the treacherous ditch. Their array was ruined, dozens were sabred or crushed to death, many prisoners were taken, and Pilatis' cavalry attack wound up in grievous disaster.

But by this time it was nearly ten o'clock. Gardanne and Chambarlhac were well-nigh exhausted. Defending the line of the Fontanone, they had been alternately subjected to hand-to-hand conflicts with outnumbering battalions of fresh troops, or the crashing fire of the Austrian batteries. The slaughter on both sides had been fearful, and with all their daring and determination it was evident to Victor that he could not much longer resist the ceaseless assaults on Marengo. Down to his right, the one division which constituted the entire command of Lannes, after gallantly beating off direct attacks, now found itself confronted by fresh and eager troops and outflanked by the superior numbers of General Ott, who had succeeded in working through Castel-Ceriolo and now appeared on Lannes' right and rear. Here the battle raged fiercely for some time. Ott had 5,000 fine cavalry, and these he launched out from behind the village, and a stirring cavalry combat took place between them and the brigade of Champeaux, who was supporting Lannes. The French horsemen made charge after charge, breaking in and through the Austrian squadrons, but failed to drive them from the field—their numbers were far too great. Just at this time, too, the Austrian engineers succeeded in throwing a trestle bridge over the Fontanone. Rivaud with the Forty-fourth rushed out from Marengo to destroy it, but his little command became the target for three-score of field-guns; it was horribly cut up; Rivaud himself was mortally wounded; the survivors were driven back; the Austrian grenadiers swarmed over the bridge and, mingling with Rivaud's retreating lines, went into the village with them, following up their advantage by pouring columns on the centre, fast as they could hurry them in. Once, though dying, Rivaud drove them back, but not for long; fainting from loss of blood,

he was borne to the rear. Then Chambarlhac's men, unable to bear up longer against the terrible storm of grape-shot, gave way and came drifting back over the plain. O'Reilly made an impetuous rush on the French left, nearly engulfing the Ninety-sixth, and then began pouring around the left flank; and now, with the centre pierced and both flanks turned, it was time for the French to go. All was lost save honor. Gallant Champeaux rode in for one more desperate charge towards Castel-Ceriolo, and it was the last, for the brave soldier received his death-wound, and there was no one left to rally his men.

It was now ten o'clock. Hundreds of Victor's corps were already in full retreat eastward along the highway. The route was thronged with wounded and stragglers; all was disorder, confusion and dismay, when "the man of destiny"—the great leader himself—came trotting on the scene. With him came the horse-guards in their towering bearskin shakos; behind them marched the compact little band of the consular guard; still further behind, the division of Monnier. He came just in time, for Gardanne, desperately clinging to the walls and ditches of the village, had well-nigh exhausted his last cartridge and was loosening his hold; but the sight of that calm and impassive face, the presence of the hitherto indomitable young general, the disciplined valor of the guards, brought renewed hope and courage to the French. The Austrian cavalry were at the moment charging hither and thither over the plain, for vast numbers had told upon the firm valor of Murat's horsemen, and wherever the latter showed front, they were stormed at by the guns now advanced to the curved line of the Fontanone. The whole effort of Melas was directed on the task of breaking down the one barrier to his triumphant passage—the stony ruin of Marengo; but there Gardanne still fought behind the shattered walls, though now clinging only to the outer edge of the village; and, just as Napoleon arrived upon the scene, with one overpowering rush the Austrian lines swarmed over the Fontanone in front of the enfiladed ranks of Lannes; the grenadiers of Vienna burst through the last hedge-row in the village, and, charged and broken up by the exultant hussars, the bleeding and exhausted Frenchmen fell slowly

back along the whole front. At last—at last the victorious standards of the Republic were destined to defeat. Marengo was lost.

But Napoleon proved as great in adversity as hitherto he had shown himself in the height of triumph. Throwing the foot-guards into squares out on the open plain, he himself stood with them in defiant resistance of the Austrian horse. Their cool, well-aimed volleys emptied hundreds of saddles, and hurled back upon their infantry supports the thronging squadrons in the gay, gold-laced jackets. Lannes withdrew his few guns in safety, and opened furiously on the advancing footmen of Kaim's division. Monnier's three brigades, fresh and impetuous, were directed to the right on Castel-Ceriolo, and there made sturdy stand against Ott's further movements; but the left, the southern extremity of the line, was gone irrevocably, and Oreilly's men, in vigorous pursuit, were pushing along the highway. Seeing this—seeing his line of retreat threatened, his communication with Desaix cut off, the First Consul abandoned the idea that had first occurred to him, that of "pivoting" on Castel-Ceriolo, and swinging his whole line around so as to draw back the shattered left, face southward, permit the Austrians to march out along the highway they coveted, and then perhaps attack them in flank. The highway was lost already, but worse than that, the left wing was so completely ruined that all order or formation was gone. Far to the rear, Murat with the reserve cavalry was striving to stem the current of their flight, reorganize their commands, and at the same time beat back the horsemen from Oreilly's division, who scoured the plain south of the road and sabred all who fell in their way.

On the right, the superb courage and steadiness of Lannes and his division saved the army from destruction. Had this part of the line gone as had the rest, de Melas could have ordered forward all his horse batteries and cavalry, and turned retreat into absolute panic and rout; but Napoleon himself stood with Lannes, and as the Austrians in well-ordered lines marched simultaneously forth from Marengo and Castel-Ceriolo, and with eighty rapidly handled guns swept forward to com-

plete the ruin they had made, the First Consul himself, Lannes, with the division of Watrin, and Kellerman, with the remnant of his cavalry, covered and directed the retreat. Austria had indeed won the day, but what was left of the French army was undaunted. In vain the batteries stormed, and the dragoons of Lobkowitz and hussars of Frimont charged their squares. Right and left their comrades were in flight, but the guardsmen and the firm infantry of Watrin breasted every shock, recoiling but never breaking. By noon Marengo was left far in rear, the plain was strewn with dead and dying and covered with a thick pall of smoke; but even now the Austrians dared not press too close, for startling explosions that filled the air with hurtling fragments of wood and iron occurred every moment. Lannes was blowing up the caissons he could not carry away.

And now de Melas conceived the battle won. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, but all triumph and eagerness, he rode back to Alessandria to send despatches to the capitals of Europe, announcing that the great general of France had suffered ignominious defeat. His chief of staff, de Zach, was left on the field to conduct the pursuit, and de Zach, sharing the belief of his commander that there was no more fight in France that day, drew in his extended battle-lines, formed his columns on and near the highway, and pushed on eastward towards San Giuliano. Even the baggage was ordered up. Latterman's grenadiers took the lead on the road. O'Reilly, Kaim and Ott marched on the flanks, and, determined not to halt until he had driven the French across the Scrivia, and gone well on his own way towards Placentia, the Austrian staff-officer rode blithely forward.

But "he reckoned without his host," and—Desaix. There was salvation yet for France, but only the best of soldierly impulse could develop it. Turning his burning eyes southward across the plain, Napoleon looked longingly towards the cool green heights of the Apennines, to the shadowy slopes where miles away lay Novi, whither the night before he had despatched his trusted general. He could not have reached there; he could not have gone more than two-thirds of the way before halting

for the night to rest his men. Where was he now? Could he be recalled in time? The wind had been blowing southward since early morn. He must have heard the booming of the guns behind him; must have divined that his chief was attacked by the very army he had been sent southward in search of; must have known that Napoleon stood in sore need of his supporting arm. But orders required him to march to Novi and search there for de Melas. Many another general would have argued that he had no choice but to obey to the letter; would have turned his back on the thunder of the distant guns booming their recall on the misty plain below, would have marched on, away from the fight where honor called him, and then defended it by saying, those were his orders. Not so Desaix.

At the break of day he had heard the first rumble of the battle thunder, and all the soldier in him leaped to life at the sound. Springing to horse he had ridden out to a point whence he could better listen to the faint tidings from the north, tidings that speedily said to him: "De Melas is not on the road to Genoa. He will not be found at Novi. He is here—here in force; we are but a handful against him. Come back! come back!" His men were worn and tired. Late into the previous night, all the previous day, they had been marching, marching, but this was no time to think of blistered feet and aching legs. Calling to Savary, he bade him take a couple of squadrons, gallop to Novi, scour the neighborhood, satisfy himself whether the Austrians had or had not gone that way, then rejoin him with all speed. Then his division was roused; breakfast, such as it was, was served; ranks were formed, and Desaix stood ready to march. Soon couriers came foaming back from Savary, "No signs of Austrians towards Novi," and sending aides-de-camp ahead to tell him of his coming, Desaix faced towards Napoleon and marched for the sound of the guns.

It was the deed of a soldier and a grand one.

All day he marched, reaching the skirts of the broad plain about two hours after meridian, and directing his column on San Giuliano, he pushed ahead, full gallop, in search of his beloved chief. Those who saw it never tired of telling how the

pallid, impassive features of the great conqueror beamed with hope, delight and the new-born fire of battle as Desaix, covered with dust and sweat, spurred through the group of generals and staff-officers and saluted his commander. "I am here, mon général," and Desaix *here* meant Desaix with all his men. Eagerly they swarmed about him, the battle-worn veterans. Few retained any hope. Marengo was lost. One-fourth of the army lay dead or wounded around its burning walls, now three miles behind them; and out along the highway, across the broad plain, came the solid masses of Austria. Already those dreaded guns were again unlimbering, and at the sight the beaten army cowered and quickened its huddling retreat. Still, if there were hope of *any* kind, Desaix would feel and know it. All other generals, even Lannes, now saw nothing but a retreat until dark, but Napoleon looked eagerly at Desaix, and Desaix calmly at the field. "What say you?" was the final question.

"The battle is lost, but," glancing at his watch, "it is only three o'clock; *there is yet time to win another,*" was Desaix's spirited answer, and with a shout of applause the group gathered closer around the two great soldiers, while the rapid orders for renewal of the fight were given.

The French at this time were mainly north of the highway, falling sullenly back toward the Scrivia; the Austrians, except Ott's division, mainly on or south of that road, strung out in long columns, pushing eagerly forward for San Giuliano, hoping to beat the French in the race for the bridges, cut off their retreat, hem them in along the stream, and mow them down with their artillery. Suddenly there appeared across their front the serried ranks of a fresh division. Coming up from behind San Giuliano and deploying, facing west across the plain, with their left resting upon the highway, were the resolute brigades of Boudet, six thousand troops that had not yet been engaged—that had never yet known defeat at the hands of the Austrians. At the same instant, staff-officers and generals galloping among the disordered battalions, shouted the glad news that Desaix had come, ordered the troops to halt and form line. Gardanne's remnant and Victor's stragglers took heart at sight of the welcome reinforcement.

Lannes had already halted and formed front out on the plain. Farther still were the squares of the Consular Guard; and farthest of all, still fighting, retiring from the fields around Castel-Ceriolo, the brigades of Carra Saint Cyr. All were halted as they stood, faced and deployed towards *their* right, and so it resulted that a long oblique line was extended across the plain between San Giuliano and Castel-Ceriolo, while Desaix's men at the former village squarely confronted the advancing Austrians. Kellerman, with what was left of his cavalry, took post in support of Victor's shaken corps, and the twelve light guns—all that the French had left—were posted in front of Desaix to sweep the high-road.

Unable to account for the sudden halt and formation of his enemy, but never dreaming that it meant a determination to resume the offensive, de Zach persisted in racing ahead to gain the bridges toward Tortona. He maintained his columns of march, and ran stupidly into the trap. Meantime, riding rapidly along his lines, Napoleon, with that electric eloquence that ever distinguished him in action, was reanimating his soldiers. "You have gone far enough, my friends; remember, it is my habit to sleep on the field of battle," he said to them smilingly, cheerily, and they reloaded their long muskets and once more looked eagerly, vengefully at the dusty columns over the plain.

Then came the moment of retribution. The heads of the Austrian columns nearing San Giuliano came within easy range of the light guns, and General Marmont gave the order "*Fire!*" Instantly a storm of grape tore its way through the crowded ranks, and Desaix was seen to dash forward in front of the Ninth light infantry, waving his sword and ordering the charge. This gallant regiment sprang to the front, poured in a crashing volley at the short distance of two hundred yards, and led on by Desaix himself, rushed in with fixed bayonets on the recoiling Austrians. Latterman's grenadiers stood firm, however, and their answering volley took terrible effect. A bullet struck gallant Desaix full in the breast and stretched him on the sward. The hero, the saviour of the day, had arrived in time not only to retrieve the fortunes of France, but to consecrate with

his life-blood her glorious and decisive victory. "Do not let the men know it," he faintly whispered to General Boudet, who bent over him; but the Ninth had seen him fall, and burning for vengeance, had redoubled the fury of their attack. They won that day the proud title of "The Incomparable." Even as they were hurled upon the head of column, and the Thirtieth and Fifty-ninth crossed the road and attacked from the east and south, Kellerman's dragoons came sweeping down with furious shout and onslaught through the gap between the lines of Desaix and Lannes, burst through the Austrian columns, then wheeling right and left, doubled them up in huddled confusion. General de Zach and two thousand grenadiers found themselves surrounded and cut off by the very troops whom ten minutes before they thought to be in utter rout; and to his bitter mortification de Zach was compelled to yield up his sword, his grenadiers to throw down their arms and surrender, and now the Austrians were left without a leader.

Opposite Lannes the Austrian centre was now striving to form to meet the new and utterly unlooked-for situation, but Kellerman gave them no time. He whirled about after securing de Zach and charged the dragoons of Lichtenstein, driving them back on the infantry. Lannes at the same instant sounded the charge and threw himself upon the division of Kaim. The Guards and the division of Monnier once more turned savagely on General Ott and raced him back through the streets of Castel-Ceriolo. The Austrian centre rallied around the blazing hamlet of Marengo for one last stand, but it was useless. Ott's cavalry, panic-stricken, were galloping back to the Bormida, riding down all who got in their way, shrieking, "To the bridges! to the bridges!" The guns, hastily limbered, were being driven madly to the rear, and finding the bridges jammed, the drivers were directed to plunge into the stream and strive to ford it. In a moment, drowning horses and men and mud-stalled gun-carriages dammed the waters. The Fontanone was once more thronged with fugitives, as the Austrian centre fled before the madly cheering lines of Lannes. Off to the south, Oreilly's cavalry still made vehement charges to stay the French advance, but the horse-guards under

Bessières and Eugène Beauharnais rode through the intervals, crossed the highway and charged them with fiery impetuosity, and then there was nothing left for Austria but demoralized and panicky flight—"horse, foot and dragoon." Abandoning guns, baggage, dead and wounded, the leaderless rabble struggled back across the Bormida, and as the sun dropped low in the west, de Melas, hastening forward from Alessandria, met, instead of the victorious army whose prowess he had already vaunted in exultant despatches to Vienna, a shattered, broken and utterly defeated mob. The army was *gone*. The hopes of Austria were ruined.

In vain Melas sought for his generals and strove to regain his guns. Haddick was dead; de Zach a prisoner; O'Reilly missing; Kaim and Ott without commands; Latterman, Bellegarde, Vogelsang and Goldesheim severely wounded; his staff-officers scattered; all his baggage, all his batteries in the hands of the enemy, and one-third of his men killed, wounded and prisoners. It was a sorry day for de Melas. He had indeed beaten Napoleon, but that victory was his defeat. It turned his head. He had gone to tell the glad tidings. Desaix had come to turn the tide.

And so closed the bloody day of Marengo, a day of which Napoleon was ever so proud that he named his favorite gray charger in honor of it. Yet it was *not* his victory—it was that of Desaix; and could Desaix have lived, and lived in Grouchy's place fifteen years later, who can say that Waterloo would not have been for France a victory even greater, even more decisive than Marengo?

Few as were the forces engaged, viewed from the stand-point of its results this hard-fought battle was, up to this point at least, the most important of Napoleon's career. He had lost heavily; one-fourth of his army was now "*hors de combat*," four of his generals were severely wounded, and Desaix, devoted, daring Desaix was killed, but the army of Austria was in his grasp.

"What a glorious day!" said his old school-mate Bourrienne to him that evening. "Yes, glorious indeed! could I only have embraced Desaix upon the field," was the sad reply

But triumph and joy ran riot in the army of France. They knew well that by their victory of this day another campaign was decided, and so it proved. Piedmont with all its fortresses, and Lombardy (for the second time), were surrendered to Napoleon. Tortona with its citadel, Milan, Arona, Alessandria and Placentia, with their fortifications, Genoa with its harbor, all the military stores and artillery, were yielded up to France; and by the terms of the capitulation of Alessandria, Austria let go her hold of northern Italy, fell back behind the line of the river Mincio, retaining only Mantua and Venice.

But Marengo gave something more to France. Before setting forth from Paris to fight another battle for her glory or her defence, Napoleon Buonaparte had become her Emperor.



DEATH OF MARSHAL DESAIX.

AUSTERLITZ.

1805.



FRANCE and England and Austria had signed treaties of peace—France and Austria as the result of the campaign of Marengo, and Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden; France and England at Amiens in March, 1802; but the rapidly increasing honors bestowed upon Napoleon by the French, and his correspondingly rapid aggressions in Italy, excited the jealous anxiety of both these nations. Made President of the Cis-Alpine Republic in January, 1802, and declared Consul for life by the French Senate in the following August, Napoleon became arrogant—so said England and Austria—refused to modify his Italian policy to suit the views of the former, and once more the "tight little island" bristled with steel; war was declared against France; the English fleets swept the seas and devastated her commerce; Napoleon threatened to invade the British Islands, and gathered a large army at Boulogne as though to carry out the threat; and, carried away by their mercurial enthusiasm, the French people by a popular vote—some 3,000,000 against 3,000—resolved to confer upon their now almost worshiped leader the crown and title of emperor. The Pope of Rome was called upon to perform the ceremony of coronation, but Napoleon brusquely set the Holy Father aside and placed the crown with his own hands upon his head. In May, 1805, he was crowned King of Italy, and now Austria once more sprang to arms.

From first to last the most bitter and unrelenting enemy of

France—or rather of Napoleon—was England. Ships and sailors, guns and gold she furnished in lavish profusion. Her statesmen were in every court in Europe stirring up the unwilling governments to renewed efforts against the Corsican upstart, as she was pleased to term him. No ruler born of the people could be tolerated on any throne by aristocratic England, and though it was plain to all that France was vastly benefited and enriched by the home policy of Napoleon, his foreign policy was what alarmed the nations. His elevation to the throne was a violation of his solemn obligations, so said England and Austria, and now a grand coalition was formed by England, Austria, Russia and Sweden with the avowed purpose of driving him back to the obscurity from which he came. England was to blockade the ports, destroy the navies and ruin the commerce of France, while the other nations were to unite, form an immense army and launch it upon her eastern frontier. This was in September, 1805.

Now indeed was Napoleon in extreme peril, and all Europe thought his day had come.

But they did not know him yet. He was no man to stand quietly at home and let his enemies concentrate beyond his borders. With astonishing speed, in wagons, coaches, carriages, "*diligences*," *anything* on wheels that could carry men, he rushed his infantry from Boulogne, assembled a large and powerful army at Mayence in Hesse-Darmstadt on the Rhine, and while the Austrians were composedly waiting for the Russians to come and join them in the contemplated inroad on France, Napoleon, with his veteran soldiers, now soldiers of the Empire of France, was creeping like a cat upon their advanced posts. His columns were moving southeastward through Bavaria and the Black Forest, and all on one day, with the sudden leap of the panther, the French cavalry burst from half a dozen roads into the valley of the Danube—all along where Marlborough and Eugene had marched and fought in the glorious Blenheim year, a century before—while with massive artillery and solid battalions, Napoleon himself appeared before the fortress of Ulm, and pointing out to its veteran commander that his retreat was cut off, that

he could not get away, nor could succor reach him, the emperor demanded the surrender of his army; and Ulm, with its vast stores, supplies and arsenals, with 30,000 troops all ready for the campaign, was handed over by General Mack to this astonishing young leader of men. This was on the 20th of October. Three weeks thereafter Napoleon with his army had entered the proud capital of Austria. Vienna was at his mercy: the army of Austria was scattered to the four winds. France was in one blaze of triumph and delight, and Europe was aghast with dismay. But more yet was in store for them—a grander triumph for France, a louder thunderbolt for Europe. The Emperor of Russia, with an army of over 100,000 men, had arrived in Austria in the performance of his portion of the compact. The Emperor of Austria, driven from his own capital, had hastened to join him; the broken fragments of the Austrian army were rallying upon the advancing column, and Napoleon boldly pushed forward to meet the combined array. He had thrice humbled Austria; now he was to meet and vanquish the combined strength of Austria and Russia, and to win the ever glorious and memorable battle of Austerlitz.

For two years France may be said to have been steadily preparing for war, and in the fall of 1805, as reorganized by Napoleon, "The Grand Army of the Empire" was at its best.

It was divided into seven corps, commanded each by a marshal of France who had won his baton by valiant and approved services under the eye of Napoleon himself, or by some veteran general. They were as follows:

First corps, 17,000, Marshal Bernadotte; Second corps, 20,000, General Marmont; Third corps, 26,000, Marshal Davout; Fourth corps, 40,000, Marshal Soult; Fifth corps, 16,000, Marshal Lannes. (These corps were soon equalized by the transfer of Suchet's division from the Fourth to the Fifth.) Sixth corps, 24,000, Marshal Ney; Seventh corps, 14,000, Marshal Augereau; Cavalry corps, 22,000, Horse Artillery, 1,000, Marshal Murat; the Imperial Guard, 7,000, Marshal Bessières.

Each of the seven corps was complete in infantry only. Napoleon did not approve of the system that had prevailed on

the Rhine of making the "*corps d'armée*" complete in themselves, with full complement of heavy and light cavalry and their own artillery. He desired to hold in his own hand and be able to send at once to any desired point the heavy cavalry of the army; and, old artilleryman that he was, he preferred also to retain personal control of the movements of the larger portion of his guns. The corps were fully supplied with all the light cavalry, hussars, lancers and chasseurs they might need for guard and scouting duty, and each corps had its batteries of field-artillery; but the greatest number of batteries was held subject to the orders of the emperor, and as for the grand corps of cavalry—all "heavies"—Napoleon and Murat alone controlled them. This was a superb command, 6,000 cuirassiers under Generals Nansouty and d'Haurpoul, and 16,000 dragoons under five brigadier-generals, made seven brigades of disciplined and heavily equipped horsemen, each brigade being accompanied by its battery of flying artillery; and as for the guards, they were the very *élite* of the French army. None but tried and valorous men could find their way into those ranks. The grenadiers were the delight of Napoleon's heart; and the Italian regiment, the Mameluke squadrons, the *gendarmérie* and horse-guards were commands that were the envied and admired of the whole army. Here, too, the emperor's love for his old arm showed itself in the formation of the four batteries of the guard, manned, horsed and equipped, drilled and taught with the utmost care; and these organizations, this corps by itself, marched, camped and bivouacked always near the emperor.

Other grenadiers there were who formed a division, and often marched near the guard, and were associated with it, but they belonged to the Fifth corps, and were led by Oudinot.

All told, there were present with the colors in the Grand Army as it crossed the Rhine for the advance on Austria, 340 guns and 186,000 men, 38,000 of whom were mounted. When it became necessary to march forward to meet the allied armies, however, Napoleon had with him but 45,000 men, and late in November, 1805, the three emperors with their forces were in the field north of Vienna, between Brünn and Olmütz, some ninety miles away.

Fixing his headquarters at Brünn, Napoleon had carefully studied the ground in his front, feeling well assured that it was the purpose of the allies to advance to the attack as soon as they had gathered in what they deemed sufficient strength; and he was impatient for the battle to come for the simple reason that the relations of France with Prussia were becoming much involved. Prussia was showing signs of hostility, and it was very necessary that the allies should be crushed before Prussia could unite her forces and fortunes with theirs.

Alexander of Russia and the Emperor Francis were at Olmütz, forty odd miles northeast of Brünn, and their combined armies, as they moved forward to the attack, consisted of 90,000 men. English writers, like Sir Archibald Alison, tell us that the French had 90,000 to the allies, 80,000. French writers, like M. Thiers, put it far the other way; but it may be said of Austerlitz that there, at least, the numbers of the combatants engaged on the two sides were more nearly equal than in any of Napoleon's great battles. The anxiety with which he awaited the result of this one, therefore, was due probably to the immense issues involved, rather than any doubts as to the success of his arms. In fact, the advantage seemed to lie with the French emperor from the very start. Himself the invader, he yet proposed to fight a defensive battle; one, at least, in which he would invite and compel attack on ground carefully surveyed and chosen by himself, and over which he had ridden with his generals, causing them to study it with him. His army was in superb condition, mentally and physically; a trifle wearied, perhaps, with their long and incessant marching, but hardened, toughened and vigorous, full of high faith in him and in one another—a Grand Army, indeed, in its discipline, its patriotism and its unity. Never yet had their young emperor suffered defeat, and never should he. Yet, in order to concentrate at Brünn in time, he had been obliged to call on Davout to make a forced and fatiguing march with his corps from the western borders of Hungary, and Bernadotte, with his stalwart infantry, tramped all the way from Iglau on the Bohemian border in two days. The march of Friant's division of the former corps was something phenomenal, for with all their

heavy campaign kits, they traversed a distance of a little over ninety miles in forty-eight hours, bivouacking at Gros Raigern, behind the field of Austerlitz, late on the night before the battle. So much for the spirit and enthusiasm of Napoleon's army, which, on the morning of December 2d, was at least 75,000 strong.

Now, on the other hand, there was no unity in the camp of the allies. Never having fought the French, the majority of the Russian officers openly taunted the Austrians with cowardice at being so persistently beaten, and in the conceit of their utter inexperience in war, were ready to boast their ability to overthrow the self-made emperor single-handed. Around the headquarter court of Alexander were scores of young Muscovite noblemen, who eagerly discussed the grand times they proposed to have in Paris with the coming of the new year. Thither they confidently expected to march, and there to spend the winter. The Russians were brave beyond question, but their artillery was crude compared with the French; their cavalry was raw and undisciplined; their infantry was cool, impassive, but clumsy; and their generals! Napoleon scouted them. In the sharp fight where some of the Russians had encountered his men at Hollabrünn, the emperor was able to make up his mind as to the capacity of the Russian leaders; and these Russians who had fought at Hollabrünn were by no means the self-confident set that thronged about the person of the young tsar. The persistent flatteries of such courtiers as Prince Dolgorouki outweighed with Alexander the advice of his older and wiser generals. He was induced to issue orders, as though personally, directing the movements of his armies, and he was in no way fitted for the command. He had some few experienced and educated soldiers among his generals: notably, Prince Bagration, a noble Georgian of great ability; General Kutusoff, a wily, fawning, indolent, but shrewd officer; Langeron, a renegade Frenchman, who had no business there, a persistent grumbler and fault-finder, but a fine tactician and fighter; and General Doctorow, an earnest, faithful and devoted soldier. Then he had, as chief of staff, an arrogant and conceited German, General Weirother, who, having seen service in previous campaigns, and drifted into the employ of the Russian govern-

ment, was given to laying down the law on all occasions, and this General Weirother devised the plan upon which the allies agreed to act.

Olmütz lay something like forty miles by road northeast of Brünn, whither Napoleon had advanced. Weirother proposed that they should march upon the French position, instead of awaiting attack; should work around south of the high-road joining Brünn and Olmütz, and attack the extreme right of Napoleon's lines, double him up, throw his right wing back, seize the Vienna road and so interpose between him and all his other forces in Austria; then it would be an easy matter to throw him northwest into Bohemia, and there destroy him. It all looked plausible enough. It was known that the French had formed their lines facing nearly east, well out in the open country between Brünn and the chateau of Austerlitz, and Weirother easily talked the tsar into its adoption. Whatever the Austrian emperor may have thought, he and his few generals were too much in the minority to have any voice; and so the fatal orders were issued. In five columns the allied army pushed out from Olmütz, marched on Austerlitz, and proceeded to do just what Napoleon hoped and prayed they might do, and for which he had made every preparation.

Let us take a look at the field. It is early winter, remember; the ground is covered in many places with light patches of snow; the weather has been sharply cold and many of the streams and all the lakes and ponds—and there are many of them in the hollows—are coated with ice thick enough to bear the weight of a farm-sled or wagon. Brünn is a fortified town in the centre of a well-watered valley, whose streams uniting make quite a formidable river of the March before it tumbles into the Danube a hundred miles below. Northwest, fifteen miles away, rises the rugged mountain range that divides Moravia from Bohemia. Eastward, a like distance, is a still higher and bolder range that shuts out Hungary. Northeastward lie Olmütz, Cracow, the head-waters of the Oder and Vistula, and the grand route to Russia. Brünn guards the highway to Vienna which runs north from the Austrian capital until it reaches

Brünn, then makes a right angle with itself and goes out eastward, dipping and rising over the undulating country, crosses the valleys of several little streams all flowing southward, sends out an arm to Austerlitz which it leaves a little to its right, and then streaks away across the uplands northeastward again for Olmütz. These streams unite, and while all the hollows and depressions down south of the high-road are filled with ponds, they form with their united contributions a very considerable little lake, which lies east of but not very far from the Vienna road. All the heights were then covered with coppices and dense growth of firs, but the slopes and valleys as a rule were bare. Here, there and everywhere in sheltered nooks along the streams were little hamlets whose names need not be repeated here. The stream in which we have the greatest interest, with its shallow valley, was known locally as the Goldbach; most of the villages clustered along its banks from the Olmütz road on the north, to the ponds or lakes of Satschau and Menitz into which it empties on the south. East of the Goldbach and well to the south of the high-road the ground rose to a considerable height, forming what was called the plateau of Pratzen. It sloped gently down to the chateau and hamlet of Austerlitz on the east, and sharply and abruptly down into the ponds on the south and southwest.

It was here, on the west bank of the Goldbach, that Napoleon established his lines as soon as he knew of the arrival of the Russians near Austerlitz. Facing now a little southeast, with his left resting on steep and jagged knolls to the south of the Olmütz road, he placed the centre opposite the heights of Pratzen, and his right down by the lake and facing the smaller ponds. It was a strong line and he knew it. It was a perilous one if the heights on the left should be carried, but he fortified the main height, the Santon, as the soldiers called it, placed there eighteen guns in "batteries of position," supported them with a tried brigade of infantry under General Claparède, whom he required to take an oath that he would die sooner than abandon it, and then, giving to Lannes the charge of this part of the field, he felt safe. Now for the "order of battle."

Beginning at the north, or left, was the corps of Marshal Lannes fronting the open country on both sides of the Olmütz road—country so open and unobstructed that here if anywhere, said Napoleon, will be the fiercest cavalry fighting; so here, and acting under the orders of Lannes for the time being, he placed the grand cavalry corps of Murat, with such splendid "*sabreurs*" as Milhaud, Kellerman, Nansouty and Beaumont.

In the centre were placed the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire directly opposite the Pratzen plateau, and a glorious part in the coming battle were they destined to play. Two little hamlets lay in their front down in the valley or ravine of the Goldbach: they were called Girzikowitz and Puntowitz. Farther down to the south was another little hamlet with marshy ground about it—Kobelnitz—and behind this was posted Le-grand's division. These three were all of the Fourth corps (Soult's), and they with their guns covered most of the ground from the centre down to the vicinity of the ponds, back of which stood another little country hamlet, Telnitz. Far off to the right rear, three miles away, was posted Friant's hard-marching division of Davout's corps, so that except by certain light brigades of chasseurs and cavalry, the ground immediately behind the ponds looked almost unoccupied. This was to draw the Russians thither, should they have any idea whatever of coming that way.

Having ten divisions of infantry present and ready for action, it thus resulted that only six appeared in line; Napoleon meant to keep heavy reserves, and for a definite purpose. He would be content with no moderate victory. If his plans proved successful he meant to annihilate the allies. For this object, besides the splendid battalions and batteries of the Imperial Guard, Oudinot's entire division of grenadiers was drawn up well to the rear of Lannes, while Bernadotte with Drouet's and Rivaud's divisions of his corps formed in support of Soult. Napoleon thus had 25,000 men in readiness to move whithersoever they were needed, and by their weight and numbers burst through any defence the allies might make when it came time for Napoleon to advance. He by no means meant to stand and fight.

And everything worked to a charm. He had marched up with great boldness from Vienna until within thirty miles of Olmütz, and then with admirably counterfeited timidity, began to hesitate, and, as though afraid to meet the allies with the force at hand, he drew back his lines, retiring slowly until he had produced the desired effect in the Russian councils—until *they* were induced to believe him frightened, and so launched out to assail him. By the first day of December the Russian army was encamped around Austerlitz, and the staff-officers were eagerly scanning the French lines. Napoleon from the high ground where his tent was pitched in the midst of his reserves, could see the whole eastern horizon reddened with their watch-fires night after night, as their divisions closed on the heights of Pratzen and reached out southward to feel their way around that right flank. Everything in their movements and reconnoissances indicated to his analytical mind that they were thinking of the very plan he wished them to adopt—that of attacking in force down by Telnitz and the ponds. The whole front covered by the hostile lines was some five miles in length, and the main Russian army, early on the 1st of December, was posted well back on the plateau of Pratzen. On that afternoon, however, there were signs of movement; guns and dense masses of troops were being drawn off southward. "Then," said Napoleon, "we shall fight on the morrow, and we will end the war with a thunderbolt."

The night of December 1st had come. Sharply cold, but with not a puff of wind to stir the mists that rose above the streams, the air of this upland valley chilled to the marrow the soldiers of France, who huddled about their bivouac fires for warmth and comfort. The emperor, who had issued a stirring proclamation to them to be read at sunset, now, soon after dark, started around the lines to visit the different battalions in person. One year ago he had been crowned with great pomp and ceremony; to-night, in the bleak wilds of Moravia, but surrounded by his devoted men, he was preparing to fight vehemently in defence of that crown.

Catching sight of him as he rode in among them on "Ma-

rengo," the nearest soldiers, eager to light his way, snatched wisps of straw from their rude pallets and lighted them at the fires. Then sticking these torches in the muzzles of their muskets, they raised them on high with joyous shouts of "*Vive l'empereur!*" It spread indeed like wild-fire. Battalion after battalion sprang to its feet, took up the shout, followed the example of the leaders, and in ten minutes, all up and down the western slopes of the Goldbach a blaze of torches burst upon the night, and a grand illumination of the western skies startled the councils of the Russian officers. Riding out on the Pratzten, one could easily hear the enthusiastic cheering in the French camp. No wonder growler Langeron went back to Kresnowitz with gloomy forebodings. "You said the French army was demoralized and ready to run. What say you to that?" he asked, pointing to the ruddy glare across the Goldbach—and no one could answer.

Late at night the Russian generals were assembled at grim old Kutusoff's quarters, and there listened to a lecture—"a memorial containing the whole plan of the battle," from the lips of that self-sufficient chief of staff, Weirother. He had few friends among them; his dictatorial manner annoyed them. Their best soldier, Bagration, was not present; the others listened with what patience they could assume. Kutusoff went sound asleep in his chair and snored.

It was settled that, at daylight, Prince Bagration, with the Russian right, was to advance along the Olmütz road and attack the position of Lannes with all his force, and to keep with him, connecting him with the Russian centre on the Pratzten, the whole mass of the cavalry. This would bring the horsemen of the two armies face to face on the level upland, and stirring fighting was to be expected there. Bagration was to strive to carry the height of Santon, and thus command the ground held by the French left. But, *leaving behind them the plateau of Pratzten*, separating themselves thereby from their own right, the main body in three columns, led by Generals Doctorow, Langeron and Pribyschewski, were to descend southward from the heights, cross the Goldbach near the ponds, hurl themselves with full force upon the

French right, turn it and seize the Vienna road. "That," said Weirother, "will end the battle."

So it might—if Napoleon would stand still and let them do it; but he had other views. At four o'clock, in the biting cold of the early wintry morn, he mounted and rode quietly forward. At the crest of the slopes of the Goldbach he paused, and looked long and earnestly over the dimly outlined plateau on the other side. Hundreds of the Russian fires had dwindled away to mere embers. He knew what that meant—they were up and moving. Riding down into the valley and out still farther among his outposts up the ravines on the other side, he could faintly hear the distant rumble of gun-carriages and the dull thud of horses' hoofs creeping off to the south. With grim delight the emperor listened. It was full confirmation of his theory. At six o'clock he was back at his post in rear of the centre. All the lines of France were now aroused and in battle order. Surrounded by his brilliant staff and all the marshals of the empire present on the field, the emperor sat in saddle on a knoll which commanded an extended view in every direction. Little by little the gray light of the wintry dawn crept over the sky, and the fog-bank over the valley rose thick and damp. In low tones the orders of the officers of the lines at the centre called their men into action. The divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire silently moved to the front and disappeared from sight down in the mists of the Goldbach.

Suddenly, far down to the right, a few scattering shots are heard; then a dozen—then a rattle and roar. It is not yet broad daylight, and the mist is so thick that nothing can be seen, but all at the French headquarters know the meaning. The Russian advance has struck the outposts of the right wing. Louder and heavier grows the fire; now the field-guns begin; that means that the main lines are getting in; and now crashing volleys light with lurid glare the fog-bank over Telnitz. The lines must be in plain sight of one another, then. Davout, at the emperor's side, is chafing with impatience. Those are his men and he knows how weak in numbers they must be. "Go, then, Davout," laughs the emperor; "bring up Friant and hold them there," and Davout spurs off at mad gallop.

Murat, Soult and Lannes, with their aides, are still in saddle around Napoleon, eagerly awaiting his orders. Louder grows the roar of battle down at their right, and they are burning with impatience to begin on their own account, but still he holds them there. He means to give those groping Russians abundant time to get well off the Pratzen before making his counter-move—but then!—

And now at last, over the eastern hills, a dull-red, lurid ball creeps up through the fog; then a shimmer and radiance dances through the frosty air. Stray wisps of cloud float upward tinged with gold; and then, then in brilliant, dazzling glory the King of Day mounts above the misty veil. The arms, standards, plumes and helmets of France blaze and sparkle in the joyous light, and Napoleon with flashing eyes turns to his comrades, saying, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!"

What wonder that he greets it with triumphant thrill at heart. Now at last he sees the heights of Pratzen before him well-nigh clear of troops. Russia has massed her columns on his right, as he has hoped and intended; only thin lines connect the two widely separated wings. Now comes the moment of his great move. "Forward, Soult; seize the Pratzen—cut them in two!" and the marshal speeds eastward to the valley, while at the same instant Lannes and Murat gallop to the north to join their corps.

Let us for a moment follow the heavy columns of the Russians. Early in the morning, long before day, the movement begins. An Austrian division, General Kienmeyer's, is in the advance, and directs its march on Telnitz. The entire left wing of the allies is under the command of General Buxhövdén, a hard-drinking old personage, who owes his high position entirely to the influence of his wife at St. Petersburg. Instead of having Doctorow's strong column in close support of the Austrian advance, he has it strung out in long columns nearly an hour behind, and as for Langeron's divisions, he cannot tell where they are. Eager to prove their mettle, and too impatient to wait, Kienmeyer's men push forward just as soon as it is dimly light enough to see the huts in Telnitz, and it is here that Austerlitz begins. The Third infantry and the Corsican chasseurs

of Soult's extreme right are there in readiness, and theirs are the shots that first waken the morning echoes along the Goldbach. From behind hedges and village walls, these old campaigners coolly pick off the leaders in Kienmeyer's hussars, and when the latter hurries forward his infantry in support, they rise and give them volley after volley. Kienmeyer and the Austrians are twice driven back, but then Doctorow's divisions come swarming out upon the misty flats, and now the volleys thunder in good earnest. Twenty-four solid battalions are pounding at four, while Kienmeyer's squadrons spur across the lowlands to the south, and dash, sabre in hand, upon Margaron's little brigade of horse. But by this time Davout with Friant's gallant division is hurrying forward, deploying as they run. The First dragoons are sent at full gallop towards Telnitz, for there the Austrians and Russians have at last gained a footing, and now are forming beyond it to breast the slopes. It is just broad daylight down in the valley as those cheering dragoons come thundering in upon them, and hurl them into the streambed, while Friant and his leading battalions dash into Telnitz, and with butt and bayonet drive out all who oppose them. Pursuing, the One Hundred and Eighth regiment and the voltigeurs cross the stream, and there a sad mishap occurs. Some of Legrand's men, marching down to the assistance of their comrades in Telnitz, catch sight of the forming ranks across the Goldbach, and seeing them only indistinctly through the eddying mist, assail them with furious volleys, that lay low many gallant men, and, supposing themselves outflanked, the survivors break and fall back in some confusion. By this time Langeron has arrived. He and his men have been detained by getting mixed up with the cavalry on the plateau, but now, seeing the French staggered and in retreat, both columns, Doctorow's and Langeron's, dash forward, one on Telnitz, the other on Sokolnitz, seize them and deploy their lines in strong force on the western slopes, and despite the heroic efforts of Davout and Friant, some 30,000 Russians are across the Goldbach, and the French right is indeed in jeopardy. Fast as possible the Russian light batteries are lashed into position and open on the French squares,

formed to resist the incessant charges of the Austrian squadrons, but Davout runs up his answering guns, and now, far thicker, heavier, more dense and suffocating than the fog-bank of the early morn, the valley of the Goldbach is filled with the battle-cloud of sulphur-smoke, and still yielding no further ground but backed valiantly by Legrand and his division, Davout fiercely bars the way to the Vienna road.

Now what of Soult and the centre?

Up a long ravine that opens into the valley of the Goldbach in front of Puntowitz, lies the little village from which the heights of Pratzen take their name. Near here, at dawn, the allied emperors had taken their station and the imperial guard of Russia, the Austrian infantry of Kollowrath, and the Russian foot of Miloradovich are deployed upon the plateau in place of Buxhövdén's main body, which has gone down into the valley and is now in furious combat with Davout. Old General Kutusoff is in command on the plateau, and Prince Czartoryski is at his accustomed place beside the emperor.

Despite the move of Buxhövdén, there are still some 15,000 infantry, a dozen batteries and a powerful array of horse there on the Pratzen, but they are far back from the crest, and the last thing on earth they expect at this moment is attack from any source. The young gallants around Alexander are already exultingly talking of the retreating French, when suddenly the skirmishers out at the edge of the plateau begin a rapid fire, and then, before the startled eyes of Russia and Austria, come falling back upon their supports. In utter amaze the generals listen to the reports. "The French are advancing," and, spurring to the front, Prince Czartoryski comes in view of a picture that sends him back with blanching cheek, brave as he is, to the side of his emperor. It is indeed true. The valley of the Goldbach is crowded with the solid battalions, and in two powerful columns the men of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, laughing at the sputtering skirmish fire, are jauntily, eagerly swarming up the western slope of the Pratzen. Already the leading light-troops are springing up the ravine and driving the Russian skirmishers out of the village, and, north and south, Vandamme and St. Hilaire are deploying

allied centre, he found himself fiercely attacked. Suchet's division north of the road, Caffarelli's to the south, had assaulted his lines, while, covering the open upland, the glittering array of Murat's horsemen advanced at steady walk in support. In spite of the vigorous service of his batteries, Bagration found that Caffarelli's division was driving in his left, and now he gave the order to Prince John of Lichtenstein, commanding the allied cavalry, to charge to the rescue. Then began the magnificent cavalry combat of Austerlitz. Just as Napoleon had anticipated, the open upland was the scene, and some 30,000 horse the actors. Constantine's division of Hulans of the Russian corps were hurled in on Caffarelli's infantry. The latter quickly sprang into squares, while Kellerman, waiting until the Hulans had become well broken up by the fire of the infantry, held his light horse in readiness. The flashing volleys of the French linesmen answered the savage yell of the Russian cavalry. Four hundred of the Hulans, with their general, Essen, were stretched upon the ground; then with ringing trumpet-call and flashing sabres Kellerman's hussars tore down upon them. Lichtenstein sent a fresh brigade to their assistance. Murat launched in the division of dragoons. The ground shook with the thunder of their hoofs, and, in smoke, dust and terrific din, the horsemen of France and Russia crashed together in mighty struggle. For some time the infantry could only cease firing and look on; the gunners dropped their sponge-staves and hand-spikes, and clambered on the limbers for a better view. At last, without decided gain to either side, the horsemen were called off, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded troopers and chargers. Then the infantry again pressed forward, though mowed down by the missiles of forty Russians guns. Caffarelli's division south of the road made splendid progress, though General Valhabert was cruelly wounded, and Colonel Castex, charging the hamlet held by the detachment of the Russian guard, was killed at the head of the Thirteenth light infantry.

Suchet's division was having a harder time. Prince Bagration had at last received his orders to assault the Santon. His left was already driven in, but he struck out boldly with his

right, through the rugged country north of the road. Suchet's guns and footmen, however, made superb stand, and the Russian infantry, finding itself in danger of being outflanked on the left, began slowly to fall back. Suchet at once pressed forward in pursuit, firing as he went, and driving rapidly ahead along the highway. Seeing this, Lannes delightedly ordered Murat to follow up the move, urged forward Suchet's right and Caffarelli's left, and then with a superb stroke of genius wheeled them pivoting on their outer flanks, so that Suchet, swinging around to the left, swept all Bagration's infantry north of the Olmütz road. Caffarelli sent the cavalry whirling back before his volleys towards the Pratzen. The grand divisions of Nansouty's and D'Haurpoul's cuirassiers burst forward to hold the interval thus created between the foot divisions, and, fighting a battle of his own, Lannes, the hero of Montebello, had split in twain the Russian right wing—a second wedge had torn through the allied line. In vain Lichtenstein hurled in his horsemen to charge Caffarelli's flank. Four thousand iron-clad swordsmen with tremendous impact met their charge, overwhelmed, overturned and crushed them. The last of Lichtenstein's troopers scurried off for Austerlitz, and appeared no more upon the scene. The Russian right was ruined.

And now the combat is again raging on the Pratzen. Kutusoff has rallied and reformed the strong divisions of Miloradovich and Kollowrath upon the yet unengaged line of the Imperial Guard of Russia; and one fine brigade of Langeron's command, Kamenski's, hearing the uproar on the plateau they had so recently quitted, has faced about, reascended the slopes, and is now pouring in its heavy volleys on the flank of Soult's extreme right. General Langeron himself, disgusted with the way things are going in the neighborhood of Telnitz, and believing that old Buxhövdén is sacrificing the army in his besotted condition, comes spurring up the heights and instantly assumes command at the south end of the Pratzen. Thiébault's brigade of St. Hilaire's division is thus enclosed with a wall of fire, and Colonel Pouzet, of the Tenth light infantry, eagerly implores of St. Hilaire permission to charge with the bayonet, as the only

soldierly means of escaping the carnage. "Forward!" is the order, and with a glad, fierce, ringing battle-cry the three regiments spring upon the opposing lines, not forty yards away, drive Kamenski's men helter-skelter down the southern slopes, and then turn furiously on Kollowrath's half-shaken Austrians. It is the last stand the latter make. Thiébault never sounds the recall until his men have chased them well down the eastern slopes across the Austerlitz road; and now the Russian left is cut off from the centre, for St. Hilaire promptly posts the reforming brigade to hold the ground thus won, while under the eye of Napoleon himself, Vandamme, supported by the grand reserve, sweeps forward to demolish the allied centre.

Too brave to retreat farther, the Emperors of Austria and Russia have rallied their staunchest troops around the imperial standards well to the northeast of the burning roofs of Pratzen, and in full view of the chateau and hamlet of Austerlitz.

The eager charge of Thiébault's brigade is seen and envied by all the extended lines of St. Hilaire and Vandamme, and the latter, finding it impossible to restrain the impatience of his men until the heavy supports arrive, gives way to their impulse and lets them go. The charge is superb, but in the tumult and confusion that follow, some of the men cannot be made to hear the repeated orders and signals to halt and reform. Thus it happens that the Fourth regiment of the line goes tearing down the slopes in mad pursuit, and suddenly finds itself tangled up in a thick vineyard and far ahead of the foremost lines; and here they are suddenly charged by a dozen strong squadrons of the Russian horse-guards. Napoleon, arriving at the eastern slope at this moment, launches in his own Mameluke squadrons and the chasseurs of the guard to the rescue. "They are in disorder there," he says to Rapp, the gallant aide-de-camp, who, with Savary, had been "adopted" in the military family of the emperor from the staff of the dead Desaix. "That must be set to rights," and Rapp himself leads the horsemen in their dash. Down the slopes they go with thundering hoofs, with brilliant turbans and flashing scimitars, the chasseurs racing alongside; and despite the furious bellowings of the Russian guns, Rapp

leads them through and over the Russian line and well in on the reserves. "Quick, Bessières, support him," are Napoleon's prompt orders to the general of the guard, as all eyes follow the daring charge of the aide-de-camp; and Bessières, taking the order literally, calls on the horse-grenadiers in their towering bearskin caps and himself leads them down. Just in time, too, for Rapp has dashed into the very jaws of the Russian bear; the Grand Duke Constantine has closed on him with the entire division of imperial horse-guards under their brave chief, Prince Repnin. Rapp is savagely hacked with sabres, but cannot be unhorsed. Colonel Morland, of the French chasseurs, is killed, and it would soon be all over with the light-armed Mamelukes and chasseurs but for the tremendous onset of Bessières with the "heavies;" and now ensues the second great cavalry combat of Austerlitz. Guardsmen against guardsmen under the very eyes of the emperors. Either sovereign at this moment could send the grape of his batteries into the group of the opposite headquarters; but artillery, infantry and all cease firing in that immediate vicinity for three or four minutes to watch this battle of the giants. Only for a very few minutes, however, for in less than five, the war-trained swordsmen of Napoleon hew their way through the Muscovite squadrons, bend them back, burst beyond and drive them rearwards in broken flight; while Rapp, covered with blood, rides back to his emperor, leading with him Prince Repnin, a prisoner.

And now, following up this great triumph, Bernadotte, whose men have not yet had a chance to pull trigger, pushes forward Drouet's division upon the fort-guards of Alexander, while Vandamme still storms at Miloradovich; and these fresh troops, inspired by the success of their comrades and determined to be satisfied with nothing less complete, leap forward to the charge on the one solidly standing remnant of the grand centre of that morning. The imperial guardsmen of Russia prove to be inferior in mettle, for, seeing all broken to their right and left, their stand is but a short one. In a few minutes they are driven back into the hamlet of Kresnowitz; from there out on the open slopes, and now not one of the allies remains fighting on the plateau of Pratzen.

It is one o'clock. The sun has been shining in cloudless splendor throughout the brilliant wintry day, yet the smoke of battle hangs dark over the slopes to the east and south. Well back on the plateau, in the full radiance of the unobscured sun, stands the imperial guard of France, with its batteries, with Oudinot's grenadiers, with much of its cavalry, with more than half of Bernadotte's corps, and these men have not been engaged at all. Austerlitz has been won without them—for won it is.

Far to the north, Prince Bagration is held powerless in front of Suchet; the rest of the Russian right is scattering everywhere over the open country. The centre is pounded to pieces and is falling back in disorder through Austerlitz, and making for the Olmütz road. The plateau is won to France, the allied army thrown wide asunder; but, down there *under* the southern slopes, down there towards the ponds and Telnitz, its grand left wing, over 30,000 strong, is still fighting furiously in the confined space; and now comes their turn. We have said that Napoleon would be content with no mere victory. He means to crush out the power of his opponents. Now he proceeds to do it.

Leaving Bernadotte with his corps, and the panting divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire to hold the Pratzen and to support him, should he need support, Napoleon now faces southward; calls upon the guard and Oudinot, and with these, the flower of his grand army, the emperor marches to envelop the wing of Buxhövdén.

He comes none too soon. Davout and Friant are well-nigh exhausted. With less than 10,000 men they have been keeping at bay for hours a force four times as great, although most clumsily handled; but close under the heights at Sokolnitz, Pribyschewski's and Langeron's infantry were now rapidly gaining ground. Legrand, on the western bank, is about ready to let go his hold on the village. Friant, galloping to and fro, has had four horses killed under him, and his men are sadly diminished in numbers. It looks as though at last Sokolnitz must go, and the Russians win the way to the Vienna road; but suddenly, marching down the slopes behind the dense masses on the east-

ern bank, come heavy columns of infantry, over whose heads are waving the beautiful tricolor and dazzling eagles of France. Half expecting such a catastrophe, Langeron calls off such men as he can control, and rapidly runs back southward to Buxhövdén's position; but most of his men and Pribyschewski's are caught between two galling fires. Rapidly the French columns deploy into advancing lines, firing steadily, fast as they can reload, and Legrand's and Friant's men redouble their efforts on the western shore. It is more than the Russians—more than *any* troops could be expected to stand. They break up into disorder; some rush off one way, some another, and hundreds are shot down or taken prisoners right there. Langeron, in a fury of excitement and rage, gallops up to Buxhövdén, who has been an inert spectator of the scene, though Doctorow's powerful column is there near him at Telnitz. The excitable Frenchman has been doing his best for his adopted country this day, and now he vehemently points out to Buxhövdén the new danger—the swarms of enemies descending upon them from the Pratzen.

"You see nothing but enemies everywhere," is Buxhövdén's thick reply.

"And you are not in a state to see them anywhere," is Langeron's insubordinate but deserved retort. It is too late to do anything, however. By this time Vandamme's division is rested, and Napoleon, still reserving his guards for an emergency, sends his linesmen charging down the slopes upon the flank and rear of Doctorow's men. Buxhövdén shouts to Doctorow to save himself as best as he can, puts spurs to his horse and gallops off between the ponds and the Pratzen in front of the advancing lines. Several hundred soldiers escape with him that way, but Langeron and Doctorow stand and fight like brave men. Now, however, they are being assailed by nearly equal numbers from two sides, and they can see that the heights are crowned by the French guard. All is over then. There is no hope for support, no safety but in retreat. The batteries of the guard, unlimbering on the crest, thunder over the heads of Vandamme's men and send their missiles crashing through the crowded hosts of Russians. In vain their generals strive to steady them. First

in squads, then in crowds, then in solid masses they are surging back; only one line of escape is possible: those smooth-faced, frozen ponds. Dozens of the slightly wounded are already well across them. Then dozens of the stragglers begin to scurry over. Then crowds of the fugitives are thronging out on the new ice, horsemen begin to appear here and there in the crowds, the groups thicken into a compact mass, and then—then comes a backward rush, a fearful cry, and first there is a bending, swaying in the icy flooring, then, with loud crash it gives way, and with despairing shrieks thousands of men are struggling in the waters. It is an awful moment, but worse is to come. The ice holds firm on one or two of the smaller ponds, and across these hundreds of fugitives are hastening. Napoleon relentlessly orders his gunners to load with solid shot, and from the plunging heights of the Pratzen to shower them down on the ice itself, and now the scene baffles all description. Doctorow's men are escaping the death of soldiers at the front, only to meet the death of worthless curs at the rear. The French guns smash their frail ice raft, they are plunged in the death-cold waters and drowned in helpless misery.

But Doctorow still has a fine division of infantry that stands firm—all Buxhövdén's guns and the Austrian cavalry. With these he makes gallant defence, slowly retiring up the slopes south of the ponds and resisting all efforts to break him. Cavalry being needed, Beaumont's division of dragoons from Murat's corps comes over from the extreme left and is sent in to capture the guns and scatter Kienmeyer's cavalry. They succeed in driving off the worn-out Austrian horse, but the staunch footmen of Doctorow stand by their guns and Beaumont cannot wrest them away. Soult's infantry pressing forward with well-aimed volleys succeed at last in shooting down horses, drivers, gunners and supports. The guns are rushed upon and seized. Friant's division crosses the Goldbach and attacks Doctorow's remnant in flank, and at last, abandoned, harassed and worn out, hundreds of officers and men beg for quarter and throw down their arms; others slowly and painfully continue the retreat toward the eastward.

Long before sunset, sitting in his saddle on the summit of the Pratzen, Napoleon could see, for miles around, the wintry landscape black with fleeing foemen. Right, left and front the lancers and hussars were pushed out to complete the work and bring in the prisoners, and, as the Sun of Austerlitz sank lower in the west and the chill of evening stole over the scene, and the upland breeze began to sweep away the last vestiges of sulphur smoke still clinging about the ravines and hollows, the great leader dismounted at his camp-fire wearied but triumphant. "The Battle of the Emperors"—the never-to-be-forgotten field of Austerlitz—was won.

"Soldiers, I am satisfied with you," he wrote. "In the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity; you have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, has been in less than four hours either cut in pieces or dispersed. Those who escaped your weapons are drowned in the lakes.

"Forty colors, the standards of the imperial guard of Russia, one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the result of this ever celebrated battle. That infantry, so highly vaunted and superior in number, could not withstand your shocks, and thenceforward you have no rivals to fear. Thus in two months this third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace cannot now be far distant, but, as I promised my people before I passed the Rhine, I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees and ensures rewards to our allies.

"Soldiers, when all that is necessary to secure the welfare and prosperity of our country is accomplished, I will lead you back to France: there you will be the object of my tenderest concern. My people will see you again with joy, and it will be sufficient to say, I was at the battle of Austerlitz, for them to reply, 'There is a brave man.'"

The immediate results of Austerlitz were indeed prodigious. Nearly 15,000 were killed or wounded in the army of the allies (2,000 were drowned in the ponds), and 20,000 were taken

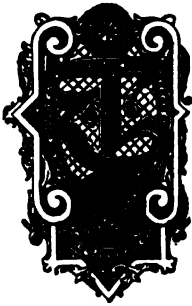
prisoners, among them eight generals and ten colonels; and later reports than reached Napoleon at the time he wrote his proclamation make the captured guns mount up to 180, besides an immense quantity of provisions and large numbers of baggage wagons. The French loss on the contrary was between 7,000 and 8,000 killed and wounded.

The day after the battle Napoleon moved his headquarters to the Chateau of Austerlitz and gave his great victory its name; but, meantime, vigorous pursuit had been made, and on December 4th, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, having had a decided "falling-out" since their common disaster, Francis of Austria sought an interview with Napoleon, and in that interview the preliminaries of a peace were arranged. The war of the first coalition against France had lasted five years. The second had lasted two, and this, the third and greatest, had lasted but three months, after the most brilliant and amazing campaign on the part of Napoleon. No wonder Alexander of Russia expressed himself glad to get back to his frontiers with even the remnant of an army. The third coalition was at an end.

In three weeks after Austerlitz (December 26th) the treaty of peace was signed at Presburg. Austria gave up to France all her Italian and Adriatic provinces, including Venice, Friule, Istria and Dalmatia; the Tyrol was awarded to Bavaria; and to sum up, in short, the losses of the empire, it may be said, that one-sixth of her people and almost one-sixth of her income was the cost, to Austria, of her third attempt to humble France. As a further consequence of Napoleon's victory of Austerlitz, the old German Empire fell to pieces, and in its place there rose "The Confederation of the Rhine."

JENA.

1806.



HE astounding campaign of Austerlitz served only to increase the respect for the military prowess of Napoleon and the dread of his ambitious designs. All Europe was alive with his fame, and England, baffled and chagrined by his success, was still determined to undermine if she could not overthrow him. Soon after Austerlitz, a French army conquered Naples, and Napoleon seated his brother Joseph on the throne as king. In June, 1806, he made another brother, Louis, King of Holland, and then Prussia decided that his aggressions were aimed at her peace and safety, and, all alone apparently, declared war against France. It was a foolhardy move. For years Prussia had been living on the laurels of Frederick the Great. He had placed her at the very head of the military nations of Europe; but since his death she had been at a stand-still. Bereft of his guiding and vigorous hand, there was no one to keep her in pace with the ever-improving systems of surrounding nations. France and her generals had been of little account against her during the Seven Years' War; but France under the now great Napoleon was very different as a war power. France was now a giant, and her armies, leisurely returning from the conquest of Austria, were still in strong force in the heart of Germany. Prussia could hope for no outside aid. Austria was crushed by Austerlitz. Russia was far away across the Vistula, and the young tsar was still stunned by the "thunderbolt," with which, as Napoleon had promised, he had wound up the war of the

third coalition. At this very crisis England herself declared war against Prussia; but before her ponderous machinery could be set in motion, her hated rival, France, had taken the initiative and left her nothing to prey upon in lower Germany, unless she felt ready to take it from under the very guns of Napoleon; and, eager as was England to meet the French at sea, where few Frenchmen were ever at home, and however eager she might be to stir up other nations into battle with Napoleon over the trodden fields and highways of Europe, England herself was wise, and withheld her soldiers. Thus it resulted that Prussia with perhaps 200,000 available men, and a very weak-minded and vacillating monarch at the head of them, was daring enough to challenge Napoleon to mortal combat.

The Prussians were brave, and under old Fritz Magnus had been indomitable; but except their brief campaign in 1792, when they undertook to interfere in the Republican move of France, they had had no field experience with surrounding armies. Her officers, however, were inordinately vain of the record won by their fathers in the Seven Years' War; were full of conceit in their own ability to win as much and more. France, they said, could do well enough fighting disunited and unskilled Austrians, or the ignorant and clumsy hordes of Russia; but let her dare measure swords with Prussia, and—Shades of Grosser Fritz! the science and tactics, the drill and discipline of Potsdam would wind up the Napoleonic army in one bagatelle of a battle. This was undoubtedly the belief of the younger element of the Prussian army. There were sage old heads who thought differently.

As for Napoleon, he never had a doubt. Prussia's pretext for the war was that Napoleon quartered his army in the provinces on her borders. Its presence there was a menace, and she demanded that he withdraw it at once behind the Rhine. The tone of the demand, whether just or not, roused the ire of the now doubly-arrogant emperor. He treated the message with cool indifference, and prepared to pounce on Prussia the instant she declared war. To his brothers, the kings (of his creation) at Naples and Holland, he wrote that they need not be at all uneasy; he

would finish this war quicker than the last, and put it out of the power of Prussia and her allies, should she have any, to stir for another ten years. And he meant it.

Mayence on the Rhine was now, as before the Austerlitz campaign, his great *dépôt* of supplies. He bought vast quantities of corn along the fertile valley, and shipped it with a campaign's supply of hard bread, up the Mayn to Würzburg, where, in upper Franconia, the main body of his army was speedily concentrated. The men were still wearing the uniforms of their Austrian war; they were thread-bare, but still soldierly and neat. Napoleon half-laughingly told them that he would save the brilliant new garb for the *fêtes* and triumphs awaiting them on their return to France. The old dress would do to beat Prussia in; but he took great care to see that warm and serviceable overcoats were supplied to the entire army, and that besides the new pair on his feet, each man had a new pair of shoes in his knapsack, the extra pair being a present from France; and with it he meant to tramp across Prussia to the very frontiers of the tsar. At the same time, he bought and sent forward thousands of draft and saddle-horses, and by the formation of a new brigade of dragoon-guards and a division of infantry recruited along the Rhine, the Sambre and the Meuse, increased his grand reserve to over 16,000 men.

For the war with Prussia the same general organization of the grand army was maintained. Six *corps d'armée* were speedily in readiness: Bernadotte, First corps, had 20,000 men; Davout, Third corps, had 27,000; Soult, Fourth corps, had 32,000; Lannes, Fifth corps, had 22,000; Ney, Sixth corps, had 20,000, and Augereau, Seventh corps, had 17,000. The Second corps, under General Marmont, had been sent to Dalmatia, and was not to form part of the army of invasion. The cavalry corps was scattered through Franconia and Hesse-Darmstadt, wherever forage was to be had in plenty. Murat was still its commander, and it numbered 28,000 mounted men. Including the imperial guard and the reserves, Napoleon's total force fell not short of 190,000 soldiers of all arms—a splendid, disciplined and thoroughly seasoned army, full of the highest faith and pride in one another and in him.

On the night of September 24th, Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress Josephine and that wily old *diplomat*, Talleyrand, started from Paris for the front. His army was concentrating close under the Thuringian mountains, facing Saxony. Ney and Soult on the right, around Bayreuth; Davout and Bernadotte in the centre, near Bamberg; Lannes and Augereau on the left, near Coburg; Murat, with the cavalry, marching forward up the valley of the Mayn from Würzburg. All were ordered to be at their posts between October 3d and 4th. Marshals Kellerman and Mortier (the latter commanding the Eighth corps) were assigned important duties on the Rhine.

With the first week in October the King of Prussia, with his queen, his court, his generals and advisers, was at Erfurt, on the head waters of the west branch of the Saale, not more than forty-five miles on a bee-line from the left of the French position. There were two ways of getting into Prussia and down into the valley of the Elbe from where Napoleon's army was encamped. One was to face to the left, march by the flank along under the Thuringian forest-covered range northwestward through Meiningen to Eisenach, then eastward to Erfurt, Weimar and Leipsic. Three easy marches would carry Lannes and Augereau by this route to the Prussian headquarters. The other was to burst through the rugged passes of the Thuringian hills, and by way of Hof, Schleiz and Saalfeld, appear suddenly in the valley of the Saale *behind* Erfurt, thus turning and gaining the rear of the Prussian army; but this last was a most difficult undertaking if any effort were made by the Saxons or Prussians to hold these narrow and tortuous defiles. Napoleon determined to burst through, however, *but to make the Prussians believe he was coming the other way*. To this end, Lannes was instructed to keep constantly pushing out parties to his left, as though strengthening bridges, mending roads and reconnoitring; and, in sore perplexity and confusion, the king at Erfurt hardly knew what to do. He held a council on the 5th of October; sent a final demand to Napoleon on the 7th that he should instantly begin his retreat to the Rhine, withdraw every Frenchman behind that stream with no further delay; and, if he did *not* begin by the following morn-

ing, October 8th, he was warned to beware of the consequences. So far from having the desired effect, this note simply goaded Napoleon. General Berthier was with him when it came. "We will be punctual to the appointment," said he, "but instead of being in France on the 8th, we shall be in Saxony;" and instantly dictating one of his most martial and ringing proclamations to the army, he gave the orders to advance. He had with him at this moment 170,000 men, and if with them he could get between the Prussians and Leipsic and Berlin, he would be repeating the manœuvre by which, a year before, he had disarmed Mack at Ulm.

The Prussian army at this moment was in two independent bodies. The first, under the Duke of Brunswick, was now facing southwest near Erfurt, 90,000 strong, with the advance of the Duke of Weimar well to the front in the Thuringian forests, watching for the coming of the French. The second army had *marched* into Saxony to virtually demand assistance from its luke-warm elector, and now, under the Prince of Hohenlohe, was in Franconia, facing southwestward, too, confronting the passes already mentioned; and General Tauenzien, falling back from Bayreuth when the French right wing approached that place, did not even occupy the passes, but retreated through them and formed as an advance-guard in front of the Prince of Hohenlohe at Schleiz. This army was perhaps 50,000 strong. Heavy reserves, equidistant from Brunswick and Hohenlohe, made the Prussian field forces mount up to about 180,000 soldiers, Saxons included.

The marshals and generals of the Grand Army of France we have already learned something about. Many of them were at Marengo, all were at Austerlitz; but these Prussians are strangers. To the Duke of Brunswick had been intrusted the chief command of the army, a selection greatly deplored by the vigorous young element, as the old veteran was in no condition physically to take the field. Prince Hohenlohe, on the contrary, was vigorous, energetic, overbearing and impatient—impatient to an extent that speedily became insubordination; and the two wings of the army, separated by some thirty miles of ground, but a far wider gulf of conflicting interests and authorities, soon lost their

unity, and this was the divided force which the great master of the art of war was to find as the sole defence of Prussia.

On the 8th of October, Murat, leading the light cavalry, dashed through the central defile into Thuringia, and, appearing suddenly at Lobenstein, sent out strong detachments right and left to seize the openings of the other passes. Tauenzien fell back across the Saale, and on the morning of the 9th, the Grand Army of France, from three mountain roads, was descending into the Saxon valley. Lannes and Augereau, after having for a week kept the Prussians in a ferment of excitement by their preparations to march northward on Eisenach, had suddenly struck camp, disappeared in the opposite direction, and when next seen were deploying in front of Prince Hohenlohe over towards Saalfeld, where, on the morning of October 10th, a brisk engagement took place between Lannes' men and the Prussian advance-guard, 9,000 strong, under Prince Louis. This gallant soldier made a brave but pitifully unscientific fight of it, and finding the day going against him and his two aides-de-camp killed, he himself dashed in among the French hussars and, scorning to accept quarter, attacked the officer who summoned him to surrender, and drew upon himself the sword-thrust that stretched him, a glittering corpse, with his gay uniform and all his decorations, among the hostile hoofs of Murat's cavalry. "One of the authors of the war," said Napoleon, "Prince Louis was one of its first victims." With his death the vanguard fled, leaving twenty guns, 400 dead and wounded and 1,000 prisoners; and this was the spirited prelude to the great battles of Jena and Auerstädt fought four days afterwards.

Prince Hohenlohe, from the heights further down the Saale, looked on the disaster to his advance guard with keen dismay; and the Duke of Brunswick, farther north beyond the plateau between Jena and Weimar, listened to the distant rumble of the guns with dismal apprehension.

On the 11th, gathering his men as they emerged from the passes, and moving slowly and with great caution, Napoleon advanced into the valley of the Saale, intending as soon as all was clear to push eastward on Dresden, one hundred miles

away. On the evening of the 12th, he and many of the divisions were in march toward Gera, way across the valley and full twenty miles to the east of Jena.

And now the Prussian army was in dire plight. It was evident that Napoleon meant to push on for the great cities of the upper Elbe, and seize the crossings of the stream; then he could easily march northward on their capital, Berlin. The king, the Duke of Brunswick and all, broke up in confusion at Weimar, and the main Prussian army in five divisions began its retreat, hoping to reach the important town of Naumburg in time to seize the bridges across the Saale, nearly twenty miles northeast of Jena.

But Napoleon had anticipated them. Davout with the Third corps, supported by Bernadotte with the First, had already been directed thither; had passed to the east of Prince Hohenlohe, and the Third corps was in firm possession of Naumburg and the bridges at dawn of the 13th. Meantime, Lannes and Augereau had been wheeled to the north and closed in on the university town of Jena, while Napoleon, believing that now the Prussians would endeavor to reach the Saale at that point, determined on giving them a beating then and there.

Ney and Soult were ordered to march at once to join Lannes and Augereau, and thus he would have four corps to concentrate on the Prussians with Murat to support him, should his theory prove correct; and Davout at Naumburg, and Bernadotte midway between Jena and Naumburg, could hold the line of the Saale below. All troops marching across the valley towards Gera were recalled and directed on the spires of the little town lying there under the bare brown shoulders of the Thuringian foot-hills.

Jena was then, as now, the seat of a great university. It lay on the west bank of the Saale. All to the east across the river was flat and open. All to the west was bluff, precipice and ravine. Of these heights the most formidable was the Landgrafenberg, which commanded the town, and from whose summit a rolling plateau, stretching northwestward to Weimar, could be seen at every point. The road from Jena to Weimar

wound its way up a steep ravine west of the town until it reached the plateau, and then sped away in a nearly straight line for the latter city. Behind this road and facing the south, *not* Jena, Prince Hohenlohe had now drawn up his lines, for he expected Lannes and Augereau to come up the west bank after their triumph at Saalfeld, and attack him full front on the plateau. He had determined to fall back and join the main army in its retreat to the Elbe; but believing Napoleon to be hastening away eastward towards Leipsic and Dresden, and that only two corps were left near Jena, he thought to recover his lost laurels and revenge himself for the blow at his advance guard. His right, therefore, reached nearly to Weimar, where it was supported by the division of General Ruchel, a strong command of 17,000 men; while his left, on the heights overhanging Jena, was covered by the corps of General Tauenzien.

Meantime the old Duke of Brunswick, fearful of being caught in just such a trap as Napoleon had laid for the Austrian Mack, had faced about, and was marching with all speed for Naumburg behind Hohenlohe, leaving the Duke of Weimar with his division, then exploring through the Thuringian forest, to get out of it as best they could. Ruchel was told to recall him if possible, and then rejoin the main body by rapid marches. The duke hoped to get down the east bank of the Saale to Magdeburg on the Elbe, the strongest fortification of interior Prussia. Fancy his dismay on finding his way barred by Davout. He learned it only too well on the afternoon of the 13th, but pushed desperately ahead, bent on fighting his way through on the following day.

Late on the 13th Napoleon himself arrived in haste at Jena and was conducted by Lannes up the slopes of the Landgrafenberg, whence they could study the surroundings. The daring skirmishers of the Fifth corps had driven back the outposts of Tauenzien, and cleared a space on the crest which they held obstinately until reinforced. The emperor from here could see for miles in every direction, but the abrupt slopes from the plateau down to the valley of the Ilm to the north shut off the view of

the highway from Weimar to Naumburg, so that the heavy columns of the Prussian king, marching eastward, were not visible, nor was it possible to estimate the number of men here on the plateau in front of him. He was now nearly opposite the left flank of Prince Hohenlohe's long line, and believing the entire Prussian army to be on the ground or within easy call, Napoleon sent orders to Ney and Soult to march all night, if need be, but to pass beyond Jena, and work their way up the heights below the town, so as to come in on his right and hem the foe from the east. The next thing was to get Lannes' corps up on the Landgrafenberg.

Infantrymen such as he had, could climb anything, and early in the evening 20,000 linesmen were clambering up the slopes and spreading out to the front, crowding back the skirmish lines of Tauenzién, and still Hohenlohe cherished the idea that Lannes and Augereau were coming upon his front with the dawn of the 14th, and made no effort to strengthen the division covering his left. Thus he lost the commanding height behind Jena, for, with the Fifth corps once firmly established there, he had not men enough to win it back. Following Lannes' men came 4,000 of the imperial guard, who bivouacked in a hollow square at the summit, and Napoleon's tent was pitched in their midst.

No sleep for him yet, however. The hardest work of all was to come. Lannes' guns must be hauled to the top; and, restlessly riding to and fro, the emperor at last came upon a narrow, winding mountain-road that would answer the purpose. Sappers quickly blasted the rocky sides where the path was too narrow, and then while Napoleon, holding a torch in his own hand, lent his energetic presence to the work, urging and inspiring everywhere, the pioneers toiled at the roadway to make it practicable. By ten o'clock, in the beautiful starlit night, with twelve horses hitched to each carriage, the gunners began the task of dragging their batteries to the summit. By midnight all were parked at the crest, and, calmly satisfied that all would be well on the morrow, the emperor had betaken himself to his bivouac, and, if one story be credible, before going to sleep, was engaged in drawing up a plan of studies to be pursued

at Madame Campan's female school, in which he felt great interest.

Off to the northwest, towards Weimar, the plateau was one blaze of Prussian camp-fires, but the summit of the Landgrafenberg was comparatively dark, and in the chill night air the men drew together and sought such sleep and shelter as they could find. With Suchet's division on the right, the guards in the centre, and Gazan's division on the left, the emperor meant to assault Tauenzien's lines at dawn. Ney and Murat were to follow up in his tracks as soon as he had advanced. Soult, marching back from Gera, was to climb the ravines below Jena and get to the Prussian rear, while Augereau, keeping concealed in the "Mühlthal" and other ravines around the Landgrafenberg, was to act in vigorous support on his left.

At four o'clock the emperor was again in saddle. A thick fog like that at Austerlitz enveloped the plateau and the valley of the Saale to his right. Nevertheless Napoleon had been able to see during the night that not only was the whole country towards Weimar ablaze with Prussian fires, but that to the north the horizon was red and glaring from the same cause. This led him to the belief that while a strong force of the king's army might have gone towards Naumburg, they had halted for the night in the Ilm valley between Auerstädt and the plateau back of Jena, and would be reinforcing Prince Hohenlohe first thing in the morning. This had led to his sending orders to Davout and Bernadotte which had a peculiar bearing on the great battle to be fought the same day with Jena. Davout was directed to be sure and hold the bridges over the Saale at Naumburg, but at the same time, if possible, to fall upon the Prussian rear while the emperor was attacking in front on the plateau. Bernadotte was directed to assist Davout if near him when the order was received, or to throw himself on the Prussian flank if he had already taken a strong position at Dornburg, a little town nearly midway between Jena and Naumburg. We shall see how strangely Bernadotte interpreted this order when we come to Auerstädt.

It was still too dark and foggy to attack, but not for Napoleon

to be up and doing. Riding right in among the bivouac fires of his men, he gathered the soldiers about him in one great concourse, and in his half-playful, confidential way explained to them his hopes and plans for the day. He showed them that by their energetic movements they had secured a position which threatened the Prussians with as complete ruin as befell the Austrians last year; that if they thoroughly beat the Prussians it would destroy them: they could not rally, could not reach the Elbe, much less the Oder; that Russia could not then assist them, and the whole war would be finished as decisively, as suddenly in one battle as was that of the third coalition at Austerlitz. "But keep on your guard against their cavalry," he said. "They are indeed formidable; meet them in squares and be firm." Glory and rewards were promised the corps which should most distinguish themselves, and disgrace should await those that failed him. His stirring words were greeted with wild shouts of "Vive l' Empereur," and then ranks were formed. Forward was the word, and through the dim, chill light of breaking day, the lines swept down upon the Prussian host. At the head was Claparède's brigade, that had so distinguished itself on the left at Austerlitz.

In one long line they stretched across the plateau, but their flanks were covered by heavy columns of Lannes' corps, while Vedel's brigade marched in support. To their left, with the guns well out in front, Gazan's division pushed forward at the same time; Suchet feeling his way towards the hamlet of Closewitz, Gazan towards that of Cospoda, which were heavily garrisoned by the Prussian corps of Tauenzien. For a few moments it was all a blind groping through the fog. Officers well out ahead gave their orders in low tones, and, thus guided, the lines swept forward down a gentle declivity, then up the opposite rise, and, arriving at the crest, came suddenly upon long ranks of soldiery looming up through the fog—the Saxon brigade and Zweifel's Prussians. "Fire!" rang the word of command, and in an instant the plateau of Jena flashed with the lightning of their musketry. Claparède's volley echoed the crash, and then with vengeful bayonets his men sprang forward upon the foe. Far to the

west and north the volleys, the cheers were heard, and Prince Hohenlohe, vaulting into saddle over near Weimar, spurred madly eastward to see what it meant. The booming of Gazan's guns told him a most unwelcome tale before he could traverse half the distance; and when he reached the position of Tauenzien, it was only to find that the villages were gone. Their stony walls were no longer points of rest for his left. The French had dashed upon them in the resistless force of their first charge; had carried all before them, and Tauenzien's men were doubling up on that magnificent brigade of Cerrini, which, steadily advancing and firing by battalion, had checked the first onset of Suchet's divisions; but it was broad daylight by this time, and the veteran generals and skillful staff-officers of the French, schooled in incessant warfare, speedily aligned and strengthened their ranks. Once more, in absolutely beautiful order, the Fifth corps resumed its advance towards the west, and, despite a gallant resistance, a bloody and terrible combat, the ground west of the two villages was carried and held. Napoleon had crushed the Prussian left, captured twenty guns, and had now room in which to deploy his army. Soult's divisions were still in march from Gera; only St. Hilaire's had arrived, but that, followed by Murat with his impatient cavalry, was now ordered up from Jena and began to file out upon the plateau. Augereau was rapidly climbing the southern slopes to reach the left of Lannes. Ney, too eager to wait until he could bring forward his entire corps, had pushed ahead with his voltigeurs and light troops, and was panting up the ravines below Jena to gain the plateau; and now Napoleon desired to give his men a breathing spell of an hour while his rear columns were coming on the field.

Prince Hohenlohe, meantime, had discovered that all his dispositions must be changed, and that he must form a line across instead of along the Weimar road. He acted with great spirit and promptitude. The bulk of the infantry under General Grawert was marched towards the east to replace the shattered corps of Tauenzien; the Saxon divisions, the rallied brigade of Cerrini, Boguslawski's Prussians and a powerful array of field-bat-

teries were swung round to the south and eastward so as to form his new right; and there, resting on the "*Schnecke*," as the Germans called the undulating slopes near the Weimar road, they were ordered to hold that highway to the last extremity. Dyherrn's brigade and Tauenzien's sore-stricken corps were placed in reserve. General Holzendorf, with the newly formed left wing, was ordered to fall upon the heads of Soult's columns and drive them back, down the valley of the Saale. Ruchel, way to the rear at Weimar, was urged to come up with his strong corps, and then, placing himself at the head of all his cavalry and horse-batteries, the gallant prince galloped to the front and centre to restore the battle.

All this, Napoleon, from the height of the Landgrafenberg, watched with calm satisfaction. He did not intend to resume the battle until Soult, Augereau and Ney were all in position, and Murat on the heights with the whole cavalry corps; but Ney, as we have said, was too eager to get into the fight, and leaving his division commanders to bring up the toiling foot to their assigned positions on the plateau, he had galloped forward with the Third hussars and the Tenth chasseurs; his light infantry battalions had followed him unseen by Napoleon through the early fog, and when that cleared away and the whole plateau was visible, while the columns of the Sixth corps were crawling up to their proper place on the ridges north of the Landgrafenberg, here was the corps commander himself right in the centre; and, in his eagerness for his share in the battle, he had pushed squarely in between Lannes and Augereau, and was facing the little village of *Vierzehn-Heiligen*—the very centre of the battlefield. He got there, as luck would have it, just at the instant that Hohenlohe came thundering up with the light-guns, and, knowing nothing of Napoleon's orders to cease firing until the general signal should be given from the Landgrafenberg, and being accustomed in his impetuous way to fight on sight, he rushed his chasseurs at the unlimbering batteries, and in less than a minute the French horsemen were tumbling over the gunners and drivers; had captured seven guns and were riding off with them, when down came the Prussian cuirassiers to the rescue.

Then Ney had to launch the Third hussars to help the chasseurs, and as these two light regiments were by no means strong enough to cope with thirty squadrons of mail-clad horsemen, he led his infantry forward at the double and opened his volleys on the Prussians, forming square to resist their charges and strewing the ground with their dead and wounded.

But all this was contrary to the plans of Napoleon, who was astounded to see on his battle checker-board a move he had never authorized. In high displeasure he came galloping down to the front, bent on breaking the general who had dared disobey his orders. It never occurred to him that it could be Ney, who, by good rights, should still be plodding up the heights below Jena; but when he reached the front and saw those two squares defying the whole force of Hohenlohe's charging cuirassiers, his wrath gave way to soldierly admiration; and when told that it was Ney, he could not but laugh with delight; the whole thing was so characteristic of that dare-devil, battle-loving fighter.

Bertrand came up with two regiments to support Ney, for Murat and Augereau were not yet in position. Lannes hastened forward with two brigades of his solid infantry, and now the battle of Jena was resumed in the centre with ten-fold fury.

For full an hour, from ten until eleven o'clock, the vortex of the fight raged right here around that little hamlet. Ney had sprung a hornet's nest and had to bear the brunt of it with his little *élite* brigade and such aid as Lannes could give him. Unhindered for the time on either flank, Hohenlohe was able to borrow men from them, and to concentrate all his energies on the centre. Thus it happened that the fiercest fighting of that bloody day occurred between these hours and about this spot. For years afterwards the men who survived in Grawert's Prussian division and the two brigades of Lannes and Ney were looked upon with something like awe by the rest of the armies. Ney's infantry were three battalions, one of grenadiers, one of voltigeurs, and the 25th light infantry. Lannes' were the 21st light, and the 34th, 64th, 88th, 100th and 103d infantry of the line; ("88" seems to be a fighting number wherever it is met, for no regiment in the English army is more famous than its

88th—the Connaught Rangers, the fighting “Faugh-a-ballaghs,”) and these French 88th seem to have fought like demons among the walls of Vierzehn-Heiligen. On both sides the carnage was terrible—never forgotten in either army. Only a few months since (the summer of '83) there was published in the Paris *Figaro* a letter written in November, 1806, on the banks of the Vistula by Colonel Taupin of the 103d describing, to an old friend at Lille, the part taken by his regiment in that desperate stand up, muzzle-to-muzzle fight. According to Colonel Taupin, the emperor did not sleep as soundly between midnight and four o'clock as Thiers and John S. C. Abbot would have us believe, for at two in the morning the colonel says he was called upon by Napoleon himself to take some of his men and creep forward with him to reconnoitre the plateau, but then, appearing perfectly satisfied that the Prussians had weakened their left to strengthen the right and centre, he had gone back to his tent. It is of the fight around the centre, however, that he gives most thrilling particulars. The 103d, he says, in charging broke through the first line of Prussians, pursued them to the second, which stood firm, and then from both flanks and from the front a terrible fire mowed down his gallant men. “In less than four minutes,” he writes, “my regiment had twenty-three officers and three hundred and eighty-seven soldiers killed or wounded. . . . In charging I was on horseback in front of the centre of the first division of my regiment with General Campana and his two aides-de-camp. The captain of the leading grenadier company, his first sergeant and two other sergeants were killed; his first and second lieutenants were wounded; fifty-one grenadiers were killed or wounded, *and not one of us or our horses was struck.*” This was indeed remarkable, and the colonel goes on to say, with much gravity: “If anybody else had told you this you wouldn't have believed it.” Taupin's description has certainly more warmth of coloring than even the glowing official reports of the emotional Frenchmen, but its publication at this late day goes to show how the terrible fighting of the centre at Jena has never been forgotten.

Grawert's line rested, in part, on some rather commanding

ground, which Lannes assailed with great fury ; but here, on his right, he was exposed to the fierce charges of that fine cavalry against which Napoleon had warned them to stand firm, and here he was brought to a halt. So superb were the assaults of the cuirassiers at this stage of the battle that, though still urging Ruchel to hasten to his support, Hohenlohe ventured to assert that the French were already defeated ; that all that was needed was his presence to convert their wavering halt into tumultuous rout. Meantime the furious fire of his batteries was concentrated on Ney's position in the hamlet which had burst into flames, and thus for a time he held the battle. This might be termed its second stage.

But now came the third. Soult's infantry, by noon, was up the heights ; had received with serene coolness the blustering attack of Holendorff's division ; had stood him off while the entire corps deployed, and then advanced westward across the plateau, slowly, steadily driving the outnumbered Prussians before them. At the same time, to the dismay of Prince Hohenlohe, strong columns were reported forming line opposite his right near the Schneck, and almost as he began to believe it possible to drive Ney out of Vierzehn-Heiligen, the entire plateau to the south and west of that unlucky hamlet was covered by the advancing line of Augereau—the Seventh corps with its 17,000 was up the heights and sweeping down upon his right. Desjardin's division released Ney from his danger, and leisurely attacked the Saxons on the Schneck, while Heudelet, forming in charging column on the Jena and Weimar road, awaited the signal to push ahead. Then Soult's divisions, advancing from Closewitz towards the north of the plateau, got in a flank fire with their guns on the Prussian centre, and, seeing everything now in readiness, Napoleon smilingly waved forward the imperial guard, struck spurs to his horse and ordered a general advance of the whole line. Grawert's division, already nearly exhausted from its terrible combat with Lannes, was now the first to go down under the resistless impulse of the French attack. The grenadiers of Hohenlohe and Hahn were killed almost to a man, falling under ball or bayonet. Grawert was severely wounded,

for he and his proud Prussians would not run; but right and left all was now panic and dismay. Tauenzien's remnants, Dyherrn's reserves, Cerrini's fine brigade, all were in confusion and flight; whole batteries were abandoned; the gunners cut the traces, leaped on the horses and scattered for the rear; prisoners were swept in by battalions, guns captured by whole batteries, standards picked up from the ground. In vain Hohenlohe faced the rout and strove to stem the tide with his heavy cavalry,—there was no finer in the world—but against their massive chargers and solid armor the French light chasseurs and nimble hussars, wild with the enthusiasm of victory, dared to charge again and again.

And now Hohenlohe implored Ruchel to come. "Come with all speed, but prepared to meet them half-way. Come with intervals in your line through which the fugitives may rush." What a contrast to the confident despatches of an hour ago! and Ruchel was coming—to his death.

With his fine corps already deployed in battle order as though anticipating the need of this bitter moment; with his infantry in two long lines, his cavalry massed on their left flank, the fine Saxon horse commanded by General Zeschwitz marching on his right, he came in steady disciplined order up the gradual slope of the plateau. Far over to his left front he could see the fugitives from Hohenlohe's battered army fleeing for life down into the Ilm valley, and way out across the plateau to his right front the Saxon division in two great squares slowly retiring down the Schneckle before the charging corps of Augereau, but that sight was as nothing compared with the spectacle immediately before him. The great highway, the broad fields on both sides were thronged with panic-stricken soldiers; all order, discipline, duty forgotten, in one great huddling, shouting, struggling, desperate mass the once superb parade regiments of Prussia came swarming down, and close at their heels the vengeful sabres of the French light cavalry were plying their bloody work, and the horse-batteries, galloping almost in among them, then halting, swinging round their black muzzles in the twinkling of an eye, added horror to their flight by deluging the wretched mob with shell and grape-shot.

In vain Ruchel strove to rally their foremost and align them with his battalions. It was a torrent no human being could control. It swept over his ranks, for Soult with the French cavalry swooped upon the Prussian squadrons on his left, then outflanked the line with St. Hilaire's cheering infantry. Ruchel's left gave way, and striving to rally them, this ardent and vehement patriot reeled from his saddle shot through and through, and was borne dying from the field. Even had he lived he could have availed nothing; for at this instant, as though enraged at having been so long held idle spectators of this terrible battle-picture, there came thundering down the plateau with tread that shook the very earth, the grand reserve of dragoons and cuirassiers, the heavy cavalry of France led on by Murat in person, and now Ruchel's corps crumbled up with the rest and swept haplessly, hopelessly to the rear, while Zeschwitz with his Saxon cavalry bravely sped forward to rescue if possible their comrade infantry. Odd as it may seem, the Prussians were in full flight all over the plateau. Only the Saxons, whom they affected to treat with patronizing courtesy, remained firm in their ranks. Calling off some thousands of his "heavies" from the mad pursuit, Murat dashed them at the Saxon squares, and at last, mowed down by the guns, charged again and again by the massive squadrons, there was nothing left for them but surrender. Forced into the war against their will by the arrogance of their boastful neighbors, the Saxons had yet the satisfaction of being the last on the field, and after the battle, of being complimented by Napoleon himself on their courage and discipline.

And so Jena was won. "Of the 70,000 Prussians who had appeared on the field of battle," says M. Thiers, "not a single corps remained entire, not one retreated in order. Out of 100,000 French, composed of the corps of Marshals Soult, Lannes, Augereau, Ney and Murat, and the guard, not more than 50,000 had fought, and they had been sufficient to overthrow the Prussian army."

Now while Prussia had hardly 70,000 men "who had fought" on the plateau under Hohenlohe that day, and while fully 50,000 Frenchmen fought, and fought like heroes, it was indeed

a victory of infinite glory for Napoleon. Never did Prussian officers fight more devotedly, more determinedly; and never was there a battle on European soil in which the proportion of officers killed was so great as in the Prussian lines at Jena. It seems as though they had sought death rather than acknowledge defeat, and when, late that afternoon, Prince Hohenlohe with a few squadrons rallied some of the survivors twelve miles from the field, and well back of Weimar, it was with despair in his heart that he saw the utter ruin of the proud army he so confidently thought to lead to victory.

From Jena to Weimar the plateau was black with the dead and dying; 12,000 Prussians and Saxons were killed or left severely wounded on the field; 200 guns, 15,000 prisoners, had fallen into the hands of Napoleon. Jena and Weimar, fired by the shells, were in flames; and the panic-stricken survivors of the terrible day were wanderers over the wilds of Thuringia.

Great as was Napoleon's triumph here, where he was now, as was his wont, looking after the care of his wounded before doing anything else, news of a still greater and much more astonishing victory was in store for him. Even while mourning the loss of 4,000 of his brave men, killed and wounded, around Jena, and lamenting that he had not completed the ruin of the entire Prussian army, he was greeted as he rode back by the glad tidings that Davout, unaided, had won a victory as complete as his own. He had annihilated the army of the king at Auerstädt, twelve miles away.

It deserves a chapter of its own.

AUERSTÄDT.

1806.



WE have seen how Davout and Bernadotte had been hurried down the valley of the Saale to cut off the Prussian retreat, and how the army of the Duke of Brunswick escorting the king and his court had found their passage barred at Naumburg. This little city lay on the east bank of the Saale some twenty miles below Jena, and, while ordered to hold it and the bridge, Davout had received his injunctions to cross if possible and attack the enemy's rear; for Napoleon supposed that he had the entire army of Prussia facing him on the plateau, or that he would have it there on the 14th of October.

On the evening of the 13th the Duke of Brunswick, learning that the bridge was held by Davout, had gone into camp with his army around the village of Auerstädt, which lay some six miles south of west of Naumburg, and about twelve miles due north of the plateau between Jena and Weimar. Out to the east of Auerstädt was a tract of open country, extending some miles on both sides of the road between Naumburg and Weimar. A narrow, shallow stream flowing from the north into the Ilm was enclosed between two smooth and gradual slopes; the western, up towards the rising ground in front of Auerstädt; the eastern, up to the ridge between it and the Saale; and on this ridge, and traversed by the main road, was the hamlet, of Hassenhausen mid-way between Naumburg and Auerstädt. East of Hassenhausen the high-road drops down by steep grades and sharp curves into the valley of the Saale, and runs along the river

bank until it reaches the bridge. Commanded as it is by the steep, and crowded in this narrow space, it forms an easily defensible pass or defile, and was known to the Prussians as the "Defile of Kōsen."

Now, knowing Davout to be over in Naumburg, one would suppose that the Prussians would not neglect to occupy this defile in force; but it seems that as soon as the old Duke of Brunswick found that he could not hope to cross the bridge, he decided that he had no use for the defile. Sending cavalry forward to reconnoitre, and satisfying himself that nothing but Davout's vedettes were on the west side of the river, he determined to let all his men get what rest they could. They had marched no more than fifteen miles, but, so unused were the Prussians to marching at that time, that had been enough to fatigue them. Then, too, they were hungry, and their commissary wagons had gone astray in the confusion. The bulk of the Prussian army around Auerstädt went supperless to sleep, and woke in the morning hungry and dispirited. Badly led, badly fed, they were not feeling particularly warlike when the 14th of October dawned, foggy, chill and raw; and, roused from their uneasy slumbers by the roar of battle on the distant heights of Jena, they huddled around their fires, wondering what their part was to be in the drama of the day.

The call came soon enough. On the evening of the 13th, Davout, who never neglected the faintest detail of his duty, had ridden to the western bank of the Saale, and there, from some captured cavalymen, learned that the main body of the Prussian army was even then at Auerstädt. He felt well assured that he would have brisk work with the dawn, and so sent over some light infantry to occupy the defile that the Prussians had failed to seize—a blunder on the part of the Duke of Brunswick quite on a par with Hohenlohe's loss of the Landgrafenberg. At six A. M., on the 14th, a despatch reached him from Napoleon dated some hours earlier from his bivouac back of Jena. It told him that at dawn Napoleon meant to attack the Prussian army, all of which the emperor believed then to be on the plateau, and directed him to move up to Apolda, a town in rear of the posi-

tion of Prince Hohenlohe, so as to attack the Prussian left and rear while he attacked in front. Then the emperor went on to say: "If the Prince of Ponte Corvo (Bernadotte) is with you, you may march together; but the emperor hopes he will be already in the place assigned to him at Dornburg."

Now Bernadotte was "with him;" that is to say, the whole First corps was right there near Naumburg with the Third, and Davout at once galloped to Bernadotte, showed him the order, and urged that together they should cross and with their united forces, 46,000 men, assault the Prussians at Auerstädt, and thus, at least, prevent their sending aid to the forces in front of Napoleon; but Bernadotte declined. The truth was, he hated and was jealous of Davout; he would share no glory with him. Davout urged—even implored him to act with him; offered him the supreme command of the movement; pledged him his best support. It was the cause of France, he urged, but Bernadotte would have none of it. "The emperor hoped he was already at Dornburg," and so, though *ordered* to support Davout if with or near him, and *not* at Dornburg, Marshal Bernadotte marched away with every man of his strong and valiant corps, and so took them out of both Jena and Auerstädt. It is only anticipating a little to say that the emperor reprimanded him in a personal letter written a week after the battle; accused him of making a "false march," and referred to his conduct in terms that would have made a sensitive soldier wretched; but Bernadotte seems to have been self-complacent, and the emperor's wrath against him vanished with the next campaign. He had left Davout alone, with only 26,000 men in the front of 66,000, but had left him to win imperishable glory.

Davout had forty-four guns, three divisions of infantry and three regiments of light cavalry. A division of heavy cavalry that had been sent to assist the First and Third corps conjointly, was marched off by Bernadotte as though his exclusive property. But Davout's infantry was superb; some called it the best in the army, for Davout was a disciplinarian, a drill-master, tactician and fighter combined. He was an admirable corps commander, and now that his orders had come, supported or unsupported, he

meant to carry them out. Soon after six o'clock his columns were in march across the bridge, and the marshal was ascending the defile of Kōsen. With him was the Twenty-fifth of the line, a strong regiment of Gudin's division, while well out to the front were his light cavalry. The divisions of Morand and Friant were following in long column of route, but well closed up. The fog that obscured objects on the high plateau of Jena was still more dense down here in the valley of the Ilm, and, spreading out in dispersed order, the horsemen in front eagerly felt their way forward, reached the hamlet of Hassenhausen, listened a while to the far-off rumble of the guns now beginning to boom back of Jena, and then, more cautiously now and extending still farther to right and left, they slowly advanced across the open slope down into the dense mist of the shallow valley, and suddenly encountered a line of shadowy troopers riding up stealthily upon them. Neither side could tell what might be behind the other. Gruff challenges were interchanged, then out leaped pistols and sabres; and Davout, halting on the ridge and deploying the Twenty-fifth across the road, was greeted by the popping of fire-arms out in the fog-bank to his front.

It seems that early in the morning the Duke of Brunswick had decided to push ahead for the Saale. Davout, he learned, had no very strong force, and he might retake the bridge. If not, he could go on down the west bank. The roar of Hohenlohe's guns at Jena in nowise deterred him. That was merely done, he argued, to cover the retreat. Hohenlohe was probably falling back after him. With Schmettau's Prussian division, the duke was escorting the king and his court; behind them at long intervals, and in very lax order for disciples of Frederick the Great, came the division of Wartensleben, and back of that, also in loose order, the division of Orange; but in front of Schmettau was a strong brigade of hussars led and handled by a fierce old hussar general, a choleric, red-faced, tough-framed, hard-swearing, hard-riding, and—'twas said—hard-drinking trooper at whom it is worth our while to take a long look. It is General Blücher, the same whom those Prussians will be calling Marshal Vorwaerts in a few years from now, the same for whose

coming, or night, Wellington will be praying at Waterloo. It is the tough old Prussian's first campaign against the now famous Napoleon, and he begins this day to imbibe a hatred for him that only death will quench.

Blücher's hussars had crossed the little stream in the depression back of Hassenhausen, and were coming up the misty slope, when, as we have seen, they ran slap into the light horse of the French. Calling up his squadrons, Blücher made a dash, picked up some prisoners and raced the Frenchmen back to the ridge, where they were brought up standing by a volley from the Twenty-fifth. Davout's guns galloped up and hurled a few rounds of grape through the now rising mists at Blücher's hussars, whereon the latter were thrown into much disorder, and their general, shaking his head in perplexity, galloped back to tell his royal master, what the roar of the guns and the volley of the Twenty-fifth must already have told him, that the French were across the Saale in unknown numbers, but with all three arms of the service—cavalry, infantry and artillery. Then an alarming discovery was made. Blücher's horse-battery had not come back with the hussars. It had been dashed upon by the Twenty-fifth in the fog and dragged into Hassenhausen, and Schmettau's division was ordered forward to find it.

And so the two armies met in the mist. Gudin's division was already deployed in, and to the right of Hassenhausen, when Schmettau leaped to the front eager to show his king the valor and discipline of his men.

Just to the north of Hassenhausen was quite a dense wood which Gudin had crammed with skirmishers. The village itself was occupied by the Eighty-fifth, while the Twelfth, Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth were posted along the ridge to the (French) right of the wood. The ridge to the left of the Eighty-fifth's position was to be occupied by Morand's division as soon as he should come up, while Friant, still in the defile, was ordered to hasten his march and deploy on reaching the heights.

The fog was just beginning to clear a little as Schmettau's

men began to ascend the slope, and thus the French position was reached. The infantry could make no headway against the sharp fire from the wood and the village walls; but old Blücher thought he saw a golden opportunity. Gathering 2,500 cavalry, he galloped up the slope beyond the French lines, then faced southward and came charging down upon their right flank. Gudin was ready for him. Quickly the regiments were thrown into squares and received the dragoons with bristling and immovable ranks that flashed fire and death into their faces and completely broke the squadrons. Again and again Blücher sounded the rally and himself led them in to the charge, but the squares would not break; then Davout opened his guns on the horsemen. Blücher's charger was killed under him, and the raging old fighter was with difficulty pulled out, mounted on the horse of his trumpeter and led away in the general scurry to the rear.

By this time Morand's division was moving forward into position, and the head of Friant's column appeared on the scene. All Gudin's division therefore was concentrated in and around Hassenhausen, in front of which the Prussians were now massing; and Friant's men, the same who so superbly held the right at Austerlitz, were sent by Davout to hold the right at Auerstädt. On the Prussian side the divisions of Wartensleben and Orange were now deploying, but a very slow and clumsy performance it proved to be, so little had they been accustomed of late years to field manœuvres of any kind. Nevertheless, the assault on Hassenhausen now began, and proved to be a tremendous struggle. Schmettau's officers, at least, led their men forward with the utmost spirit and vigor, and despite the galling fire of Gudin's lines, closed in around this central point, gained the western edge of the hamlet, and then there ensued the bloodiest conflict of the day in proportion to the numbers engaged. The Eighty-fifth had already lost half its men; the Twelfth on its left was desperately defending that flank from the assault of Wartensleben's overwhelming numbers, for Morand being not yet up in line could not aid them. The village was the key-point of the slope, and whichever side should succeed in holding

it would hold the victory. For an hour, therefore, the walls and hedges were the centre of a crowding circle of fierce combatants. Gudin's men were shot down by scores, but, so contracted was the space in which they fought, the killed and wounded were dragged back among the buildings, and new men stepped into their places, keeping the circle intact. Two divisions on one, the fight raged, the Prussians furiously driving in on that indomitable command of Gudin's, as though inspired with the faith that their numbers must prevail; but the ground was absolutely littered with their dead and dying. General Schmettau at last received a mortal wound and was borne to the rear, and then the sight of the recoiling divisions inspired the brave old Duke of Brunswick to another and more determined effort. The Prussian Grenadier Guard, tall, stalwart, highly disciplined soldiers, had now reached the ground. Ordering the way to be cleared in front, and placing himself at their head, the duke led this fresh and devoted division to the storm of Hassenhausen. Schmettau's shattered battalions strove to form on its flank, and Wartensleben's to assist, but Morand's men were now pushing up against Wartensleben. Friant was getting a cross-fire on the centre division; the guards marched up in stately order. Gudin's men crouched behind the hedges or knelt along the skirts of the blazing village, and held their fire until the leading ranks were within an hundred yards, and then drove a crashing volley into the guardsmen that made them reel, though they would not break; but one bullet tore its fatal way through the face of the brave old duke, and, blind and bleeding, he was carried back to the king he had served so well, a dying man. Marshal Mollendorf sprang forward to take his commander's place at the head of the guards, and reached the circle of fire around Hassenhausen only to be struck down as was his gallant chief. The three great leaders of the king's main army, Brunswick, Mollendorf and Schmettau, were thus disposed of. Blücher was doing what he could with his horsemen on the outskirts of the battle, but Hassenhausen was still firmly held by the French; and now the King of Prussia himself resolved to lead his troops in battle. His horse was shot,

but he mounted another and strove to reanimate the men of Wartensleben who were falling back before Morand's leading brigade.

Orange's Prussian division came forward now, breathless, excited, and while one brigade was sent to the support of Wartensleben, the other breasted the slopes in front of Friant. Davout rushed the heroes of Austerlitz out of their cover in the wood, and Orange's men were driven back across the stream in sudden and demoralized flight, hardly knowing what had struck them. Then Davout galloped over to his left, where Morand's whole division was now advancing in the face of a perfect storm of grape from the Prussian batteries. They halted for nothing, however. Davout's hat and a tuft of his streaming hair were carried away by a shot, but he never seemed to notice it, and now the three divisions, or the survivors rather, of Schmettau, Wartensleben and Orange, and the stately battalions of the Prussian guard, were falling back towards Auerstädt.

The king had still two divisions of infantry not yet engaged and some 10,000 cavalry, but, thanks to the careless order of march, the infantry were still far to the rear. The cavalry had its chance, however, and old Blücher now formed his great division for an overwhelming attack on Morand's nine battalions. The ground on that side especially favored cavalry manœuvres; the Prussian horse, at least, were in fine order of drill and discipline.

It was now high noon. The quick eyes of Davout and Morand had seen the preparations of the Prussian horse, and the instant the squadrons began their advance, seven battalions were thrown into squares and challenged the Prussians to come on. Prince William rode in the first charge—a spirited effort; but with their front ranks kneeling, the second slightly crouching, and the rear erect, the squares seemed by their silence to invite the horsemen to attack, waited until the daring squadrons were almost on them, then square after square vomited its volleys on the Prussian horse, and after several vain attempts and severe loss in killed and wounded, Blücher called off his men, who rode back under showers of grape from the guns.

The battle had lasted six hours by the time the cavalry gave it up. Gudin's division was well-nigh exhausted, but Friant and Morand were comparatively fresh and superlatively full of fight. It was at this stage that Marshal Kalkreuth moved up from behind Auerstädt with the two reserve divisions—Arnim's and Kühnheim's of the king's army. Up to this point the Prussians were badly beaten, and Davout's men threw themselves upon the sword to take breath. The king's generals gathered around him in earnest consultation. Old Blücher vehemently urged for permission to take the reserve and all the cavalry, and thus mass 30,000 fresh men on the wearied troops of Davout, hurl him back on the defile and down the banks into the Saale; but there were other counsellors who had had enough of it. "Every time we send in a fresh body of troops they bring up another division from that defile," was urged. "They are just playing with us—eating us up by detail; already Schmettau's division is annihilated; Wartensleben's crippled; Orange's broken and scattered. Fall back; wait until to-morrow and we will have all Hohenlohe's army and Ruchel's corps here to aid us. Then victory is sure."

And, despite the furious protestations of Blücher, these temporizing counsels prevailed. The king gave the order for Kalkreuth, with the cavalry and artillery, to stand firm and cover the retreat, and the broken and wearied battalions of the morning's battle were permitted to fall back. With something akin to incredulity Davout watched this astounding blunder. He had hoped for nothing better than to hold his ground until Bernadotte should come back, conscience-stricken, and help him; but now with delight he ordered forward his batteries, straightened out his lines, and cheer upon cheer went up from the grand Third corps as they saw their late antagonists disappearing over the western slopes. It was getting on towards half-past three when Kalkreuth, who had moved forward to the brook to prevent an assault on the retiring divisions, suddenly found his right wing subjected to a severe artillery fire from the Sonnenberg, an elevation south of Hassenhausen. It was no use trying to advance and take the guns. All the king's batteries seemed to be cut up

and bent only on getting safely off with the main body; so ordering the cavalry to fall back at the same time, Marshal Kalkreuth, slowly and in good order, began "backing" up his slope towards the plateau, on which stood Auerstädt. This was more than Davout could stand. Striking spurs to his horse he dashed out in front, waving his sword and shouting to his lines to follow. Tired as they were, the men sprang to the charge, tore down the slopes and over the brook, the long lines stretching far out to right and left. Kalkreuth's men fired, but fired high, then quickened their retreat; and soon, they could hardly tell how, the enthusiastic soldiers of France were in mad pursuit of the Prussian army and chasing it through Auerstädt. The Third corps had whipped more than twice its weight in foes—all Prussians, and Davout had won a glorious victory.

The losses of the king's forces on the field alone were frightful. Three great generals, hundreds of officers of lower grades were killed. Nine thousand men were left, killed or wounded, and 3,000 prisoners and 115 guns fell into the hands of Davout. And his own losses had, of course, been very severe. Out of his 26,000 he had 7,000 killed and wounded, Morand and Gudin were both severely injured. Half the generals of brigade and the colonels were dead or disabled, and the defence of Hassenhausen had been as bloody a fight as the plain of Marengo.

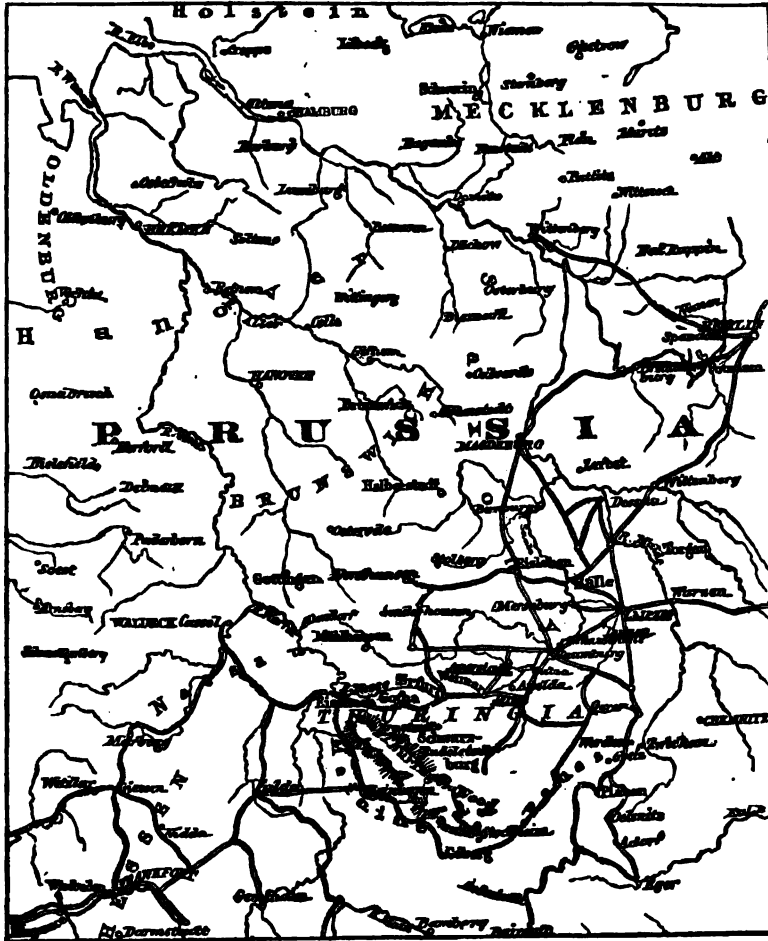
But far greater trials were in store for the King of Prussia. He had decided to fall back along the Weimar road until he should be within supporting distance of Hohenlohe and Ruchel. Long before he could get in sight of Weimar, tidings of disaster began to reach him. Then, from the by-roads and pathways towards the Ilm to his left, there came stragglers drifting northward across his path; then whole squads and companies; then the country grew black with fugitives; then staff-officers, seeking their monarch, told him that it was useless to flee farther that way; Ruchel was dead, Hohenlohe ruined—all was lost. Napoleon and the whole French army were in pursuit. The news spread among the marching men and they too began to break, and finally, as night closed upon the dismal scene, all order, all

organization was lost, and the remains of the proud Prussian army were a mass of panic-stricken fugitives streaming over the barrens of Thuringia. The combined victories of Jena and Auerstädt had utterly ruined the army of the king.

Incredulous as was Napoleon at first on hearing what Davout had accomplished, he speedily recognized the facts, and disbelief gave way to the utmost exultation and gratitude. Loading Davout with honors and compliments, the emperor ordered Bernadotte, whose men had not fired a gun, to push forward with Murat's cavalry in the most vehement and rapid pursuit. Not a chance should be given the Prussians to rally. That pursuit was vengeful and effective to the last degree. It broke the remnants of the once martial array into mere splinters, and it taught Blücher a lesson in the art of grinding an enemy to powder that he never forgot. He even improved upon it when he chased the French to Paris in 1815. This "debauched old dragoon," as Napoleon called him, soon grew to be the object of the emperor's especial aversion. He alone got away from Auerstädt with his command in any kind of shape; and, though captured along the Elbe, it was not until he had exhausted all supplies and could surrender with honor. Some years later, so hateful had they become to each other, Napoleon, in signing a treaty of peace with Prussia, stipulated that old "Marshal Vorwaerts," as the Russians had named him, should be dismissed from the army and relegated to private life. But he was resurrected in time for Waterloo.

With her army annihilated, Prussia could now do nothing to prevent Napoleon's occupation of her capital. With exasperating deliberation the French marched on Berlin. Davout, as his reward for Auerstädt, was accorded the proud honor of being the first to enter it, while Napoleon tarried a day or two at the shrine of Frederick the Great at Potsdam. With the humiliations to which he subjected Prussia and the Prussians we have nothing here to do. They were at his mercy now—and have had ample revenge in later years. His next move was to cripple Russia while her neighbor was prostrate at his feet; and, after being severely handled in the winter

battles of Eylau and Pultusk, he finally won the great battle of Friedland in the following June, and the brilliant pageant of the "Peace of Tilsit" followed. He dictated his own terms, which would have been impossible but for Jena and Auerstädt.



FROM MAYENCE TO BERLIN.
 (Jena and Auerstädt and Adjacent Country.)

WATERLOO.

1815.



HE winter of 1808 found Napoleon at the very zenith of his power and dominion; but now came the downward course of his star of destiny. He had again humbled Austria after winning the great battle of Wagram, but, when he resolved upon the invasion of Russia against the advice of all thinking counselors, he became a spendthrift of his every resource; and the terrible story of the retreat from Moscow is the story of his downfall. Europe then made common cause against the monarch who persisted in his course of providing the thrones of weakened and conquered nations with occupants of his own blood or selection. The battles of Lützen, Bautzen and Dresden followed in 1813, wherein the emperor kept his marvellous supremacy, but was greatly crippled by the severity of the fighting. Finally the turning-point came. The allies won the battle of Leipsic—"The Battle of the Nations," as it was called—late in October, 1813, and in the following spring were received with acclamations in Paris; and Napoleon in May, 1814, became an exile—virtually a prisoner—in Elba.

Ten months thereafter, Europe was thunderstruck by the news that Napoleon Buonaparte had escaped, had landed in France, and that the army rallied about him as of old, bore him on to Paris and resealed him on the throne, from which the Bourbon King, Louis XVIII., had fled in terror.

It so happened that the delegates of the leading states in Europe were then in congress at Vienna to devise measures to

secure peace and public safety throughout the continent, and to put an end to the bloody wars that had ravaged it for a century; and here, to their amaze, they were confronted by the tidings that the great disturber of the peace of Christendom, the Corsican emperor whom they believed crushed and disarmed, was once again at the head of "The Old Guard," and that France, whose volatile people but a year ago had declared themselves "done with Napoleon," and had greeted the allied entry into Paris with cheers, was now with resounding acclamations welcoming back "The Man of Destiny."

"To arms!" was the vote. The cry echoed over Europe, and, by May, 500,000 men were marching on the frontiers of France. It was resolved to treat with Napoleon no longer. He must be annihilated.

Of all his enemies England was now the most active. Parliament voted not only men and money for her own army and navy, but immense sums for the support of other armies on the continent. All the leading nations were leagued against Napoleon, but England was the treasurer. This time, too, her troops were sent across the channel, appeared in force in Belgium, for the line of the Netherlands was sure to be, as of old, the scene of desperate fighting; and here, south of Brussels, the combined forces of England, Hanover, Brunswick and Nassau were hurriedly gathered, and Arthur, Duke of Wellington, whose brilliant achievements in Spain had filled the British nation with high hopes of success, was placed at the head.

Hastening to join him, and with an army fully as strong, there came from Prussia the bitterest foeman the emperor had in Europe, "the debauched old dragoon" as he had called him—*now* Field-Marshal Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt. The fierce old "Red Hussar," intemperate, illiterate, ignorant of strategy, but making up in fiery zeal and courage for lack of "book-soldier" ability, had been so vast an aid to the allies in 1814, so prominent in the campaign, that he was received in England with honors equal to those bestowed on the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia and Austria. He was loaded with military decorations, and, absurd as it may seem, the learned University of

Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Even Blücher had to laugh at so scholastic a farce as that; but here he was again, our dragoon doctor of laws, seventy-three years old, but as hard a rider as ever, and fiercely happy to have one more chance at throttling the conqueror who had so humbled him and his people.

Wellington and Blücher were in front of Brussels in May, but the agreement made was, that no movement should be attempted across the border into France until the armies of the other nations should reach the front. The Prussians speedily moved an army of over 100,000 men under Count Kleist von Nollendorf to the banks of the Rhine. The Austrians under Schwartzenburg were marching into the Black Forest and appearing between Basle and Manheim with an army of nearly 100,000. The Bavarians were to aid them with some 70,000, and, largest yet, under Count Barclay de Tolly, a Russian army of 167,000 men was already pushing through Germany.

Now if all these troops were allowed to unite, the combined force would be too great for the hurriedly reassembled army of Napoleon. All soldiers who had studied his methods felt sure that he would resort to his old tactics; that he would attack and strive to beat them in detail. No one was more certain of this than England's Iron Duke. He felt confident that Napoleon would dash upon him and Blücher, and his heart was full of anxiety. If Napoleon could win a signal victory over them, and march in to Brussels, all Belgium would declare for him, and thousands, still holding aloof in France, would flock to his standard. He could then turn sharply on Count Kleist and Schwartzenburg—no question as to the result of *that* assault—and then be in perfect readiness to crush the army of Russia. Then he could dictate a peace—indeed, he would virtually be the dictator of Europe. Everything, therefore, depended on the first battle.

Just as Wellington expected, on he came. On the 15th of June, with the Grand Army at his back, Napoleon marched to Charleroi with 120,000 men and struck the river Sambre forty miles south of Brussels, found the English occupying the road

to the north, pushed them up towards Brussels with his left wing, while with the main body he pounced upon old Blücher at Ligny on the 16th and drove him back on Wavre, so that Wellington's men, who had made a gallant stand against Ney at Quatre Bras, were compelled to fall back a few miles farther to a position about twelve miles south of Brussels that had previously attracted the eye of Wellington; and thither on the 17th, skirmishing all the way, Napoleon followed him. All had not prospered with Napoleon up to this point. He had planned to throw himself on Blücher with 75,000 men, while Ney, after occupying Quatre Bras, five miles to the west, and seizing the roads so as to prevent the English from reinforcing Blücher, was to come upon the Prussian rear, and, between them, the destruction of the army would be complete. But for once Ney failed his great leader. Instead of seizing the village of Quatre Bras at dawn on the 16th, Ney let the British get there first and then "stand him off" all day. Consequently the bloody battle of Ligny was not the success Napoleon had hoped for. After a very severe combat against superior numbers he had compelled old Blücher to retreat in great disorder. Blücher himself was crushed to earth by his wounded horse and barely escaped capture; but when the rout finally began there was no Ney in rear to capture and disarm the fugitives, and, to Napoleon's chagrin, the beaten army got away towards Wavre, which lies some fifteen miles southeast of Brussels, and not more than eight miles east of the position to which Wellington withdrew his men on the 17th.

Ligny had cost the French 6,800 killed and wounded—far more than the emperor could spare—and the Prussian loss of 25,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and twenty-one guns, did not compensate Napoleon for the failure of his plans. The best thing he could do was to send a strong force to follow Blücher and his demoralized army and prevent their reassembling in time to aid Wellington. This duty was intrusted to Marshal Grouchy with 35,000 men, and so, reduced severely by his losses at Ligny and Quatre Bras, and this great detachment under Grouchy, the emperor was compelled to confront Wellington.

ton, when he well knew that his crown, his whole future and that of Europe were the stakes of the battle, and he had only 70,000 men to fight with.

But time was everything. To beat Wellington, and to beat him instantly, was his only hope. Ill luck had pursued him since he crossed the Sambre. He had planned to throw his whole army on Blücher and destroy him on the 16th, then to turn his whole force on Wellington and crush him on the 17th. He could have done it—easily, for his army was stronger than either one of their divided forces, but now on the evening of the 17th Blücher was rallying at Wavre. Wellington was confronting him across this broad and unfamiliar valley, and he, who depended so much on his guns and cavalry, was now dimly certain that he would not be able to use them on the morning of the morrow—it was raining in torrents and the ground was a quagmire.

All this was hard to bear, but Napoleon was hopeful and determined. If Grouchy would only hold Blücher at Wavre, even though he could not hope to use his guns and horsemen until late in the day, Napoleon believed that he could thrash the British before the setting of another sun. Then on to Brussels!

First let us take a look at the lay of the land, then we can better understand the great scene there enacted. It is the same country over which Marlborough and Prince Eugene fought and marched a century previous. Englishmen knew it well; Frenchmen even better. Hardly an acre of its surface has escaped its libation of human blood, for Belgium was the battle-field of Europe time and again. Brussels, its beautiful capital, lies in the centre of a rolling, well-watered, well-wooded tract. Here; there and everywhere are smiling little towns and villages; every stream is dotted with home-like hamlets; and in the days of 1815 many a stately old chateau, many a walled and fortified city remained to remind the traveller of the battles and sieges of the previous century.

West of Brussels, not forty miles away, lay Oudenarde; east, not twenty-five, the field of Ramilies; west of south, perhaps

fifty, Valenciennes and Bavay, where Malplaquet was fought. The whole region was densely populated, mainly by a thriving and industrious class, and, far and near, the gently undulating surface was cut up into farms and homesteads, while running in every direction, and connecting the large cities, were broad, well-kept highways, shaded with poplars on the sides and often paved in the middle.

The main road from Brussels to the cities on the Sambre is the one of most interest to us. Quitting the capital at the south by the Namur gate, it runs very nearly due south for about ten miles, then forks. The east fork leads through Genappe to Quatre Bras, where you turn southeastward if going to Namur, or keep on due south if bound for Charleroi. The west fork strikes off through Nivelles to Mons, Bavay and Maubeuge. A broad highway crosses eastward from Nivelles to Namur, intersecting the east fork at Quatre Bras and so giving the little village its name—Four Arms. Now, after leaving Brussels by this first road, the traveller passes for several miles through a dense wood, the forest of Soignies, at the southern skirt of which there nestles a little Belgian village, Waterloo. Passing through this village one follows the highway out upon an open plateau and comes upon another hamlet just at the great fork of the high-road. It is the hamlet and this is the plateau of Mont St. Jean. Follow the east road a few hundred yards and you come to the edge of the plateau, running east and west, and see before you a mile-wide depression or valley into which the two roads dip and rise to the opposite crest. It looks not unlike the hollow between two long-rolling ocean waves. It looks to-day very little as it did in 1815. It had so changed with its new growth of trees or its loss of old landmarks only a few years after the great campaign of the Netherlands that the Duke of Wellington, gazing upon it in disappointment and some indignation, exclaimed: "Why, d—n it all! they've spoiled my battle-field." For that shallow valley is the field of Napoleon's last battle, and England *cum* Prussia's greatest victory—the far-famed field of Waterloo.

To see it as it was in 1815, let us take our stand here at the

very edge of the plateau, facing south, just where the road to Charleroi begins its downward dip into the low valley. The edge of the plateau is sharply defined like the ridge of the ocean wave to which we have compared it; for, looking back and around us, we see that the ground slopes downward to the north as well as to the south, so that the ridge at the edge forms, for some distance to the right and left, a natural breast-work. Perhaps it was this feature that attracted the eye of the Iron Duke, for certain it is, that infantry, crouching along the northern face of that ridge, will be fully protected from all but a steeply plunging fire from the south; and, as for guns and cavalry, the plateau of Mont St. Jean presents, in many places, admirable positions well up to the front, where cavalry can be formed in readiness for attack, or where batteries can be grouped until needed in action, and they cannot be seen from across the valley.

Crossing the Charleroi road at right angles, our ridge runs nearly east and west; but about a third of a mile to the east it begins to rise into a mound, and about quarter of a mile to the west it begins very gently to curve away toward the south and make quite a sweep in that direction; and all along this ridge, from the west to the mound to the east, there runs a country dirt-road, partly on the crest, partly behind it, and occasionally between sloping banks. This cross-road starts out from where the ridge intersects the Nivelles highway, off to the south of west of our stand-point, and, passing behind the mound to the east, strikes off across an open plateau to the northeastward. It leads to Wavre by way of the village of Ohain.

Back of us, and to the right and left, the ridge and the plateau are open, with occasional small groves and patches of trees; southward all is smooth, open turf except at three points and on the highway. Down the slope, hugging the roadside on the west and not more than 200 yards from us, begins a little farm enclosure, with rude stone walls and hedges. Its garden is on the side nearest us; then come the farm buildings; beyond them an orchard. It is the farm of La Haye Sainte.

Off to our right front, as we gaze across the vale, is a far larger farm enclosure, half a mile from the Charleroi highway at its

nearest point and occupying an irregular square, each of whose sides must be at least a quarter of a mile in length. Its northern half is taken up by stone buildings in a flattened, hollow square, by a prim, old-fashioned Flemish garden, and by a large orchard. South of the buildings is quite a thick wood; east of the wood, two open fields, hedged in and forming the southeastern quarter of the enclosure. The garden is bounded on the south by a brick wall, high and thick; yet, so thick are the hedge and the apple-trees below it, you cannot see it until when within a few yards. A fine drive, lined by stately elms, leads northwestward into the Nivelles high-road. The buildings consist of a substantial dwelling surmounted by a tower, offices, stables, cow-houses, and a quaint little chapel surrounding a paved court, in the middle of which is a well with a high wooden structure over it—a dove-cote, and the dove-cote is full of its cooing, fluttering occupants, and the court with poultry. This is the chateau of Hougomont.

Down to our left, a good three-quarters mile east of La Haye Sainte, the smooth slope is cut up by some hedges; then come one or two winding paths and roads leading up to the plateau; then two little hamlets with their farm enclosures: the nearest one is Papelotte; the farthest, La Haye. Be careful not to confound it with La Haye Sainte. These enclosures are well shaded; beyond them, over a mile from the Charleroi road, are more farm enclosures and several patches of woods.

Now directly south of us, almost a mile away and on the opposite slope, is another little farm and roadside inn—La Belle Alliance, they call it; still farther back beyond it a ridge like our own, with a little mite of a village at the top on the highway, and a much larger village, with church and stone walls, nearly a mile to the east of that road. The little village is Rossomme; the big one, Planchenoit, and the rising ground about them is dignified of late years by the name of the Heights of Rossomme.

Such is the field of Waterloo as we look at it from the English side; and here, on the damp, rainy, misty morning of June 18th, 1815, two hostile armies are arrayed to settle the fate of Europe. The army drawn up on the plateau of Mont St. Jean

is that of Wellington. The army on the opposite slope, just under Rossomme heights, is that of Napoleon. At this moment, according to official reports, Wellington has actually in position and ready for battle, exclusive of sick, wounded or otherwise incapacitated, the following force: infantry, 49,608; cavalry, 12,408; artillery, 5,645. Grand total, 67,661 men and 156 guns.

With this force he has to fight, unaided until Blücher can reach him, the following Frenchmen: infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232. Grand total, 71,947 men and 246 guns.

Napoleon's men are all French, and reliable veterans as a rule. Wellington's Hanoverians and Brunswickers are not up to the British mark, and the Belgians are shaky; so that, both in numbers and in "personnel," the emperor has the best of it. But Wellington has the advantage in position, and late in the day he, as the world knows, was heavily reinforced by Blücher, who brought to the field: infantry, 41,283; cavalry, 8,858; artillery, 1,803. Total, 51,944 men and 104 guns. So that, before evening, Napoleon had had to face and fight 119,000 men and 260 guns.

These are the figures given us by Captain Siborne, of the British army, whose maps, plans, model and history of Waterloo were a life-study with him, and who shows no disposition to under-rate British numbers and over-rate those of the French. Possibly he might have neglected to weed out Napoleon's "ineffectives," and to have been over-careful about those of the allies, for other historians give Wellington a fighting force of 75,000; but, as we shall presently see, some of these did *not* fight. Captain Siborne may have declined to count them in for that reason.

As has been said, it rained in torrents all the evening and most of the night of the 17th. The morning of the 18th broke, lowering and dismal. The clouds were lifted from the sodden earth, but hung threateningly over the field all day long. None the less, England and her allies, France and her devoted soldiers sprang to arms at early dawn, and, deserting their bivouac fires around which the men had grouped through the wet and cheerless night, they occupied themselves for hours in cleaning and drying their arms and clothing. Outposts and sentinels who, during the night,

had crouched within speaking distance of one another, were drawn in; long skirmish lines, some of infantry, some of troopers, appeared in their stead, but not until after nine o'clock did the formation of the battle-lines begin. Wellington was in no hurry. He would have been glad to wait another day, when Blücher could surely be with him. Knowing him to be badly whipped at Ligny and to have fallen back to Wavre in disorder, Wellington was very anxious; but, on the evening of the 17th, his anxiety was much lightened by the reception of Blücher's reply to his appeal for support. It was characteristic of the fierce old war-dog: "I shall not come with two corps only, but with my whole army; upon this understanding, however, that should the French not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th."

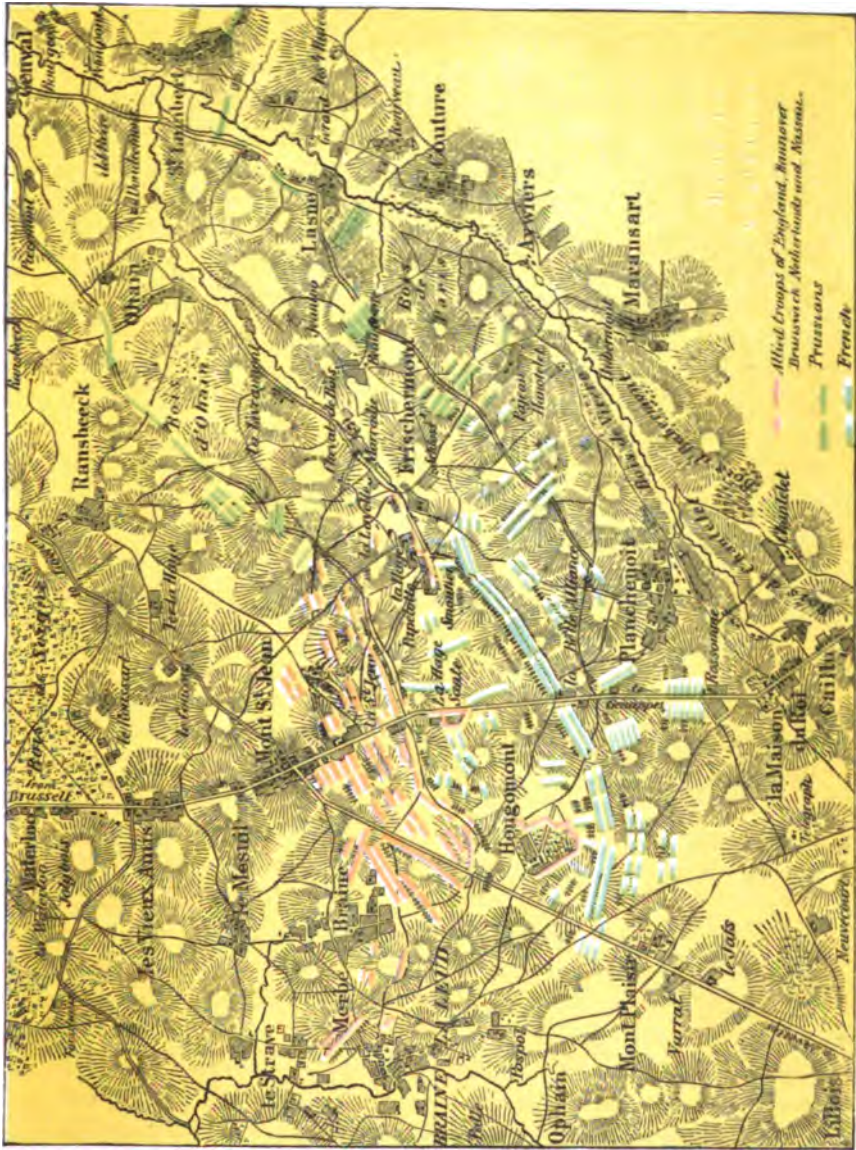
Napoleon, on the contrary, was eager to begin. Time was everything; but his guns sank to the hubs in the spongy ground; his chargers floundered up to the hocks in the mud. He had to wait a while. Anxiously he scanned the opposite crests, and ever and anon swept the eastern horizon with his glass. By this time he must have known that Blücher's retreat had been northward towards Wavre, and he was to blame for not having pushed Grouchy in his track the night of the 16th instead of waiting until late on the morning of the 17th. Blücher had therefore had time to rally and reform. Now *could* Grouchy with 35,000 hold him? If not, *would* Grouchy have sense enough to get between him and Napoleon, and so fall back fighting on his chief? If Desaix had lived and were there; if Davout had only been in Grouchy's place, or Masséna, or the lion-hearted Lannes; or even had Ney been sent—Ney who had blundered at Quatre Bras—the emperor would have felt assured; but Grouchy was not one of the old array of fighting marshals, and, in his haste or carelessness, Napoleon's orders to Grouchy were not all they should have been to cover the case. They were brief and explicit, but not entirely practicable: "Pursue the Prussians; complete their defeat by attacking as soon as you come up with them, and never let them out of your sight." But, according to Siborne, Grouchy had but 32,000; Blücher must have had nearly

90,000 around Wavre. It was quite an easy thing to say, attack and rout an army three times as big as your own, but, difficult to do it. Failing in that, however, it still lay in Grouchy's power to keep between Blücher and Napoleon, and so render it, for the time being at least, impossible for him to interfere while the French were pounding the English and Hanoverians to pieces at Waterloo.

Grouchy did neither.

At ten o'clock on this lowering June morning, with a grand outburst of martial music, with every military pomp and ceremony, the army of Napoleon moved forward into position and deployed its lines along the slopes to the right and left of La Belle Alliance. Wellington's army, in silence that was striking in its great contrast, moved into the positions assigned the various corps, and then ensued the momentous pause before the struggle.

Standing here at the top of the slope and close to the Charleroi road, let us take a good look at the opposing armies before the fight begins. We will want to get away soon enough. The first thing that strikes the eye is the double curve of the long red lines of the British infantry. To our right they are straight for only quarter of a mile, then they curve outwards towards the French and extend well down towards Hougomont. To our left they are nearly straight towards the mound back of Papelotte, then they curve backwards towards the plateau. Their right is heavily backed up by strong reserves on the wooded slopes towards the farms of Merbe Braine. Their left is open and "out in the air." Far in front of the right, down in the "swale," as our plainsmen would call it, is that great enclosure of Hougomont, and though from here we can see little of them, it is bristling with British bayonets. The garden walls are pierced with loop-holes; the gates and doorways barricaded. The chateau, the farm buildings, the garden and orchard are crammed with the foot guardsmen of England. Coldstreams and Scots Fusiliers under Colonel Macdonell in the buildings, grenadiers under Lord Saltoun in the orchard, and the light infantry of Hanover and Nassau in the wood.



BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CONTENDING FORCES AT 6 P. M., JUNE 18, 1815.



Far off to our right, beyond Hougomont and across the Nivelles road, are a few battalions of red infantry supporting the skirmishers that spread out over the slopes to the south and west. These are the light troops of Lord Hill's Second corps, and among them are the Welsh Fusiliers, the Twenty-third regiment of the line, which guards the Nivelles road, while the Fourteenth and Fifty-first are farther out to the west, where a few squadrons of horse can also be seen.

Back of Hougomont is posted a strong brigade of foot guards. The plateau to the rear being heavily held by what appears to be an entire division of infantry, partly English, from their scarlet uniforms, partly Hanoverians. They are the three brigades of Adam and Du Platt (British) and Halkett (Hanoverian), and they number nearly 9,000 men, and are all posted to the west of the Nivelles road, where Sir Henry Clinton is charged with the command. Between us and the Nivelles road, beginning over at the right, are the guards of Byng and Maitland in the front line, and then in order the brigades of Halkett, Kielmansegge and Ompteda. They cover the front between the roads, and there are some splendid troops over where the Guards and Halkett's men are posted.

In rear of them, and drawn up in closed columns of squadrons, are brigades of hussars and light dragoons—the English light cavalry well forward, the Dutch, Belgians and Brunswickers pretty well back. Far off to the right rear is in reserve the infantry and cavalry of the Brunswick corps. Its gallant chief was killed at Quatre Bras, dying as did his gallant predecessor at Auerstädt.

Immediately behind Ompteda's footmen, with their left resting upon the Charleroi road, is a cavalry brigade, we need to turn about and take a good look at. Drawn up in line are four superb regiments, all in glittering helmets—three in scarlet coats, one in blue. They are the "Household Heavies" of Lord Somerset. The First and Second Life, the Royal Horse Guards (blue) and the First (King's Own) Dragoon Guards. These, with the threatening batteries, pushed well forward to the crest, and the long thin line of skirmishers half way down

the slope from La Haye Sainte to the northern corner of Hougomont, are all the troops of the right wing. Now look to the left.

First there is the skirmish line well out to the front and extending over to Papelotte, where it is lost in the hedges. Then south of the Ohain cross-road is Bylandt's brigade of Dutch-Belgians in one long line. Then similarly deployed, but behind the road, the long line of Best's Hanoverians, while La Haye and Papelotte are held by the troops of the Prince of Saxe-Weimar. These are all of Perponcher's division.

Supporting them, posted with intervals in readiness to spring forward and deploy, is a famous British division under a famous leader, General Sir Thomas Picton, commander of the "fighting division" of the Peninsular war. Two of his brigades, Kempt's and Pack's, are here close behind us. In Kempt's brigade are the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, known the world over, the Twenty-eighth of the line, immortalized in later years by Elizabeth Thompson's superb painting of the British squares at Quatre Bras. In Pack's brigade are two regiments of Highlanders; the Black Watch (Forty-second) and the Ninety-second, and two old and tried line corps, the First Royal Scots and the Forty-fourth. This is a division to be proud of.

To their rear, nearly aligned with the Household cavalry, is another famous command: Ponsonby's heavies, the "Union Brigade"—a regiment each of English, Scotch and Irish heavy dragoons, the Royals, the Scots' Greys, and the Inniskillings. Far off to the left are the light cavalry brigades of Vandeleur and Vivian, and these, with their batteries, complete the left wing.

Down in front of us, the little farm of La Haye Sainte is held by Major Baring with 400 light infantry; and now, while from Rossomme only the very front of the allied lines can be seen, Wellington, from his position, has this great advantage—the entire army of Napoleon is displayed to view. In point of military appearance, it is far more homogeneous—far more united and serviceable-looking than that of the allies. It will take but few words to describe it. With its batteries in front, in two long lines of infantry, D'Erlon's First corps stretches from La Belle

Alliance to a point just south of Papelotte, covered on the east by its cavalry; four divisions are in line there, all in sombre dress of dark blue. Behind them we see two long lines of glittering cuirassiers—Milhaud's division. Behind them, still farther up the slope, are the light cavalry of the imperial guard, also in two long lines: the lancers, in their high, broad-topped Polish shakos and gay scarlet tunics; the chasseurs, in a gorgeous hus-sar costume of green and gold. These fellows are the beaux and dandies of the French army—trim, jaunty, light riders on nimble horses, and their general, Lefebvre Desnouettes, is as proud of them as ever was Murat, who is struggling for his own crown in Italy. Two hundred yards behind La Belle Alliance there is an abrupt rise in the ground to a height a trifle above the level of our position here. The road cuts through part of it, but rises steeply, too, and on that height, east of the road, with their horse-batteries on the flanks, are the cavalry brigades of Domont and Subervie. All this is comprised in the right wing of the French.

Resting on the little inn and enclosure of La Belle Alliance, and thence sweeping way round in a long curve with its concavity towards us, is the infantry of the left wing—Reille's Second corps. It is formed in two lines like the right wing, but not quite as trimly and compactly, for one of its divisions, Gérard's, was badly cut up at Ligny and has been left there. Bachelu's division is nearest our front; Foy's is on its left; while Prince Jerome Bonaparte's, a large one, encircles, you may say, the southern front of Hougomont. Stretching across the Nivelles road are the fifteen squadrons of the cavalry of the Second corps. In rear of the divisions of Foy and Jerome is Kellerman's superb corps of heavy dragoons and cuirassiers; back of them, Guyot's heavy division of the imperial guard cavalry, so that the left wing is formed precisely like the right. The French order of battle is beautifully symmetrical and soldier-like.

In reserve, massed in columns of battalions along the west side of the Charleroi road, is the infantry of the Sixth corps, its batteries on its left and on the heights of Rossomme behind them. Half on the east, half on the west side of the highway

is the grand reserve of the imperial guard, its batteries on its flanks. The guard is drawn up in six lines, four regiments in each, and in the absence of Marshal Mortier, left sick at Beaumont, the guard is led by General Drouot; while two of its divisions, the old guard and the middle guard, are commanded by those grand soldiers whom we learned to know at Austerlitz and Auerstädt—Generals Friant and Morand. The young guard is led by General Duhesme.

Marshal Ney had only joined Napoleon three days before, and he now commands the whole front line—that of the First and Second corps. Vandamme's Third corps, Gérard's Fourth corps and the Sixth cavalry corps are away with Grouchy, besides divisions or brigades of the corps now in line.

It is impossible to describe the admiration with which old campaigners along the crest of Mont St. Jean had watched the splendid formation of the French line of battle. It is only 1,400 yards from where we stand, to their centre. All is clear; every movement is in full view, and now, as though to add to the spirit and brilliancy of the scene, saluted by drooping colors and flashing arms, followed by a glittering staff, the emperor canters along his lines, going their entire length that all may see and be seen by him. Cheer upon cheer rends the air, and in the British lines hundreds push forward to catch a glimpse of the never-to-be-forgotten sight. It is Napoleon's last review of the grand army. Some gunners eagerly ask permission to train their pieces and open fire on the imperial group, but it is promptly denied. Afterwards, indeed, when a battery commander rides to Lord Wellington and says that, though now in the heat of battle, he can distinctly recognize the emperor and staff, and asks permission to shell the party, the duke sternly replies, "No. It is not the business of commanders to be firing on one another."

Satisfied, apparently, with his survey, Napoleon rides back up the slopes, reins in near the guard facing north, gets his glass in readiness and looks calmly around. It is a little after eleven o'clock. It has cleared somewhat; is now close and murky. Instinctively every one feels that now the shock is coming, and, sure enough, it comes. All eyes are eager to see the first move

of this great master of the war-game, and it is a true one. It is aimed at Hougomont.

Look! From the right of Prince Jerome's division a column of infantry pushes out towards the wood south of the chateau; a bugle sounds a stirring peal, and instantly the leading companies spring lightly forward, spreading out in skirmish order. Half a dozen little jets of bluish smoke pop from the wood corner, and faint sounds as of pistol-shots are reaching our ears just as the half-dozen jets are swallowed up in a sudden cloud, and the crash of a distant volley is borne on the breeze. These excitable Nassauers have opened the ball with a vengeance. Four or five black objects, advancing with the skirmish line, drop. The others come jauntily ahead, and presently each one is crowned with a little puff of smoke of his own. The "tirailleurs" have opened fire. A second line comes dancing out to the support of the first; the popping becomes a rattle. The supporting battalions begin crowding out to the front, and in columns of companies are pressing towards the wood.

Suddenly there is a rapid movement of gunners in the light battery right out here in front of Kielmansegge's men, and Captain Cleve's voice is heard in sharp command. Sponge-staves and rammers whirl rapidly in air one instant, the gunners spring quickly back; then, with a thundering roar, the right gun belches out a volume of smoke and fire. Something goes whirring and smoking across the valley and bursts with a puff just over the nearest battalion; a half-suppressed cheer breaks along the ridge, the other guns boom forth in quick succession, the batteries of Cooke's division, farther to the right, follow suit, and the great battle of Waterloo has begun.

Now the French guns of the Second corps take up the chorus. From La Belle Alliance to the Nivelles road every battery bursts into flame, and, as though that were not enough, here come Kellerman's horse-batteries down from the second line to crowd in on the first. Gentlemen, the emperor means to follow his old tactics—a crushing fire of artillery and then an advance. The shells are now flying over our heads, tearing up the earth along Mont St. Jean. "Lie down," is the stern, quiet order of

the officers, and the footmen hug the ground. The horsemen wheel about where exposed, and move farther back; only the gunners are on foot and at work at this moment; the intervals between the reports, that at first could be counted, have now become indistinguishable. One vast and continuous peal of thunder is booming over the startled valley and stunning the ear far back as Brussels. A dense cloud of smoke rises along the parallel crests; but staff officers pressing to the front, see what they hate to have to tell—the light troops of Hanover and Nassau scurrying back out of the wood of Hougomont followed by the fire of the skirmishers of France. It will never do to let those fellows have the wood. Lord Wellington himself spurs to the front and orders Major Bull with his howitzer battery to shell them out, and in a minute the old forest is filled with stifling smoke and whirring fragments of iron, while—look again—at the same instant a thin red line springs forward from the hedge, and Saltoun's guardsmen dash through the open fields and drive into the French with a cheer that can be heard back here at La Haye Sainte; British bayonets do their work, and back go Jerome's tirailleurs. Jerome and Foy order forward their lines to support the attack, and the assault on Hougomont becomes a battle in itself. The chateau, the buildings, the entire enclosure are wrapped now in smoke and flame, while along the Nivelles road to the west, the batteries and advanced troops are hotly engaged. Foy and Jerome are able to quickly concentrate such a mass of fire on these daring guardsmen, that in turn they are forced back, and slowly and doggedly, and with heavy loss, they retire from tree to tree, and are received within the sheltering walls of the garden. Others, closely pursued, succeed in getting into the stone court-yard, and here begins a most heroic and determined hand-to-hand fight that lasts throughout the battle. No matter what may be going on elsewhere, Hougomont, from first to last, is the centre of a terrific combat, and, from first to last, England holds her own.

Finding that the chateau is obstinately held, and being pressed for time, the emperor now sends word to Ney, to pre-

pare for the grand attack already planned. It is his purpose to hurl the whole right wing upon the plateau between La Haye Sainte and Papelotte, to drive the Anglo-allied lines back from the crest, sweep them round upon the Brussels road, and off to the northwest. In this way he will effectually cut it off from Blücher, drive part of it into the forest of Soignies, the rest out across the open fields. He has hit on the true move in every way; it is the very thing. The British right is strongly held with guards, guns and heavy infantry in advance, another division of foot in support on the plateau. Hougomont, a breaker in front; Sir Henry Clinton and the reserves at Merbe Braine, a rock in rear. The right is too strong; the left is strangely weak. Wellington has only two divisions of foot, flanked by two brigades of light horse, and the "Union Brigade" in rear. Papelotte in front is nowhere near as strong a point as Hougomont. Nassauers are nowhere near as firm as Britons. The chances are indeed in Napoleon's favor, and Ney is to lead. Yet there is a point to be considered. One of his first questions that memorable morning, after surveying the line with his glass, was: "Where is that division of Picton's?" Battered as it had been at Quatre Bras, it had been too much for his best fighter, Ney, and he did well to ask where it was now to be found. Picton is here, just where that grand attack will come.

Now there is a quick movement back of La Belle Alliance. Down come those squadrons we saw massed on the little height, and away they go off toward the village of Frischermont, beyond Papelotte. What does that mean? an entire division follows. The emperor's anxious glances towards the eastern horizon have at last fallen on some objects that appear to be troops close under a patch of woods five miles away. "Ride thither, Domont, see who they are; if Grouchy's people, call them in; if Blücher's, stand them off. Follow and back him up, Subervie." Anxious as they all are, there are other things requiring immediate attention. Soult, after a long inspection through his field-glass, pronounces the objects infantry in motion, "probably Grouchy." Napoleon hopes so, and turns his attention to Ney's grand move.

First, with cracking whips and ringing bugle-calls, ten admirably handled batteries come trotting forward, and with spirited and dashing array move boldly out on the broad valley in front of D'Erlon's corps. There is a well-defined ridge midway between his lines and ours, and parallel with them, and on that ridge, in less than five minutes seventy-four guns have swung into battery, and the guns on our left, joining in the grand uproar, have chosen them for their targets, and are hurling shot and shell at them as they open fire. Bylandt's long line of infantry, here in front of the Ohain road, looks anything but pleased at that sight, and with grave features General Picton watches their evident uneasiness. Then, from the French left, comes a beautiful sight. Roussel's entire division of Kellerman's cavalry corps marches over, crossing in front of the emperor, and wheels again into line just behind D'Erlon, whose four divisions have "ployed" into charging columns and have begun their advance. In beautiful order they come forward until the heads of columns reach that gun-crested ridge, and then they halt. Ney sends word to Napoleon that he is ready. Soult, just sending off a despatch to Grouchy, looks at his watch and notes that it is half-past one.

The French right has now approached to within 800 yards of the plateau. Aides-de-camp come spurring out from the emperor. One rides to General Reille, who gallops to his right division and gives some order. Others fly out across the valley to Ney, who signals to D'Erlon. Instantly the First corps flashes its arms and colors up in air, and with one simultaneous impulse the heads of columns advance, pass between the guns, and out to the front. Then "tirailleurs" come springing out at the run, a long, lively skirmish-line spreads across their front, and in four grand divisions 18,000 French infantry move steadily forward to the assault of Mont St. Jean. Once clear of the batteries they increase their fronts, and with waving banners and nodding plumes, cheering enthusiastically, D'Erlon's corps marches up the slope.

Durutte's division on the east is presently assailed by a sharp musketry fire from the hedges of Papelotte and La Haye;

Donzelot's division nearest the high-road begins to suffer from the orchard of La Haye Sainte; Durutte sends a brigade at Papelotte, Donzelot one at La Haye Sainte. The rest of the corps comes on unbroken between them, and now, over their heads, the French guns open fire, and our crest is ripped and ploughed and torn with shot and shell, while the superb discipline of Picton's men is sorely tested; for a few minutes the British linesmen are compelled to stand and take the brunt of that artillery-fire without hitting back. Then comes a blessed relief. Bylandt's Dutch-Belgians, as we have seen, had been given the post of honor in the front line here to our left. Now as the dense masses of D'Erlon come sweeping up the slope, and the skirmishers are running back away from them, there comes the moment when the brigade must rise and prepare to receive the enemy.

The first thing is to get them to rise. That is effected after some vehement language. The next is to get them to receive the enemy: that is not effected at all. No sooner do the Dutch-Belgians get on their feet and catch sight of D'Erlon's skirmishers preparing to open fire, than with unanimous impulse and alacrity they take to their heels, and, despite the jeers and curses of Picton's battalions, they go driving to the rear, where the cavalry bring them up standing by dint of much hard swearing and lavish promises to cut them down, and so, cowering and worthless, they are huddled there until the battle is over, of no further use to anybody.

And now brave Picton calls on his men. He has only about 3,000 to oppose to four times as many, but hold that point of the plateau he must, or he will die trying it. Splendidly the thin red lines spring forward at his voice, Kempt and Pack deploy their battalions well forward on the crest abandoned by Bylandt, and now they open a crashing fire upon the advancing columns. These are so close that the French guns can no longer play on the crest, and as their thunder dies away, the ringing cheers of the Frenchmen are heard in their stead, and the throbbing roll of their drums. "Forward! forward!" "Vive l'Empereur!" are the cries as the deep columns steadily

near the crest. They are within an hundred yards, now and then "halt" rings out, and the colonels can be heard shouting the orders to deploy into line on the leading battalions. Oh, glorious opportunity for Picton! He is with Kempt's brigade at the moment. "Fire!" he shouts, and then as the crashing volley answers, and before the smoke has cleared away, his voice again rings exultantly along the line, "Charge! Charge! Hurrah!" and with the half-savage cry of the Highlanders, and the deep-throated cheer of the British, Kempt's men dash in with the bayonet, Picton with them.

Accustomed to carry all before them, amazed at this daring dash by so small a force, the French advance recoils, falls back on the rear regiments; great confusion ensues for a few moments, in the midst of which Picton's gallant men with butt and bayonet hammer and prod at all who stand, and soon, strange as it may seem, send the heavy column reeling down the slope; and just as Picton in soldierly delight is applauding and cheering them on, his sword is seen to drop—his hand to seek his temple, and before his officers can reach him, the hero of the Peninsula, "Fighting Picton," reels and topples from his saddle, shot dead by a musket-ball. Terribly wounded at Quatre Bras two days before, he had concealed it that he might take part in the greater combat, and Waterloo is the hero's closing battle.

Even his death, however, cannot break the spirit of that brigade of Kempt. The Twenty-eighth and Seventy-ninth suffer severely, but hold the ground they have won; but where is Pack and his still more distinguished command? Pack's brigade has three Scotch regiments—the First "Royal Scots," the Forty-second (Black Watch) and Ninety-second Highlanders—and the strong Forty-fourth British to complete his line. When Kempt charged, Pack had not advanced. There were two heavy columns advancing upon him, the French divisions of Alix and Marcognet, and holding his men in readiness, Pack waited until the heads of their columns had burst through the Hanoverian battery on the crest, had crossed the road to Wavre, and halted to form on the northern edge; then, while they were in the confusion caused by the deep cut through which that cross-road here runs,

he gave the order to fire, and the volleys of Scotland swept down hundreds of the men who had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram and Leipsic, only to meet their soldier's death here on the heights of Waterloo. Quickly, Alix and Marcognet hurried on their rear regiments, and cheering like mad the French divisions swarmed over the crest, over the Ohain road, and burst with their deadly volleys full in upon the British left, piercing the wing, and gaining firm foothold on the plateau. Watching eagerly from the Rossomme heights, Napoleon snapped shut his telescope with an eager light in his eyes. The Eagles of France, the glorious tricolor, waved on Mont St. Jean. He could see them through the battle-smoke. Now *hold it!* D'Erlon. Hold it, Ney, and all will be well. That magnificent advance is a success then, for on the right Durutte has carried Papelotte and La Haye.

Along the highway Donzelot has enveloped La Haye Sainte, and now Roussel's glittering cuirassiers cross the high-road, wheel to the north and come at thundering gallop up the slope. The batteries at the crest blaze at them with shell and grape as they come, but, though many a gap is torn through the charging ranks, there is no slacking of their speed. With the long, black, horse-hair plumes streaming in the wind, with flashing sabres uplifted they gain the crest just to the west of the high-road, sweep through the batteries on the ridge, over it they go, and then, in full sight of the red-clad squares, they come suddenly upon that low-lying cross-road—"the sunken road of Ohain" it is called by Victor Hugo—the half-hidden, unpaved country highway to Wavre from the Nivelles road back of Hougomont. It throws them into some disorder, but hundreds plunge in, scramble up on the other side—hundreds cross with no difficulty whatever—but their way is stopped; and just as they are reforming under fire on the northern side, there comes a loud tan-ta-ra of cavalry trumpets, a thunder of massive hoofs, and with superb burst of speed and a thrilling British cheer, the guardsmen, the gallants of England, Lord Somerset's magnificent household brigade, charge home upon the head of the French division, and the cuirassiers are overturned and borne back in the rush. Some gallop down

the slopes toward Bachelu's division; others, closely pursued by the Second Life-Guard, speed away across the highway. Skirmishers and light troops, throwing themselves flat to escape the rush, and then rallying among the lines of Donzelot and Alix, they turn upon their pursuers. Almost at the same instant that the household heavies sweep forward in their first splendid charge, the "Union Brigade" of Ponsonby comes tearing to the front, heading squarely for the cheering lines of Alix and Marcognet. The Scots Greys are on their left, nearest the lines of Pack's Highlanders as they ride up at thundering gallop, and as the two corps recognize one another, there goes up a glorious cry—"Scotland forever!" and the wild skirl of the bag-pipes salutes the dashing horsemen. Pack can stand it no longer. "Forward, lads. *In* with them!" and the Highland bayonets leap to the front, and now Royals, Inniskillings, Scots and Highlanders—all are bursting on the lines of France, and the tricolor and the eagles are swept away. "Those terrible gray horses," mutters the emperor, as he gazes in disquiet at this new and unlooked-for tragedy. In vain the Frenchmen strive to resist the shock. Not looking for cavalry attack, there had been no time to form squares; and, despite devoted heroism on part of officers and men, the divisions that so proudly won the heights so short a while ago are now being driven backward down the slopes.

Desperate fighting, hand-to-hand combats are seen on every side. It is here that Shaw, the giant pugilist and swordsman of the Second Life-Guard, after sabring several antagonists to death, is shot dead by the bullet of a cavalry carbine. (Fiction has stretched him dead way over at Hougomont—killed by a little drummer-boy. Fact reserves him to die with his regiment on the other side of the field, shot by a full-fledged cuirassier.) Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, captures the prized eagle of the French Forty-fifth—"the Invincibles." Captain Clark, of the Royals, cuts down the standard-bearer of the 105th and secures the Empress Maria Louisa's standard. The Inniskillings, whose charge was impeded by infantry forming line, reached the Wavre road after the Royals and Greys had crossed it. Furious at being left behind, the Paddies could hardly wait to form line be-

fore again rushing to the charge. The lines of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth regiments of France were just in front of them as they swept across the road. Somebody in civilian's dress, sitting there on horseback, called out, "Now's your time!" and with a savage yell the Irish squadrons whirled in on the foe, and D'Erlon's centre is gone. The somebody in plain clothes turns out to be the Duke of Richmond. He has no earthly business there, but, being in Brussels, he rides out to the front with all an Englishman's love for seeing a square fight; and, ignoring all possibility of having his own head knocked off, he is delightedly watching the progress of the battle.

Picton's little division, aided by the prompt and powerful onset, has checked D'Erlon's advance and turned the grand assault on the British left into a rout. With dismay Napoleon beholds that admirable First corps streaming back down the slopes, beaten; and now worse yet, a prisoner, a Prussian hussar, is sent in from the distant right by General Domont, who says that Blücher's men are swarming in those woods, and Domont confirms it. Where then is Grouchy?

But now comes an unlooked-for chance for revenge. Superb fighters as they are, English cavalry leaders often lack common sense, and from being too brave personally, the noble Lord Uxbridge comes within an ace of sacrificing the heavy brigades. He had given general instructions to the leaders of the light horse, Grant, Vivian, Vandeleur and Dornberg, to support and follow up the moves of the "heavies," but the light brigades were far to the flanks or rear, and when the Household and the Unions made their glorious charge, Lord Uxbridge found himself unable to resist the longing to lead them, and so placed himself at the head of the "Second Life," was presently swallowed up in the battle and unable to see what was going on except immediately around him. It is all very well for a brigade commander to charge at the head of his brigade; but for the chief of cavalry of an entire army to unite his fortunes with those of some one command and let the rest of the field take care of itself is all wrong. Vivian and Vandeleur *did* hasten to their right when they saw the charge of the Scots Greys, and did do some superb charging of

their own; but too late. The seven regiments of heavies burst through everything in front of them, pursued the cuirassiers down the slopes, had a mad race to see which should first reach the main lines of the French; the "First Life" tore through Bachelu's intervals; the Second got frightfully tangled up with the retreating cuirassiers; the Royals dashed on and over the rallying infantry, and the Greys and Inniskillings, backing one another up in any daring or devilment as of old, had rushed in among the batteries on the ridge, and, every man for himself, were furiously riding to and fro, hacking gunners, stabbing horses, cutting traces, but utterly forgetting their formation. In vain, Lord Uxbridge shouted himself hoarse and sounded his trumpets in the effort to halt and reform his heavies. He had started them on their wild charge; but nothing could stop them short of the very centre of the French. Some of them rode up to the muzzles of the guns far to the rear in reserve, and then, horses and men utterly blown and exhausted, attempted to ride back. The whole field of battle from La Belle Alliance eastward was covered with squads and sections or disordered groups of English horsemen confusedly intermingled, and now the fresh cavalry of the French right and the second lines spur down in serried ranks upon them. Lancers, chasseurs, cuirassiers charge and hem them in, and before Vivian or Vandeleur can begin to reach them the havoc is fearful; the rash valor of the British "heavies" meets with its own retribution. The gallant leader of the Union brigade, Sir William Ponsonby, is surrounded and thrust to death with lances. His brave namesake, Colonel Fred. Ponsonby, charging to the rescue with the Twelfth light dragoons, is lanced, sabred and left for dead on the field. Colonel Hay, of the Sixteenth light dragoons, is desperately wounded. Colonel Hamilton, Scots Greys, is last seen alive riding squarely into the French reserves at Rossomme. Colonel Fuller, King's Dragoon guards, is killed almost at the emperor's feet, back of La Belle Alliance; and the grand charge of Lord Uxbridge and his cavalry which began in triumph ends in disaster; but not until the French assault on Mont St. Jean is utterly defeated. D'Erlon's corps has lost 3,000 men, forty guns and two eagles, the sacred emblems of the empire.

So ends the second phase of Waterloo. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," says the Duke of Wellington to his staff. "Let us see who can pound the longest." It is nearly three o'clock and nobody's battle yet. Both Napoleon and Wellington are looking eagerly eastward now.

At three o'clock a desperate attempt is made to carry Hougomont by assault. For five hours that terrible fight has been going on within the walls, and still the little brigade of guardsmen, cruelly thinned by this time, holds its post. Byng manages to get in some reinforcements, and then from over on the open plain, Bachelu's division of the French Second corps attacks on the east side, while Jerome Buonaparte encloses the walls on south and west; but Bachelu's men have to move out under the fire of the guns on the crest. Cleves' and Bull's howitzers and light guns deluge them with grape, and no mortal can stand it. Bachelu is put to rout, and Napoleon sees the second attack frustrated. Then he tries setting fire to the buildings: "all is fair in war;" but though flame and smoke blister the hands and faces of the defenders, and add to the terrible thirst and torture of the wounded, it is useless; those guardsmen won't even be burned out.

Four o'clock has come. The British left has stood firm against D'Erlon's assault. Hougomont is still blazing defiance. Napoleon resolves on trying a massive cavalry attack upon the allied right centre. First he orders up all his guns, and for twenty minutes the most tremendous cannonade these veterans have ever heard, stuns their ears and shakes the very earth. Two hundred and fifty guns in the confined fronts, between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, are firing as rapidly as they can be handled. On the plateau the English and Germans lie prone upon the ground, all except the gunners, who ply their work with tireless energy. Then, under cover of this fire, Milhaud's division of cuirassiers, and Lefebvre-Desnouette's gallantly attired light horse of the guard, move over in front of Reille's corps. In deep charging columns they yet cover the open ground from the Charleroi road to the farm enclosure, and now with ringing trumpet-call they take the trot and sweep steadily up the slopes; the French

guns cease firing; the British infantry spring to their feet and form squares; the gunners depress their muzzles and redouble the rapidity of their fire. The duke himself gallops to the batteries. "Give them grape until they are right on you, then run for the squares," he says, and the guns blaze and bellow their answer. Milhaud's advance is glorious. He has reached the slope now and quickened the pace to the gallop. The roar as of a mighty storm is heard as the earth resounds under the blows of forty thousand iron hoofs, and nearer, nearer, they come till "Charge!" is the cry, and "in they burst and on they rush," through and over the batteries, into and over that sunken road, where many are hurled to earth and crushed and beaten to death, and then they sweep down upon the steadfast squares. Those kneeling Saxons are solid as Hougomont; the lines of bristling steel neither bend nor break; the volleys flash in the very faces of the raging troopers, tumbling them to earth, driving them to cover, and then Somerset comes charging with the heavies, and Milhaud and Desnouette, discomfited, ride back as best they can. "Ney, it *must* be done!" is Napoleon's emphatic order, and once more the grand cuirassiers form. This time Kellerman's whole corps rides out to join. Guyot's heavy division is added. It is all the chivalry of France that sweeps to the front. It is tossed with lavish hand upon the guns of the foe. Call in every horseman. Pack that ground with cuirassier and dragoon. Cover every yard of it with mounted men, then, like huge, massive, gigantic phalanx, push them in. It *must* prevail. It must sweep these squares from off the plain. If not—

This is the emperor's supreme effort—the grand cavalry attack of Waterloo; and this, like its preface, is heralded by a tremendous cannonade. Well may England tremble, whether she does or not, for war has seen nothing like this. In one compact mass, that covers the whole field west of the high road, the cavalry of France advances to the charge.

It mounts the slope, it closes in its gaps and rents, it bursts into headlong rush as it crowns the height; it thunders through the batteries and over the prostrate wretches in that death-trap of a road; it dashes on those calmly kneeling squares; it swerves

before their flashing steel; it crowds and bursts, and huddles through between their posts, but it never breaks one. Its charge is thrown away. The cavalry corps of France is broken up into hundreds of squadrons or detachments, drifting back under the concentrated fire of the British guns. After half an hour's wild riding, charging and shouting on the plateau, they are driven back, leaving the linesmen as firm as when they came.

Six o'clock; and now, what next? Look eastward: out beyond Papelotte and La Haye; out beyond Frischermont, and what see we there? Domont's and Subervie's squadrons slowly falling back before long lines of dark-clad horsemen. Bülow's corps of Prussians is driving in the slender defence of the French right. Behind comes line after line, squadron after squadron bursting forth from the sheltering woods. Blücher has come, true to his promise; and Wellington, who an hour ago almost despairingly prayed, "Oh, for night or Blücher," now sees victory in his grasp. Ney has made one great assault of skirmishers; has forced forward in dispersed order the divisions of Donzelot and Alix upon La Haye Sainte, and at last succeeded in wresting it from its little garrison. He has crowned the heights and opened a galling fire on the British battalions still in squares, that resisted the attacks of the last remnants of the French cavalry. All the field west of the high-road is disorder and confusion, but now the squares wheel forward into line, and, rejoiced to once more take the offensive, the British infantry come cheering forward, driving at the French "tirailleurs" with the bayonet. Mont St. Jean at last is clear of living foes, and Napoleon, attacked in force on his right by fresh and vigorous enemies, repulsed everywhere in front, finds that he is reduced to the last hope—his grand, his hitherto unconquerable guard.

Grouchy has failed him, for here is Blücher with, apparently, his whole command. Grouchy, instead of keeping well over to his own left, and thus being ever ready to interpose between the Prussians and his emperor, has blindly followed on the trail of their retreat, has failed to catch them until this very morning, and by that time the vehement energy and zeal of raging old Marshal "Vorwaerts" have enabled him to rally and restore confi-

dence to his men, to face them westward, to march in three close columns through the woods from Wavre towards Waterloo. One division is left to delay and play with Grouchy, and so, instead of being cut off, as Napoleon had ordered and intended, the Prussian army itself cuts off. Grouchy is separated from Napoleon in this his supreme hour of need.

At half-past six Lobau's corps, over near Planchenoit, facing east, is sternly striving to hold back the overpowering numbers of the rapidly arriving Prussians. The relics of the French right are faced to the east to fight on the defensive. The Old and Middle Guard of the emperor march down from Rossomme to the height just back of Belle Alliance, and Napoleon looks upon them with eyes that have lost all their light and hope and fire, but none of their set purpose. Duhesme, with the Young Guard, has gone to Planchenoit to hold it to the last. Here are only the veterans; here are Drouot, Friant and Morand.

There is one hope left. Worn out with their long day of severe and desperate fighting, the British infantry, that have so obstinately defied his cuirassiers, are now in no condition to withstand his guards. If the guard can gain the plateau they must sweep it; and, with that done, he can rally all his guns and cavalry, he can still burst through between Wellington and Blücher, and, holding the latter, can drive the former back on Brussels, then turn on the Prussian and crush him with the dawn. It is a desperate hope, but desperate is his need.

Things are no less desperate in the English lines. They have superbly defended their position through the livelong day, but they are fearfully reduced in numbers. The casualties of battle have reduced regiments to mere squads. The heavy brigades can only muster two squadrons, but they have not lost a gun nor an inch of ground on the plateau. Still—*can* they stand one more charge?

It is seven o'clock. The sun, that all day long has been obscured by the dense clouds o'erhead, is sinking low towards the murky west and beginning to burst through as though to have one last look at the fearful scene before dropping below the horizon. Napoleon has sent for Ney; all the cavalry that can

be rallied, all the guns, all the infantry are urged to face once more toward that smoke-crowned plateau, and follow and support the flower of the army—the Imperial Guard of France. Ten of its battalions are to make the assault, two only remain with the emperor in reserve. To animate them to hope and one grand effort, the emperor sends his aides galloping along the dejected lines to shout the glad tidings that Grouchy had arrived, and now, one charge and all would be well. He lied, and knew it, for Grouchy was far away as victory. But once more the guns were run to the front, and for the fourth time that day of ceaseless thunder, the combined batteries of France stormed at the heights of St. Jean, and to the music of their awful salute the guard formed its columns of attack. One was to pass up parallel with the highway and assault close to the British centre; the other, skirting the enclosure of Hougomont, was to storm the heights now held by Maitland and the Grenadier Guard. Napoleon himself gallops forward to a little eminence north of La Belle Alliance; Ney rides at their head; all is ready; and now the last hope of the empire is carried forward on those sacred eagles. In proud array, in grim silence, in calm and stately movement the devoted battalions march forth to their immortal attack. The right column passes close under the knoll on which Napoleon has taken his post. All eyes, kindling with devotion, are fixed one moment upon him; with significant gesture he points to the fire-flashing crest in front, and a mighty shout of *Vive l'empereur* is the stirring and enthusiastic reply. The music of all others that has been dearest to his war-like soul, it bursts for the last time upon his ears. He has received the last salute of the "Old Guard."

"Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus," the gladiators of Rome shouted in unison as they gazed from the bloody sands of the arena to the purple and pomp of the imperial throne. "Long live Napoleon" is the battle-cry of the guards of France as they march into their death.

All the world knows the story. Why tell it here? Far better would it have been for the fame of Buonaparte had he spared them this test of heroic devotion, or, having demanded it of

them, had he taken his own place, sword in hand, at their head. He simply drove them into their annihilation, and from this distant height watched their sublime sacrifice.

Preceded by throngs of skirmishers and light troops, supported on the right by Donzelot and the remains of Alix's division, but unprotected on the left, the two stately columns in the great bearskin shakos, their dark blue uniforms faced with red and crossed by broad white belts supporting the heavy short sword and cartridge box, their legs encased in snugly fitting campaign gaiters and breeches, once white, now stained by the muddy soil of Belgium, great coats rolled, knapsacks trimly packed, canteens and haversacks swinging at their sides, the guards had marched forward to their assigned positions. There some old soldiers, grimly eying the smoke-wreathed crest, unslung and cast aside knapsacks and overcoats. Then came the signal, "Forward."

Ney and Friant, riding at the head of the right-hand column, lower their swords in salute as they pass the emperor. Four battalions in mass are with them, their drummers beating the "*pas de charge*." They are the men of the Third regiments of grenadiers and chasseurs, old and middle guardsmen serving together. The left-hand column of six battalions does not move for some few minutes yet. It is to be kept a little in rear of Ney so as to form a wedge-like front to the attack. Drouot and Morand are its leaders, and the First and Fourth regiments of chasseurs and the Fourth grenadiers make it up. The First grenadiers are with Napoleon. A great throng of light troops spring forward on the left and front. Donzelot's lines charge on the right. The shades of evening are just descending, and the setting sun that all day long has refused its rays, throws a parting halo over the arms and banners it had smiled upon at Austerlitz; then it sinks upon them, forever.

Riding from battery to battery the Iron Duke in person directs their fire to be concentrated on the leading column of bearskins—that which Ney and Friant are leading; and in one moment, solid shot, shell and grape are tearing their way through the steady ranks; but steady they continue: no halt, no break, no

waver; the stern, set faces of the old guardsmen, peering out through the smoke, are fixed on those gallant forms in front, on the flashing swords of Ney and Friant. Fearful as is the havoc in the ranks, it seems only to add to their fervor and enthusiasm. Men who were grimly silent a few moments before, now burst into cheers of defiance. Suddenly Ney goes down, but, "bravest of the brave," he springs to his feet, leaving his slaughtered horse, and facing his men to show himself unhurt, cheers them forward, waving his sword, while *backing* up the slope. Many a man faces death with calmness. "Only Ney," said Napoleon, "could preserve his perfect coolness with his back to the storm," and the storm of grape and canister is now frightful. Friant is shot down—Friant who with Davout held the right at Austerlitz, and again at Auerstädt—dies with the old guard at Waterloo. Michel, colonel of the Third chasseurs, is killed outright. General De Morvan springs forward in his place, and the brigade moves on. Captains and lieutenants leap to the front. Ney leads on foot. At last, with only one-half their number left, the right column reaches the summit, bursts forward through the guns, and, to the amaze of the officers, sees nothing but low hanging smoke in front. Only for an instant, though. A voice is heard that rings through the battle-cloud like a trumpet call. "Up, guards, and at them!" and from the trench of that fatal Ohain road the grenadiers of England in tall bearskins like their own, in brilliant uniform, spring to their feet with four deep ranks, take low, steady aim, then one crashing volley bursts from the line, and right there on the crest three hundred more of the devoted Imperial Guard are stretched lifeless on the sward. Then Maitland's men dash forward with levelled bayonets, and the guards of France and England grapple on the ridge. The fight is short and desperate. The Frenchmen are surrounded by vomiting guns and howitzers on both flanks, by these vigorous grenadiers in front, by swarms of light troops pouring into them their fire, and they simply melt away. In five minutes, just before eight o'clock, the first column is a shattered and drifting wreck falling slowly back towards Belle Alliance. Then comes the second's turn. It has passed Hougomont. It

can see nothing, through the dense smoke, of the fate of its comrade column. It directs its march upon that point of the British-allied line where the outward curve begins that carries it nearer the chateau. For a few minutes it escapes the fearful storm of grape and canister that has been deluging the first since it got within five hundred yards of the crest; but now all of a sudden it is rent and torn in every direction, the shots are showered in from every side. Still the column forges ahead, shouting its hoarse cry of "*Vive l'empereur.*" Its head is at last at the crest, when here the infantry of Adam's brigade changes front forward, and covers its entire left flank. Two light batteries limber up, gallop forward, and, halting on Adam's right, pour in rapid rounds of grape and canister from the short range of fifty paces, tearing the columns to shreds. Other batteries on the right front are pushed forward, and drive their hot muzzles into the very ranks; while, swarming upon them, right, left, front and everywhere, officers and men confusedly intermingled, the English and Hanoverians surround them with pitiless fire. The guard recoils, falls back an hundred yards to shake loose its tormentors, and strives to deploy to answer that hell of fire; but now the batteries mow it down, and the Fifty-second, Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth British swoop down in daring charge. What is left of the four leading battalions is brushed away across the front towards the high-road, and thence falls back utterly scattered and broken towards the mound, where, grief-stricken and despairing, Napoleon has witnessed the scene.

Two battalions still remain, alone, defiant, dying out there on the smoke-covered slopes. All around them the prostrate wrecks of the Imperial Guard; all beyond, the advancing circle of triumphant enemies. Thrilled with admiration at the sight of their heroism, an English general shouts, "Brave Frenchmen, surrender," and Cambronne, commanding this last remnant of the dying guard, hisses back the answer that Hugo has made immortal; and then the word is given, the death-dealing volleys once more ring out their peal, the trumpets of England and Hanover sound the advance, and, cheering with mad

triumph, the lines of Wellington at last sweep forward down the slopes they have so long defended.

At quarter past eight the French army is in full retreat, and Napoleon, after having placed himself in front of his last reserve and ordered it to follow him, is torn from his suicidal purpose and led from the field by his still devoted staff. It is not quite dark, when, just beyond the inn of La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blücher meet and exchange brief congratulations. The latter, but for whose arrival the British could have held out no longer, points to the name of the little hostelry and jubilantly suggests it as most appropriate for the battle so gloriously won in conjunction; and then dashes forward in that merciless and death-dealing pursuit that completes the wreck of Napoleon. Wellington, calmly riding back over the field of his most magnificent stand and final triumph, spends the night at the little hamlet south of the forest of Soignies, and gives thereby the name by which this most decisive battle will ever be known, that of Waterloo.

The world's history can tell of none in which the issues involved were of greater moment, or the results of which were more immediate, more sweeping, more decisive; but it was won at fearful cost.

England lost in killed, 142 officers and 2,341 men; in wounded, 550 officers and 7,327 men; in missing, 14 officers and 1,056 men. This includes the losses of the Hanoverians, Brunswickers, etc.; and, added to the 4,000 lost by the Dutch-Belgians (mainly under the indefinite head of "missing"), gives a total loss in the army of the Duke of Wellington of 14,728. Blücher's loss, killed, wounded and missing, was 6,775; making the total loss of the allies, 21,503.

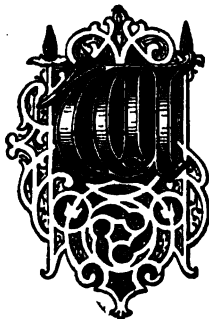
The loss of the French army has never been accurately computed. It was almost totally destroyed in the battle and the pursuit that followed. All of their artillery, ammunition wagons, baggage and supplies fell into the hands of the victors. It is safe to say that 30,000 Frenchmen were killed, wounded or prisoners, and that only a wreck of the Grand Army got back behind the Sambre. As for Napoleon, his last hope was gone.

July found him a prisoner in British hands; October a broken exile on the lonely rock of St. Helena, a thousand miles from shore, and there, after six years of mental suffering and racking disease, his proud spirit took its flight, and the most renowned soldier the world has ever known was lowered to his grave.



BALACLAVA.

1854.



ERE this a series of sketches of only the most important battles in the world's history, the stirring engagements of the 25th of October, 1854, would have no place in its pages; but, in the annals of modern history, no military exploit has ever received such wide attention or excited so much interest, enthusiasm and remark, as "the Charge of the Light Brigade."

Wherever the English language is spoken, and the sun, we know, never sets on England's possessions, the famous lines of her poet laureate are "familiar as household words;" and not to English-speaking people alone is the story well known. Russia, France and Turkey looked on in amaze that day, and, as the tidings of the thrilling battle were flashed around the globe, very truly was it said that "all the world wondered."

No one event in soldierly history contains more lessons than the combat on the "plains of Balaclava" during the Crimean war. Lessons of absurd incapacity of bureau officials at the seat of government; of sodden stupidity of Muscovite generals on one side, and hot-headed and deplorable rashness on the other; of superb and heroic daring on the part of Britain's horsemen, and of absolute inertia on part of their foes. The story has been told by thousands of pens and by tens of thousands of tongues, yet it can never grow old while our hearts warm at tales of bravery and battle.

But, in speaking of Balaclava, people seem to think only of the charge of the Light Brigade, forgetting or ignoring a charge

made earlier in the day that was as superb and successful as the other was superb and disastrous. It is the purpose of this chapter to tell of both, and to set before our readers the story of the whole day's adventures.

In her quarrel with Turkey, the great Russian empire had made alarming demonstrations towards the Bosphorus, the outlet of the Black Sea. If Russia could but once gain possession of Constantinople and the command of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, her empire, as was said by the great Napoleon, would indeed be "the empire of the world." The Black Sea, with its fine harbors, ship-yards and roadsteads, would become the secure rendezvous of her fleets, and issuing from the narrow straits to the south, she could sweep the inland ocean of the Mediterranean or fall back under her guns, as her enemies proved too small or great. The "eastern question" is too complex for discussion here. England and France found their interests in grave jeopardy, and joined forces with Turkey to resist the Russian move.

In September, 1854, a powerful fleet appeared off the west coast of the Crimea (that bleak and sparsely settled peninsula that juts out into the Black Sea from the Russian shore), and, passing Sebastopol with its solid fortifications, its arsenals and dock-yards, moved northward and disembarked an army on the strand. For the first time in 500 years, England and France were to fight side by side. Marching southward, with the cholera as a companion, the allied army met the Russians on the banks of the Alma and won a victory by dint of hard fighting and sheer personal pluck. The Russians fell back to Sebastopol; the French and English followed, and, instead of attacking at once and carrying the city with its somewhat demoralized garrison by storm, as could have been done with much smaller loss than they had to undergo in the winter that followed, the leaders decided to lay siege to the city. The ground to the north did not seem favorable for siege approaches, especially as the broad, deep harbor lay between them and the town; so they marched clear around it on the east and invested it from the south. This left open all the roads to Russia, and in a few days, troops, sup-

plies and provisions began to arrive in ample quantity from the north for the use of the garrison; and for a long time nothing came to help the British and French. The former had seized the little land-locked harbor of Balaclava to make it their supply dépôt, and thither the transports and war-ships were directed to sail; but all their infantry and artillery were needed in the trenches around Sebastopol; and, to guard Balaclava from assault by the Russians, who had strong forces out, all over the Crimea, ready to swoop down on any undefended point, the English could only rely upon Sir Colin Campbell, with the Ninety-third Highlanders; and the cavalry division, which, not being available for siege duty, had gone into camp out in the open ground north-east of Balaclava. It numbered, all told, about 1,500 men.

Lord Raglan was "commander of the forces" in the British army of occupation. He had given the best years of his life to the profession of arms; had been a trusted staff-officer of the great Duke of Wellington; had served in the Peninsula, at Waterloo and in India. He and his infantry generals were men who were practised soldiers; but in the English army, in those days of promotion by purchase and family influence, the cavalry was regarded as the "crack" arm of the service—the most aristocratic, desirable and chivalric. The British troopers were selected with the utmost care, and most thoroughly taught the use of the sword, and made to ride like centaurs. Men and horses were superb. Then, to keep alive their pride, their uniforms and equipments were of the most showy material and costly make. Each regiment had its distinctive number, name and traditions. Each had its "honors," and in the whole world there probably was not a more gallant and high-spirited body of young officers and men than went with England's cavalry division to the Crimea in 1854. It was composed of two brigades, one of light, the other of heavy cavalry. Next to the household brigade—the Queen's personal guards—the most aristocratic corps in the army were the hussars and lancers—the *light* cavalry; but there was no lack of gentle blood, and there was vast preponderance of solid British brawn and muscle in the dragoons, or "heavies," as they were called. England only

sent 1,500 cavalry with its army of occupation to the Crimea, and before Balacava, sickness had robbed the two brigades of many men and horses; but in each brigade were five small regiments, and their names will go down to posterity as heroes of the most thrilling cavalry exploit of the nineteenth century. The Light Brigade was made up of the reduced "service squadrons" of the Eighth and Eleventh hussars (known among their comrades as the Royal Irish and the "Cherry Pants," respectively); the Fourth and Thirteenth light dragoons, and the superb "death or glory" squadrons of the Seventeenth lancers. In all the British army, no regiments were more envied than the Eleventh hussars (the "Prince of Wales' Own"), and the Seventeenth lancers, that had fought in every war and every important battle where British colors waved, from the day of their organization. The officers of the Light Brigade were, as a rule, young gentlemen or noblemen of high birth and connection. Some few were experienced cavalymen—all were brave.

The Heavy Brigade was composed of five regiments of dragoons, three of which were famous organizations, and had given to their organization the name of the "Union brigade." These were the three regiments of dragoon-guards known as the Royals, the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings, composed respectively of men recruited from England, Scotland and Ireland. The other two commands were the Fourth and Fifth dragoon-guards—fine soldiers, but not so renowned, perhaps, as their brigade comrades who had fought together even at Waterloo, and between whom an almost romantic spirit of friendship and alliance existed. The dragoons were uniformed in scarlet, with heavy brass helmets and shoulder-scales, except the Scots Greys, who still clung to the massive bearskin head-gear they had been allowed to wear for a century, and were loth to part with, despite its cumbrousness as a horseman's hat. The Light Brigade wore the jaunty tunic and white facings in the lancer regiment, and the fanciful "busby" and fur-trimmed pelisse of blue in the hussars. Horses and men in the "Heavies" were of stouter build than in the light, but the latter affected a somewhat airy manner of superiority over their comrades.

Now the Russian cavalry in the Crimea was numerically almost twenty times as strong as the British, and, whether lancers, hussars, dragoons, or the ubiquitous Cossacks, they were habited in immense gray overcoats and heavy caps of felt and fur that made admirable defensive armor against sword-cut or thrust. They were mounted on powerful, "stocky" horses; had been rigorously drilled and disciplined; but the rank and file were of the same patient, docile, steadfast nature that made their infantry so reliable. Except the Cossacks, they utterly lacked the fire and enthusiasm, the sense of individuality which is so important to a good cavalry soldier. Imposing in mass and on parade, they had none of the dash that characterized the French and English troopers; and, both at the Alma and during the movements around Sebastopol, they had been clumsily handled, and were held in little respect by their foes.

But not only of the Russian cavalry was the British linesmen speaking disdainfully after the battle of the Alma; all around among the camp-fires on the high plateau of the Chersonese, where the British infantry had pitched their tents, could be heard slurs and inuendos at the expense of the light cavalry brigade. "Too fine fellows for their work." "Too accustomed to being petted, spoiled and coddled at home to be worth anything in the field." They, too, had been faultily led and handled after the Alma, and now, camping in the south valley over under the protecting shoulder of the Chersonese, their leader living and sleeping in pampered luxury on board his yacht in Balaclava harbor, they became the target for much unfriendly criticism among their own people; and the Light Brigade stood sorely in need of a brilliant battle in which to show the stuff they knew they had within them.

They and their comrade "Heavies" were camped, as we have said, under the slopes of the Chersonese, down in the south valley. Now let us take a look at their leaders.

It has been said that the cavalry officer is, like the poet, "born, not made;" but no man has ever yet proved himself a great cavalry leader without having first mastered the rudiments of mounted service, and spent some years in connection with it in

the field. For years previous to the Crimean war, England had the finest practical cavalry-school in the world—India; and there were in her armies scores—perhaps hundreds—of thoroughly skilled and experienced officers of all grades, who had scouted, skirmished and fought with the war-like Sikhs through jungle, plain or mountain pass. The service had been severe, exacting, and full of danger and incessant alarm; it had called for a high degree of personal courage and judgment, and in the constant exercise of every soldierly faculty, had made the English officers who had gone through the ordeal, most accomplished leaders of horse. Now that it became necessary to send a fine cavalry division into active service against a powerful foe, renowned for his strength in that particular arm, the natural supposition would be that England would select for its leaders men, who had proved their worth as cavalry soldiers. It would be the obvious course of any sensible government.

But England did nothing of the kind. For commanders of her division and brigades, "Her Majesty's government" selected three gentlemen of high degree, who not only had never so much as seen service in the cavalry, but had absolutely seen no active service at all. Not one had ever taken part in campaign or battle. There were dozens of men amply qualified for the command and eager to take it, but they were not *peers*. England placed the flower of her army in the hands of three tyros—but two of these *were* peers.

To the Earl of Lucan, who had modestly expressed a wish to be made use of in some capacity, England confided the whole division of cavalry. He had asked for an infantry brigade as best suited to his inexperience. To the Earl of Cardigan was intrusted the Light Brigade, and to the Right Honorable Yorke Scarlett were given the "Heavies." All three gentlemen were over fifty years of age. Lord Lucan was a lieutenant-general. Cardigan and Scarlett were brigadiers. Lucan and Cardigan were brothers-in-law and hated one another cordially. Each had unbounded faith in his own knowledge and skill, and very little faith or respect for that of anybody else. Lucan was a man who speedily made himself known as a determined and unsparing

critic of the orders and actions of his superiors, a persistent growler and fault-finder, and he became almost immediately vastly unpopular in the army. Cardigan was a man full of love for the profession of arms. He had entered the most extravagant and gorgeous of the hussar regiments (the "Prince of Wales' Own") when a young man, and the extraordinary system of purchase and nepotism combined, had enabled him in seven years to rise from the foot of its list of officers to the command of the "Cherry Pants." For a long time he had been its colonel "for his amusement," and, after being gazetted general of brigade, he still continued when on military duty to wear the superb uniform of his old regiment. It was the handsomest in the army and preferable on that account. But Cardigan was selfish to the core, arrogant and haughty with his juniors in rank, and holding himself aloof from all comradeship with his fellow-campaigners when they went to the bleak Crimea. At a time when the whole cavalry division was "roughing it" in camp under the shoulder of the Chersonese, when all was sickness, discomfort and privation, when Lucan and Scarlett were sharing the hardships with their men, my Lord Cardigan was living and sleeping in luxury aboard his yacht in Balaclava harbor, only trotting over to camp occasionally to attend to routine duty and say rasping things to his officers. No "commoner" could have dared pursue such a course; but when a peer of England chose to do his campaigning in that manner there was no one to say him nay. Lord Raglan, "commander of the forces," had not personal force enough to forbid it.

General Scarlett was a man of totally different mould. Proud of his new command, he set himself diligently to work to qualify himself for the position, and speedily won the confidence and respect of officers and troopers alike. While Lucan and Cardigan chose as their aides-de-camp young officers of the nobility and aristocracy, without reference to their military ability, Scarlett picked out men distinguished for brilliancy and experience in war, without reference to their family influence or connections. This gave him the services of two admirable cavalry soldiers, Alexander Eliot and Colonel Beatson.

Now to take a look at the ground. Sebastopol lay on the south side of a deep arm of the sea that stretched in, eastward, between steep and rugged shores. Massive fortifications of masonry were planted on every point, and every commanding piece of ground. Into the long narrow harbor there flowed from the southeast the river Tchernaya through a deep valley. South of the harbor the shore line jutted out into a bold promontory, then swept round eastward in precipitous cliffs for some miles, until a fissure-like opening in their face gave entrance to the little roadstead of Balaclava, a town and harbor which lay southeast of Sebastopol. A rough country road led up the heights back of Balaclava through the gorge of Kadikoï, and so over the bleak highlands of the Chersonese into Sebastopol itself. This "Chersonese" was a broad and too breezy upland, sloping gradually upwards and backwards away from the city and harbor, until within a mile and a half of Balaclava it dipped abruptly down into what has been called the plain, an open, undulating tract of country lying north of the little town, and extending from the Chersonese on the west to the ridge between it, and the valley of the Tchernaya on the east. Dividing it into two nearly equal oblong portions was a longitudinal ridge with occasional knolls or hummocks, and along this ridge ran the broad highway from Sebastopol to the southeast known as the Woronzoff road. The ridge was given the name of the Causeway Heights, and the oblong portions of the plain of Balaclava were called the North valley and South valley respectively, as they lay north or south of the highway. The north valley was thus surrounded on four sides by rising ground; west by the Chersonese bluffs, which overlooked the entire plain from a height of some four hundred feet; north by the Fedioukine Heights; east by Mount Hasfort of the Tchernaya "divide," as it would be called on the plains of our great west, and south by the Causeway Heights. The entire north valley was open and admirably adapted for the movements of cavalry.

The English and French armies were encamped around the south side of Sebastopol, the French nearest the sea; only the

British cavalry and the Ninety-third Highlanders being near Balaclava. Under the guidance of English officers some 3,000 Turks had been employed building earthen redoubts along the Causeway Heights, and planting guns therein to protect Balaclava from Russian attack from the valley of the Tchernaya. These attacks were frequently threatened, but nothing seemed to come of them. It was the 10th of October when the British "broke ground" for the siege around Sebastopol, and these threatened attacks on Balaclava were so frequent that when word was brought to Lord Raglan on the 24th that very heavy columns of the Russians were crossing the Tchernaya with the evident intention of an assault on the new works at Balaclava, he merely replied, "Very well," and went on with his conversation with the French general, and paid no further attention to the matter. Before dawn on October 25th the Russians were there, and in very strong force—General Liprandi with some 18,000 men having swooped down upon the Turks on the Causeway Heights, and General Jabrokritsky with perhaps 7,000 having seized a strong position on the Fedioukine Heights. The Turks, after a vigorous defence of the easternmost redoubt, were driven towards Balaclava in great confusion; but the western half of the Causeway Heights was saved by the firm stand made by Sir Colin Campbell and his regiment of Highlanders, and the active movements of the cavalry division which hovered about as though ready to attack and yet kept out of dangerous range. The Russians had with them some seventy-eight field-guns of their own, and had captured a number more of English make from the Turkish redoubts on the Causeway Heights.

The sound of battle had already reached Lord Raglan and General Canrobert in their camps on the Chersonese, and they had rapidly mounted and galloped to the edge of the plateau from whence they could overlook the entire scene. Raglan ordered forward two divisions of infantry, and Canrobert the fine cavalry of D'Allonville, but it took time to send to their camps, and longer to get them to the scene; meantime there was peril at Balaclava. Captain Maude, whose battery of horse-artillery had accompanied the cavalry division, was severely wounded,

and by orders of Lord Raglan, the cavalry were drawn back to the west end of the valleys, and just south of the Woronzoff road.

It was about half-past seven A. M. when the Russians succeeded in seizing the easternmost redoubts, and their next move was to assault the position occupied by the Ninety-third Highlanders, which covered Balaclava on the north. By this time the edge of the Chersonese overlooking the plain was thronged with spectators from the French and English camps, and one or two light-batteries had been "hitched in" and trotted thither, and were now unlimbered and ready to hurl plunging shots down into the valley should the Russians come that way, and come they did.

It must be remembered that from the commanding height of the Chersonese (there called the Sapouné Heights), everything on the plain below looked to be about the same general level. This was not the case at all. The north valley sloped very gently down towards the east until it reached the base of Mount Hasfort, but the western end of the valley was cut up by vineyards, farm enclosures, little hillocks and ridges; then there stood the upheaval of the Causeway Heights with its highway, and south of that, over on the slopes of the south valley, were the now abandoned camps of the cavalry division. From the point where the two brigades were now drawn up in line, they could not see anything approaching them along the north valley, though they could see the Russian guns and masses on the heights all around it. It so happened then, that towards nine o'clock, when General Ryjoff with thirty-two field-guns and an immense solid column of gray-clad horsemen came marching westward along the valley, not a single officer or man of the English cavalry division saw or heard of the move. They did not even have skirmishers or videttes on the ridges in front of them—an incomprehensible omission to American eyes. To Lord Raglan and the spectators on the heights, the whole scene was like a panorama. Orders had just been sent to detach eight squadrons to the assistance of the Turks at the gorge of Kadikoï. Lord Lucan had despatched Scarlett with some of his "Heavies" on that mission, and at the same time

moved the Light Brigade forward some two or three hundred yards into a position where they faced east directly down the north valley, and had himself ridden back towards the Chersonese, when there came from those heights the sound of two or three rapid gun-shots, the whistling of shells through the air over the Light Brigade, and the bang and "whirr-r-r" of their explosion farther to the front. Utterly surprised, Lord Lucan galloped to a neighboring hillock, and there caught sight of the heavy column of the Russians sweeping up the valley towards the Light Brigade. They were north of the Woronzoff road, yet not more than quarter of a mile from the slender lines of his lancers and hussars. Now, checked by the guns on the Sapouné Ridge, the whole mass at sound of the trumpet swung southward towards the Causeway Heights, moved slowly *up* that slope with the evident intention of crossing the Woronzoff road, and getting over into the south valley. In so doing, they passed squarely in front of the Light Brigade, presenting their right flank to attack, and, to the amaze and disgust of the lookers-on, the Light Brigade never budged. It was a splendid chance for Cardigan and his swordsmen to rush in on that flank, hack it up and get back with little or no loss, but Cardigan had been told to defend or "hold" that position, and, utterly ignoring the fact that cavalry can never defend by sitting still in the saddle—can only defend by attacking, in fact—the titled blockhead sat stiffly in front of his command, and let the opportunity slip. He had a glorious cavalry soldier close by his side, Captain Morris, commanding the Seventeenth lancers; and Morris, seeing the golden moment going by, ventured to break through the iron-clad reserve and distance maintained in English official circles, and beg of Lord Cardigan permission to charge with his regiment at least. He was rudely and haughtily snubbed for his pains.

But even as the spectators on the crest were anathematizing Lord Cardigan for his inaction, they were greeted by a change in the shifting scene below that excited their utmost delight and enthusiasm, not unmixed with anxiety.

Scarlett with his eight squadrons had marched off towards

Kadikoï, was passing behind a thick vineyard or plantation partly concealing him from the Causeway Heights, and then moving out on the open ground, was riding on the left flank of his little brigade with the Inniskilling's Second squadron and the Scots Greys nearest him, when, glancing to the left, the quick eye of his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Eliot, was attracted by a bristling of lance-points peeping up over the Causeway Heights to the north. Then came the pennons or "banderoles," as the swallow-tailed lance flags are called, and in solid squadrons riding "closed in mass" 3,000 Russian horsemen suddenly appeared. It was a sight to shake the nerve of any soldier. Not six hundred yards away, these ponderous masses came trotting over the ridge apparently bent on rushing down the slope and overwhelming the slender ranks of the British, but when light guns began to pop up the crest beside them, and more squadrons show in their rear, things looked desperate. A justifiable impulse on the part of any cavalryman with so small a force as Scarlett's would have been to wheel to the right and trot rapidly off out of the way, but Scarlett was a bull-dog. He wheeled to the left, and flew straight at the throat of his foe.

It was simply magnificent. "Left wheel into line" was the ringing order from his lips. The trumpets echoed the signal; the slender red ranks swung round to the left, halted, "dressed" as though on drill, and then, as though stunned by the very audacity of his island enemy, the Russian commander ordered *halt!* Anything more idiotic he could not have done. Had he kept on—riding down the slope at rapid trot—the mere weight and inertia of his sixteen-deep squadrons would have rolled over the two-rank formation of the British and swept them from the field. Scarlett and Eliot saw the woful blunder at the instant. "Forward" was the order, then came "gallop" and, as they neared the amazed thousands in dusky gray, "charge!" and, way ahead of their leading line, Scarlett and Eliot, side by side, close followed by their trumpeter and "orderly" (the latter a powerful and veteran swordsman, whose very name, Shegog, gave the idea of a giant), crashed headlong into the solid mass of Russians. A splendid-looking officer sat in his saddle in

front of the centre of the line. General Scarlett wore the red coat and brass helmet of his brigade; Eliot the chapeau and blue frock of the staff officer, and the Russian colonel, supposing the latter to be the ranking officer—a general, perhaps—let Scarlett rush past him unopposed, but made a furious cut at Eliot as the latter dashed by on his right; but Eliot's ready blade parried the blow and in the same instant drove to the very hilt through the colonel's body, whirled him round in his saddle, and hurled him to earth a corpse, while the Englishman's charger bore the aide-de-camp and his now reeking sabre into the midst of the enemy. Behind them, with low, savage roar, came the rank of Scots' Greys. Off to their right, with a wild Irish "hurroo," the Inniskillings crashed in on the Russian mass, and then began the most extraordinary cavalry combat on record. Three hundred British troopers were endeavoring to hew their way up hill through three thousand Russians. Their horses had wedged their way in among the leading ranks, and, hewing, hacking, thrusting, hurling men out of the saddle with their brawny arms, the stalwart Scotch and half-savage Paddies were playing havoc with the helpless Muscovites. They and their officers seemed paralyzed by the audacity of the Islanders. Already had Scarlett cut his way into the very centre of the mass, and the leading ranks of Greys and Inniskillings were absolutely swallowed up in the Russian square (for such it practically was), but, though in imminent peril themselves, such was the activity of their good swords, and so great was the consternation of the enemy, that in many instances Russian horsemen threw themselves out of their saddles and took refuge among the chargers' heels rather than face the British blades.

And yet there was very little slaughter going on after the onset. The thick head-gear of the Russians and the very heavy material of their overcoats proved most effective defensive armor against the whirling sword-blades, while British helmet and bear-skin shako answered a like purpose. The horses, wedged in like cattle in a pen, ducked their heads for shelter from the rain of blows, and though fierce and savage cuts and thrusts were given in every direction, and blood flowed freely from

gaping wounds on head and face, comparatively few mortal hurts had been inflicted. Hardly a man of the Heavies escaped without some memento of the combat.

But now the Royals and the Fourth and Fifth Dragoon Guards, who had been farther to the rear when Scarlett made his daring rush, came tearing in at headlong charge—the Royals trotting up to a point opposite the Russian right, between them and the envious horsemen of the Light Brigade, then wheeled into line to their right, took the gallop and charge, and burst upon the flank at right-angles to the line of Greys and Inniskillings. Lord Lucan himself had arrived on the scene and directed the assault to the aid of Scarlett; and now, riven from front to centre by the piercing sabres of their first assailants, and furiously charged on both flanks by fresh and confident horsemen, the whole Russian mass seemed to heave helplessly backward up the slope; then to disintegrate and crumble away; then to surge back in a dingy gray torrent on the supporting Cossacks, sweeping them away with their flood; then the guns whirled about and with galloping steeds went thundering away down the north valley, and in less time than it takes to write it, the whole column of General Ryjoff was in disorderly rout towards the east. Now, now was the time for Cardigan. There he sat with nearly seven hundred eager troopers almost imploring to be let go; officers and men fairly ready to cry with rage and mortification at being held back. Now was his time to launch in the Light Brigade, and Ryjoff's horsemen would never have rallied this side of the Tchernaya, and under the very noses of Liprandi and Jabrokritsky, the British cavalry could have taken every one of the Russian horse-batteries, and won a victory over four times their weight in foes that would have thrilled the world with admiration; but the hero of the Home office, the chosen of her majesty's ministry, had about as much idea of the use of cavalry as he had of morality. "Damn those Heavies. They've got the laugh of us this day," was his comment on the situation, and to the absolute amaze of the throng of spectators on the heights, to the sly ridicule of the French, to the groaning disappointment of the English, the "swells" of the

Light Brigade were held in the leash, and the Russians got away in safety. Scarlett's men, exhausted, were rallied and reformed. Ryjoff's guns and horse scampered to the other end of the valley, a mile and a half away, then reined about and once more faced westward. The chance was gone.

So far the honors of the day were with the "Heavies." Most gallantly had they borne themselves—most astonishing was their success, yet their loss was only seventy-eight killed and seriously wounded, but the "scratches" and cuts were innumerable; and now as, panting for breath, they slowly returned from the brief pursuit, cheer upon cheer went up from the swarms of spectators. "Well done!" came from the lips of Lord Raglan; and brave old Sir Colin Campbell rode over in front of his countrymen, uncovered his white head and called them by their old pet name: "Greys! gallant Greys! I should be proud to be in your ranks."

Well they deserved the lavish praises! Double their number in Russian horsemen were left upon the ground dead or harmless. It was the grandest cavalry exploit of the century—even Murat had done nothing to excel it.

Now to speak of some individual experiences that should never be forgotten in connection with this fight.

The first to pierce the Russian mass was Scarlett himself, a man who had no pretensions to being much of a swordsman, but such was his courage and vim that he not only bore himself superbly through the host of hostile swords and lances, but absolutely cut his way entirely through the square and emerged, battered and bleeding, but still erect in the saddle, on the left flank of the Russian cavalry in plain sight of Lord Lucan, who was then directing the assault of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. The brigadier had received five sharp and painful wounds from lance or sabre, and his helmet was battered into a shapeless mass, but he hardly seemed to know he was hurt. Colonel Griffith of the Scots Greys had been shot in the head by a carbine ball early in the charge. Major Clarke of the Greys lost his bearskin shako, but leaped into the fight bare-headed, and was in desperate danger until rescued by his men. The

instances of personal bravery and daring are innumerable, but of one man, especially, the "Heavies" could never say enough: that man was Alexander Eliot.

He it will be remembered had killed the first of the enemy, the Russian officer who led the centre, and then, jerking out his sword, but never slackening the pace, had leaped in among the gray coats. His distinctive dress, that of the staff-officer, made him the conspicuous object of the enemy's attention. Believing him to be the general they swarmed upon him from every side, but his sword-play was wonderful, and man after man went down before him. It was a revival of the old-time fighting—the days of mace and battle-axe, and mailed knight errantry; only Eliot had neither shield, casque nor coat of mail; his heavy sword, unusually long, strong and sharp, served both for offence and defence, and he found an unexpected ally in his charger. The horse was so furious at being swarmed upon and crowded by the Russian steeds that he took to biting, kicking and lashing out with his heels in every direction, vastly aiding his master in warding off attacks from the rear. But Eliot had cut his way in so far as to be alone in the midst of enemies, and a dozen seemed bent on despatching him. A sabre-gash in the forehead blinded him for a moment, the blood flowing into his eyes, and with savage yells the Russians closed in around him, and all in an instant one sword cut a deep slashing wound right down the middle of his face, another crashed through his chapeau, and another still, a weighty one, laid bare the skull behind the ear. Bleeding from every pore, the daring fellow, nevertheless, fought on, giving full measure for all he got; and when at last the Russians were put to rout, and he was picked up unconscious but alive, fourteen gaping sabre and lance wounds were counted upon him as his share of the honorable trophies of combat. No wonder Greys and Royals and Inniskillings cheered the gallant aide-de-camp. No wonder General Scarlett in his report of the battle to Lord Lucan mentioned Lieutenant Eliot, as especially "entitled to the notice of the commander of the forces," and eventually named him for the Victoria Cross. No wonder all right-thinking men and honest soldiers swore at

the cool, insufferable arrogance with which Lord Lucan treated Scarlett's recommendations. Eliot's name was not even "mentioned in the despatches," and Lord Lucan's report of the cavalry engagements of the 25th of October merely allude to him as "slightly wounded."

Just how to reconcile Lord Lucan's conduct towards this heroic soldier with his pretensions of being himself an officer and a gentleman, is for American soldiers too complex a problem. Scarlett's report of the action was made two days after it occurred, and never till the following December did he learn that Eliot had been entirely ignored by the division commander. That he should be refused the Victoria Cross on plea that in being the most conspicuous man in the fight "he had done no more than his duty" was perhaps to be expected; but it may be safely asserted that no such excuse would have been resorted to had Eliot been the son of a peer of the realm.

Called upon to explain his omission of Eliot's name in the despatches, Lord Lucan replied: "I did not consider it fitting especially to name him. . . . I think that the obvious consequences of such general and indiscriminate recommendations would be that but little value would be attached to general officers' requests."

No; Lord Lucan declined to mention Mr. Eliot, who was the hero of the charge of the Heavy Brigade. Instead of him he named as most distinguished, his own aide-de-camp, *who took no part whatsoever in either of the great charges*, and the nature of whose gallant services on that day is, to this, an impenetrable mystery.

However, this was by no means Lord Lucan's worst blunder at Balaclava. It is small wonder that even the imbecility of the British war-office could put up with his incapacities no longer, and that it speedily became necessary to relieve him of the command of what he had not sacrificed of his division, and send him home. The most patient and painstaking and loyal of English historians, Mr. Kinglake, can find little or nothing to say in extenuation of his lordship's colossal shortcomings as a commander; and it is to his elaborate account of Balaclava that we

are mainly indebted for the details of the affair. Lord Lucan was destined to sacrifice the flower of the British army—the gallant and spirited Light Brigade.

The wonderful exploit of the "Heavies" had been witnessed by thousands of stunned foemen as well as by hundreds of delighted friends. By this time the Sapouné Heights began to blaze with the scarlet tunics of the guardsmen under the Duke of Cambridge, and those of the Light Division. Lord Raglan's reinforcements were coming up.

On the other hand Ryjoff's disordered cavalry, accompanied by the light guns, had scurried back down the long north valley, and then, finding itself unpursued (for Scarlett's men were breathless and Cardigan's held in restraint), had at last rallied under the slopes of Mount Hasfort, and then the Cossack batteries unlimbered their ugly black guns, and now a dozen of them were pointing squarely up the valley in case the British horsemen should advance. Off on the Fedioukine Heights, north of the valley, the slopes for nearly a mile and a half were lined with field-guns and riflemen from the Russian ranks, and over on the Causeway Heights to the south, the Odessa regiment was slowly retiring from its advanced position, and falling back eastward upon the heavy supports farther along the ridge. But they were not going empty-handed. Far up on the Chersonese, keen-sighted soldiers had marked the scurry of artillery teams. Already, seeing the Russian infantry falling back, Lord Raglan had sent to Lord Lucan an order in writing: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights," and Lucan, who now had his whole division in line facing down the North valley just north of the Woronzoff road, was giving the Heavies a brief breathing spell, and casting about in his mind for the actual meaning of this order, spent very nearly an hour in doing absolutely nothing, when, sudden, sharp and peremptory, there came an order which admitted of no temporizing. By this time Lord Raglan, his staff, and all spectators were chafing with excitement, even of indignation at Lucan's torpor, for, over to the right front, in plain view of the Sapouné Heights, the Russians were hitching

spare teams to the guns in the abandoned redoubts along the Causeway, and were lugging them off to the rear. These were English guns, and the idea of letting them go in this way was shameful. Some of the younger officers were vehemently growling their "impatience and indignation," and Lord Raglan, fired by the sight, directed his chief of staff, General Airey, to write an immediate order to Lord Lucan to advance and put a stop to the Russian captures. Airey wrote the order in pencil and it read thus :

" Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.

(Signed) " R. AIREY."

The words of the order left not the faintest doubt what " guns " were meant, for the only guns the Russians were " carrying off " were those on the Causeway Heights to the right front of the cavalry division, and when Lucan combined that order with the one directing him to reoccupy the heights, there was absolutely nothing to admit of his supposing that any other guns were meant. But Lucan, we have said, was a persistent critic of all orders from superior authority. He never obeyed an order without first endeavoring to pick it to pieces, and this particular order came to him in a manner that made him more than usually crabbed and ill-disposed. The circumstances were as follows :

Lord Raglan had already begun to fathom the character of his crotchety chief of cavalry ; but, respecting the undoubted courage and energy of the man, he had sought to humor him as much as possible, and to avoid giving him opportunity for taking offence. To this end, knowing Lord Lucan's petulant objection to instructions or orders coming through the chief of staff of the army, General Airey, " the commander of the forces " had frequently sent them in his own hand, an amiable piece of weakness that should have had no place in active campaigning. Lucan disliked General Airey, and strove to ignore him on all occasions when it could be done, and now he was about to receive an order written and signed by General Airey, and more than that, borne by General Airey's aide-de-camp. It was absolutely none

of his business who was the bearer. So long as it was signed by the chief of staff or an aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan, and given in Lord Raglan's name, it was his duty to receive it with all soldierly respect and obey it accordingly. He did neither. The instant he had read it he dared to break out into an insubordinate denunciation of the order, and virtually to challenge the aide-de-camp who bore it, to a defence of its merits. He believed it to be Airey's order, for here it came by Airey's aide-de-camp, Captain Louis Nolan, and of all men in the English army Nolan was perhaps the last one from whose hands Lord Lucan would have kindly received an order of any kind.

There was a singular fatality in the selection of this young cavalry captain as bearer of the message. Colonel Calthorpe, Lord Raglan's own aide, was seated in the saddle at his side as Airey finished writing, and yet his lordship called up Airey's aide-de-camp, intrusted the paper to him, and bade him deliver it with all speed. They were up on the crest of the Sapouné Heights it will be remembered, and the whole animated scene lay before their eyes. Lord Lucan was sitting out in front of his division, half a mile, probably, from the base of the heights, and several hundred feet below them. The road wound its way down along the slopes, a devious course. Perhaps it was because Lord Raglan wished to avail himself of Nolan's superb horsemanship that he selected him. Certain it is that the instant the order was in his hand the captain put spurs to his horse, and, disdain- ing the gradual descent of the highway, darted straight down the steep hillside, swift and straight as any Sioux Indian would ride, and all men watched him admiringly as he sped on the last errand of his soldierly life.

Louis Nolan was a vehement and enthusiastic lover of his profession. He believed that there was nothing a cavalryman could not do in the way of clearing a battle-field of all enemies. He had for two months past been chafing and swearing over the inaction of his comrades. He had heard the covert sneers at the expense of his idols, the Light Brigade, and was stung to the quick at the contemplation of their neglected opportunities after the battle of the Alma. He blamed it all on Lord Lucan. He

openly spoke of him as the clog to all action on the part of the cavalry division, and criticised the division commander as freely as the latter criticised his own superiors. With all its pomp, formality and etiquette, there must have been an odd state of discipline in the British army in 1854. Very probably some of this talk had reached Lucan's ears, and added to his dislike of the brilliant young cavalryman, who, a commoner, had dared criticise his methods. At all events he was in no mood to be told to do anything through such a channel.

It so happened that Nolan, sweeping around the flank of the horse at rapid gallop in search of their chief, had to make a large circle with his own steed before he reined up in front of Lord Lucan. His back was now down the valley, he was facing the general, the centre of the division, and the broad background of the Sapouné Heights, which he had just quitted. Breathlessly the officers and men of the two brigades watched the gallant young aide they knew so well, as, saluting with calm respect, he handed the fateful despatch to Lord Lucan. Well they knew it meant another fight, and eager and impatient hearts were beating throughout the silent ranks.

Lord Lucan took and read with angry eyes the hurriedly written lines. Then, glaring at the aide-de-camp, he broke forth into his ill-tempered and insubordinate tirade against the order. He had not even carefully read the words. He was obliged to admit in his report two days after, that he was "instructed to make a rapid advance to prevent the enemy carrying *the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning*;" but now, ready to snarl and find fault, he chose to think that he was ordered to attack the strong position of the Cossack battery way down the valley. Seated on their horses, a low ridge in their front prevented Lucan and his staff, so he said, from seeing the guns themselves, and this gave him another opportunity.

Feeling that no time was to be lost, and that he was called upon to answer the denunciation of the order, Captain Nolan, still respectfully (though with marked emphasis, for he was burning with zeal and impatience, and raging in his heart at this persistent old obstruciter of all cavalry enterprise), replied: "Lord

Raglan's orders are, that the cavalry should attack immediately."

And then again, angrily, even contemptuously, Lord Lucan spoke:

"Attack, sir! Attack what? What guns, sir?"

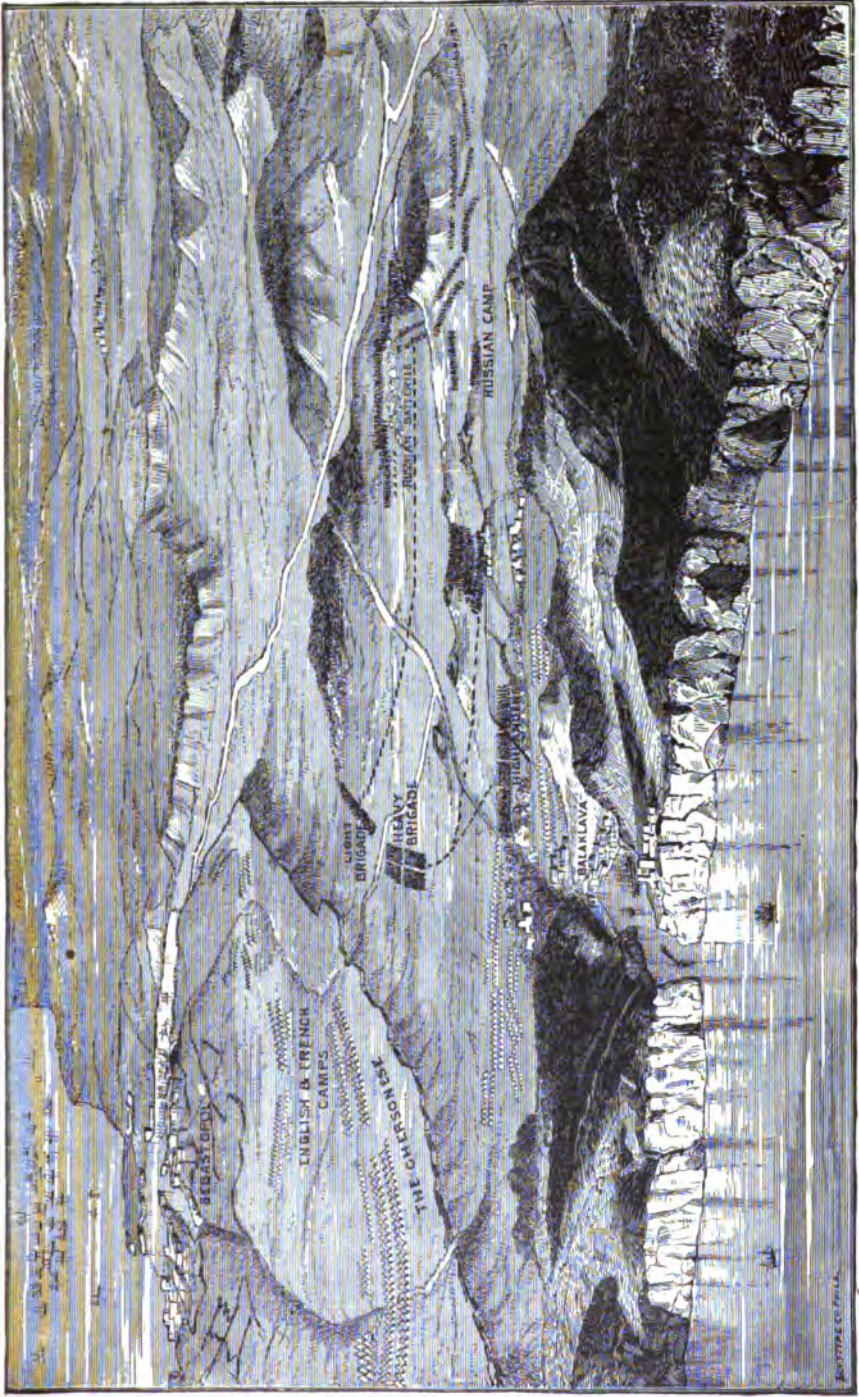
It was too much for Nolan's fiery nature. Throwing back his head, and pointing over his shoulder, the young captain answered in a most significant manner:

"There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns."

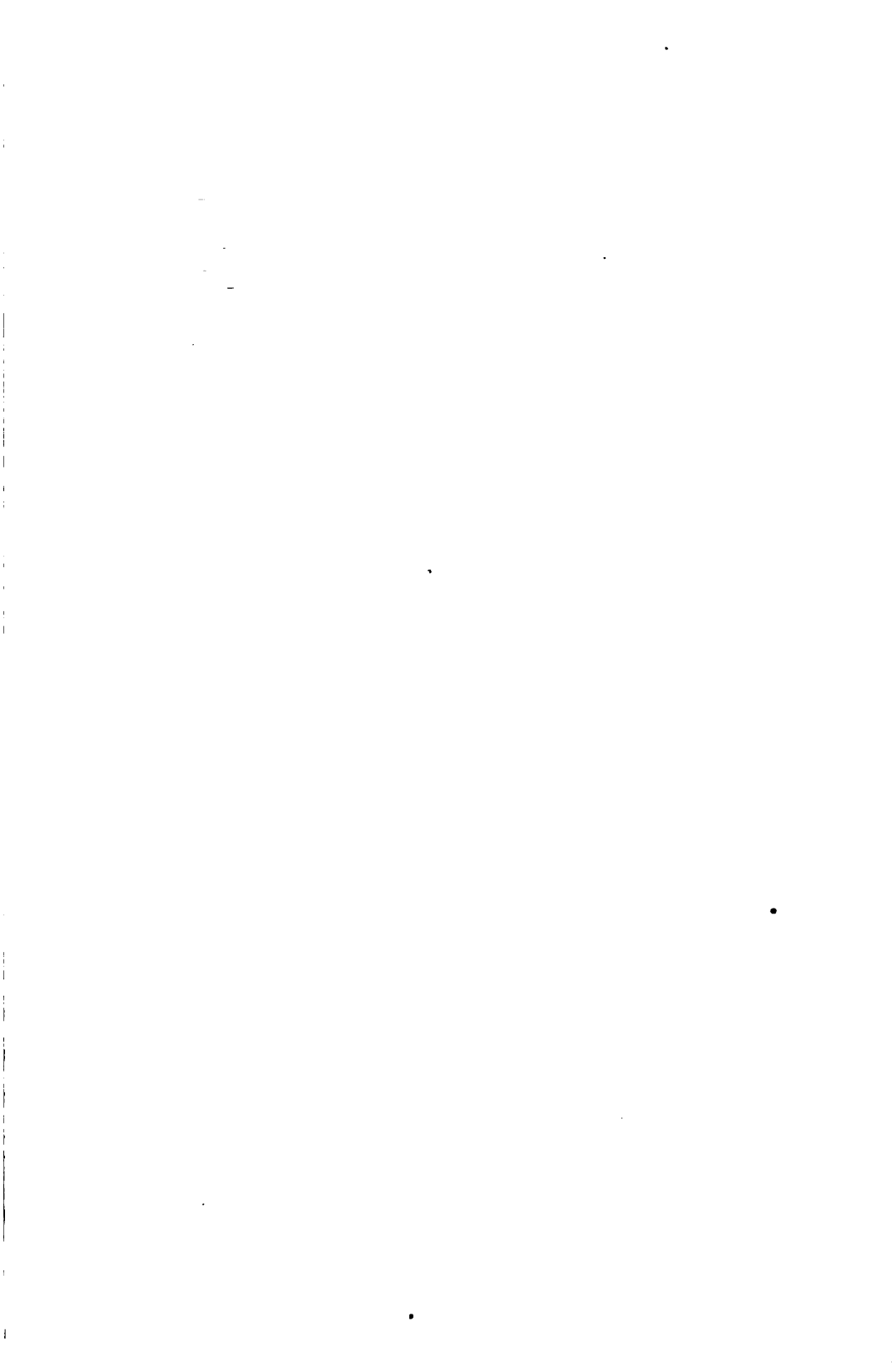
And Lord Lucan declares that he pointed *not* towards the Causeway Heights, but squarely down the valley towards the Cossack battery.

It is too poor, too pitiful an excuse for a man of Lucan's character to urge, but urge it he did. He held in his hand the order which set down in black and white the guns he was to ride at, and he ignored that order, permitted the thoughtless gesture of an irritated staff-officer to take its place, and—launched in the gallant Light Brigade to its martyrdom.

Turning away in hot-headed wrath, alone and unattended, he rode out to where Cardigan sat, in front of the light dragoons and lancers. The Heavies had done their share of the sharp work. Now the "fine gentlemen" should have their turn. Nolan's rebuke was audible to half the command, and Lord Lucan was in no fit frame of mind to consider the case. When the question arose next day as to who was responsible for the slaughter, Cardigan and Lucan differed utterly in their statements. Lucan declared that he told Cardigan simply "to advance, keeping his men well in hand," and did *not* order an attack. Cardigan said that his orders from Lucan were explicit—"Attack the enemy in the valley"—and the weight of testimony would go to show that Cardigan tells the truth. Lord Lucan was confessedly in an excited and angered frame of mind. Cardigan was utterly cool and composed, far better fit to judge exactly what was said. But that is not all. There is even stronger evidence that Lord Lucan gave the order to attack the battery at the other end of the valley, for he admits that Cardigan's next words were as Cardigan himself reports



BATTLE-FIELD OF BALAKLAVA (*Birdseye View*).



them, and the latter would have had no occasion to use the words, if he had not understood that the order required him to move squarely down the valley between the bristling heights. It seems that on receiving the instructions of his division commander, Lord Cardigan lowered his sword in salute and said :

“Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank,” and Lord Lucan, shrugging his shoulders, answered: “I know it, but Lord Raglan will have it, and we have no choice but to obey,” and so saying, he condemned his heroic men to a wild and senseless assault that Lord Raglan never for an instant contemplated, and that had he been any kind of a cavalry-soldier, Lord Lucan could never have ordered. The Light Brigade was to charge through a mile-long lane of batteries and riflemen, and attack directly in front, twelve guns supported by ten times their force in cavalry, and while Lucan promised to support with the Heavy Brigade, and D’Allonville, with the French cavalry, proposed to attack the Russians on the Fedioukine Heights, and the infantry divisions were moving down upon the plain, Lord Cardigan knew that the whole brunt of the action would fall upon him and his gallant little regiments; but with one sweeping glance along their eager ranks, he gave his quiet order.

The brigade was drawn up in two lines. The first was made up of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, Seventeenth Lancers and the gorgeous Eleventh Hussars; the second, of the Eighth Hussars and the Fourth Light Dragoons; but as Lord Cardigan placed himself in front, and calmly ordered “The brigade will advance,” Lucan himself directed Colonel Douglas with the Eleventh Hussars to fall back and act in support, and so it happened that as the brilliantly uniformed little command swept forward, *three* distinct lines were noticed; Cardigan himself, glittering in the gold-trimmed pelisse and crimson trousers of his pet regiment, the Eleventh Hussars, rode well out to the front of all, Captains Oldham of the Thirteenth and Morris of the Seventeenth led the centres of their regiments. Colonel Douglas appeared in

front of the beautiful squadrons of the Eleventh, and Lord George Paget and Colonel Shewell led those of the Fourth and Eighth in the rear.

It was a glorious moment. The eyes of five nations were fixed on that enthusiastic little command as the "Six Hundred" shook free their bridle-reins, grasped firmly lance or sabre, and at quiet walk disengaged themselves from the lines of the Heavy Brigade, and, ascending the gentle slope before them, came upon the low ridge which, curtain-like, had shut off their view down the valley, and now the whole scene lay before them. Off to their right front on the Causeway, the Russians were hurriedly hitching and driving off the captured guns. These slopes were clear of rock or tree. Nothing intervened between them and the retreating infantry and the scurrying teams to prevent a full, free gallop up, and in among the captured guns. All that was needed was a *quarter wheel to the right* to bring them directly upon the proper course, a slight deflection of not more than thirty degrees. Square to their front they could see the dark-gray masses of Ryjoff's squadrons, and the black blotches of the Cossack guns and gunners across the valley; while both on right and left-front, on Causeway crest and Fedioukine, the slopes were thick with guns and riflemen. For weeks they had been chafing with eagerness for just such a sight. The chivalry, the knightood, the "gallants of England" rode in those dainty ranks, and all athrob with exultant, daring courage, they pressed forward in eager desire to show the world the mettle of the Light Brigade.

Far back on the Sapouné Heights all eyes are strained in eager and confident gaze upon their move. From Lord Raglan down, every spectator expects to see them wheel or incline slightly to the right, then take the trot, gallop and sweep across the valley to the Causeway Heights. No one questions for an instant their ability to retake the guns, even though the Russian foot turn back to defend them. Already they have moved some two hundred yards to the front. Scarlett's heavies are beginning their advance. D'Allonville's *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are crossing to the left front, just under the Chersonese, and still

Cardigan is riding straight forward. "Why don't he wheel?" is the anxious question. Then a trumpet-call floats upward from the plain below. "Ah! there goes the signal. Now he's all right," say some with a sigh of relief. "No, by heaven! it was *trot* he sounded. Look, look!" is the excited cry of another looker-on. What can it mean? what *can* it mean? Instead of changing direction to the right the Light Brigade has taken a rapid trot and is moving straight down the valley in the very teeth of the Russian guns, and see! there goes Lucan with the Heavies almost in their tracks. God of battles, what madness! what suicide! Is there no way to stop them? Can nothing be done? Staff-officers leap into saddle. Strong men burst into tears of rage and dismay. Vain every word of recall. No horse can catch them now. The Light Brigade is darting into death.

Off on the Causeway Heights, feeling sure that they must be the object of attack, the infantry are forming squares to resist cavalry. The riflemen are running to cover, the guns are "limbering-up;" but even as skirmishers run and gunners work, their officers note, first with incredulity, then amaze, then exultation, that the brilliant horsemen are not coming their way. Passing them by they are rashly, daringly trotting to the very jaws of destruction, heading down the valley. For an instant the battery-men cannot realize the truth. Then the stern word of command brings them to their senses, quickly the guns are swung about, the black muzzles trained down into the valley, the shells rammed home, and in another instant, right, left and front, the ten gallant squadrons are enveloped in the smoke of an hundred guns, and round-shot, shell and canister are shrieking through the devoted ranks. Then the pace quickens; a dense cloud of mingled shell-smoke and dust settles in the valley, and with the thundering roar of the Russian guns shaking the earth and dinning their ears, the amazed and grief-stricken spectators on the Chersonese take their last look at the Light Brigade. It is swallowed up in "the jaws of hell."

Lord Cardigan had received his orders with becoming courtesy and respect, had pointed out to his very much detested brother-

in-law the extreme peril of the attack which the latter had ordered, and then, finding him inflexible, had contented himself with saying to Lord George Paget, colonel of the Fourth dragoons: "I expect your best support. Mind, Lord George, your best support," and then had taken his place way in front of everybody and given the order to advance. From this moment he never once looked back until the charge was over. Once well forward in plain view of the enemy he had struck a rapid trot, the brigade took up the same gait, and then, without a word from any one except an occasional "Steady," "Keep back there on the right," "Back left flank," or a caution to some too eager trooper, the Six Hundred swept onward. And now came the first tragedy.

Having given his instructions to Lord Lucan, Captain Nolan had ridden back among the file-closers in rear of the Seventeenth lancers, and was gleefully congratulating his comrades on the brilliant prospect before them, when the trumpets sounded the advance, and Nolan, drawing his sword, determined to have "his share of the dance." For a moment or two he rode in rear of the Seventeenth, for by the etiquette of the British cavalry only commanders of regiments or squadrons could lead in a charge; but all of a sudden there came the signal to trot, and then to his dismay Nolan saw that instead of sweeping around to the right towards the Causeway, the brigade was going straight ahead down the valley—the very last place they should go. In utter consternation now, forgetting all formality, he dashed around the left flank of the lancers and obliquely across the front of the brigade, well out in front of Lord Cardigan himself, shouting: "This way, this way," and pointing with his sword towards the guns on the Causeway. Cardigan, furious at such a piece of audacious interference on part of a mere captain, paid no attention whatever to his vehement signals, and would doubtless have ordered him out of the way, when a shell, bursting in air, sent a whirring fragment through the gallant breast of the foremost soldier, and, with his heart torn in twain, with his sabre arm still uplifted, with an appalling death-cry on his lips, poor Louis Nolan, a superb horseman even when his soul had

fled, rode back a corpse through the interval between the lancers and dragoons, and there the life-ridden body slowly toppled from the saddle and sank to earth. With him went the last chance of saving the Light Brigade. Its most enthusiastic champion, Nolan was the first to fall.

And now with shot and shell crashing through their ranks his comrades are spurring on. No one cares to ask where they are going. No one "reasons why." Deeper into the smoke-blackened valley they plunge; horses and men going headlong to earth every instant, and still at that relentless, inflexible trot, no faster, no slower, Cardigan leads them down. Enveloped in a perfect hell of fire, closing in their shattered ranks, they keep on their desperate way; no guide now but the flash of those death-dealing guns in front; no support or aid of any kind, for Lucan is almost out of range behind, and D'Allonville has not yet reached the Fedioukine. One-half the leading rank is by this time shot away, and the supports are riding over prostrate corpses of charger and trooper, or striving to leap over or by many a struggling form. Riderless horses with piteous cries are crowding into their old places in the ranks with that strange instinct that leads all old chargers to seek their accustomed place in the turmoil of battle. Other horses, some dragging the senseless form of their masters, crowd between the squadrons. Others still range alongside the squadron leaders of the second and third lines. Lord George Paget has to use his sword to free himself from their gory flanks. The fire is so murderous that Captain White, of the Seventeenth, eagerly strives to force the pace and get in among the guns; but Cardigan, martinet to the last, sternly checks him until they are within a hundred yards of the battery, and then, with one mad impulse, the first line, dragoons and lancers, leaps forward at racing speed into the bank of smoke, and all formation is lost in the dash of the hunting-field. One last salvo is given by the battery, a parting salute that sweeps down many a superb soldier, for here Captains Oldham and Goad, of the Thirteenth, and Winter and Thompson, of the Seventeenth, are killed. Captains White and Webb and Sir William Gordon are hurled to earth, and Sir George Wombwell, Cardigan's aide,

loses his horse. Only some fifty men, all told, are left to represent that heroic front line; but "plunged in the battery smoke" in they rush, Cardigan and Morris leading faultlessly on, and with one ringing cheer they burst upon the cavalry supports behind the battery. Morris' sword is driven to the hilt through the body of the Russian squadron leader, and, as the transfixed corpse goes crashing to the ground, Morris himself, hacked over the head by furious swordsmen, falls senseless upon the body of his victim. Then in come the light horsemen of the Eleventh Hussars, cruelly, pitifully diminished in numbers, but still superb in their array; and, abandoning their guns, the Russians wheel about and flee in terror for the valley of the Tchernaya behind them.

Shewell, with the single squadron of the Royal Irish, is driving a whole regiment of gray-coated cavalry. Douglas and Paget, with the remnant of the Eleventh and Fourth, are hewing at the backs of the fugitive squadrons. All is in precipitate retreat before the battle-thinned bands of English horsemen; but, little by little, the Russian officers are able to see that they are pursued by a mere handful, and call upon their men to halt and rally; little by little the pursuers pause for breath and look about them, and then comes the moment when what is left of the Light Brigade finds it necessary to fall back. It has ridden deep into the very centre of an overpowering enemy. It is utterly without support. It has made the most daring and desperate charge in the annals of history. Two-thirds of its numbers are stretched dead, dying or wounded upon their torn and blood-stained track, and now, the wearied survivors must "hark back" to their lines. A second time they must run the gauntlet of those guns and riflemen, and drifting back through the Cossack battery, now silent and abandoned, they come upon scores of these half-savage horsemen engaged in the brutal task of prodding to death the helpless and wounded troopers who had fallen in the charge.

Slowly, painfully the survivors make their way towards the upper end of the now corpse-strewn valley, dark and sombre under its heavy pall of battle-smoke, and, singly or in groups

of two or three, they rejoin their unhorsed comrades who had been able to hobble to the starting-point. It is a sorry muster, and though a cheer goes up from the shattered group as some favorite officer or man comes forward to join them, all are sad and depressed. Cardigan orders them to "fall in," and directs the rolls to be called. "It was a mad-brained trick," he tells them; "but it was no fault of mine," and one can hardly see how Cardigan could be blamed after his interview with Lord Lucan just before the charge. He was no more popular among his officers than was the division commander, yet they say of him that from the moment of his reception of the order until all were obscured in the smoke of the Cossack battery he was the foremost man, and that he superbly led the charge of the Light Brigade.

It was said of Lord Cardigan, however, that he came back too soon. It seems that after riding through the guns he found himself surrounded by a number of Russian lancers, had a sharp struggle to free himself, was slightly wounded, and when he managed to get clear of them he could see nothing of his men except those who were now slowly retreating up the valley. He rode back to the Heavy Brigade (which Lord Lucan had halted under the fire of the Causeway guns, after losing some valuable officers and men) and burst out in a tirade of abuse of Nolan. It was pithily observed by an officer of the guards that day that whoever might be the really responsible party for that terrible blunder, the blame would be thrown upon poor Nolan, for he was dead and defenceless. Dead! yes, and for a long time well-nigh defenceless, for the all powerful arm of the English aristocracy was thrown around the reputations of Lucan and Cardigan, and they, though relieved from their commands and returned to England, had the press of the nation, the house of peers and the tongues of the nobility and gentry to ventilate their side of the story. "The king can do no wrong," say the royalists. "A peer of England cannot blunder," is the military maxim that for years has sent many a gallant soldier to certain and needless death, because titled incompetents had to be gratified with important commands. Lucan's lamentable failure in

the Crimea, Lord Chelmsford's wholesale sacrifice of the Twenty-fourth regiment at Isandhlwana are part and parcel of the same false system of appointment—family connection—"influence"—taking the place of soldierly merit, and then when her sons are slaughtered and somebody must bear the brunt, loyal England rises to the vehement defence of these high-born blunderers and casts the blame upon her martyred dead.

And so it was with Louis Nolan. Despite the opinion of the cavalry division, and the statements of its officers, the nation for some time was carefully taught to believe that he was responsible for the mad charge. Lords Lucan and Cardigan were speedily back in London telling their side of the story, but the soldiers were kept far away in the Crimea until little by little the bitterness of feeling died away; and then, link by link, slowly and carefully it was left to such a conscientious historian as Alexander Kinglake to elicit all the facts, to lay them before the world, and to exonerate the first and greatest victim of the Light cavalry charge.

It had taken the "Heavies" just eight minutes to hack and hew the Russian cavalry to pieces. It took less than twenty minutes to destroy the Light Brigade. It rode in with 673 horsemen. It came out with 195, and one regiment, the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, could muster only ten men after the charge. The actual losses in killed and wounded were 247, officers and men; but the number of horses killed and disabled was over 500, which accounts in a measure for the small force which the brigade was able to muster in saddle when reassembled in the north valley.

The incidents of this wonderful exploit would fill a volume, but space forbids them here. Despite the terrible fire it had encountered, the Light Brigade had charged in front a powerful battery, and absolutely driven in disorder an army in position. Well might the admiring Frenchmen say of it: "It is magnificent; but it is not war."

MANASSAS,
OR
SECOND BULL RUN.

1862.



N telling of the battles of our own land there is little need for preliminaries. Thanks to our public school system, almost every boy or girl in America knows the history of the great war waged between the North and the seceding States of the South. The North fought to preserve the Union, the South for utter independence. The far-seeing statesmen of the Union knew well that, with the bond once broken, the nation as such would speedily fall to pieces. The political leaders of the South, who, for years, through the democratic party, had been accustomed to govern the entire country, found themselves "out of power" by the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency; and, being determined either to rule or ruin, called upon their brave and devoted people to follow them, cut loose from the Union, and set up an administration of their own against the general government. ~ The flag of the United States was shot down at Sumter, and the North sprang to arms to defend the capital city from the attack already menaced. The President called upon the militia, and Washington was saved. Then came the first attempt to chastise the South. Big Bethel and Bull Run were the consequences. The North woke up to a realization of the fact that the South could fight most gallantly and scientifically, and that not three months but three years, not seventy-five thousand but seven hundred and fifty thousand men,

would be needed to bring it to terms. A great army had to be raised, drilled and disciplined, and, as the only man who had met with any success, small or great, so far, George B. McClellan was put at the head of the raw organization ; the veteran Scott gracefully retired, and the hopes, prayers and the enthusiastic admiration of the nation centred in the young general, thus suddenly lifted to nearly supreme command.

He had a colossal task before him. With all its patriotism, the North contained about as unmilitary a population as ever lived. The arts of peace and the pursuit of "the almighty dollar" had absorbed the entire attention of all but a very small portion of its law-abiding and pacific citizens. Not one man in fifty knew the use of rifle or pistol ; not one in a hundred could bestride a horse without making a guy of himself. Some few fine militia organizations existed in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, but, as a rule, military exercises were frowned upon by the press, military associations denounced by the pulpit, and military dress or bearing sneered at, if not insulted, by the public. The maxim of our great Washington, "In time of peace prepare for war," was utterly ignored. It sometimes happened that vacancies existed in the cadetships at the national military academy at West Point, for which no applicants would be found in the congressional districts of the North. Even the allurements of being fed, clothed, educated and paid by the general government was not sufficient to overcome, in many communities, the prejudice against the profession of arms.

Not so in the South. From the days of the revolution its men were bred to a life in the saddle, and skilled in the use of fire-arms. The young man who was not a bold rider and a passable shot was looked upon almost as a milksop among his comrades. More than that, by sisters, sweethearts and wives. Contempt for danger and death was a part of the Southerner's creed. He was forced to assume it whether he felt it or not, and however harmful, pernicious and lawless may have been the system, the "code," as it was called, that made men answerable to an opponent's pistol for any offence from direct insult to

trivial discourtesy, had the effect of teaching the South the use of arms, and made ready soldiers of its people.

The war with Mexico, an unpopular contest in the minds of Northerners, created a whirlwind of enthusiasm throughout the South. From that time every Southern family of prominence was represented in the army. The best names, the best blood, the best intellects in the South, were found in the military service of the nation. Successive Presidents sought among Southern politicians for their secretaries of war, and such men as Conrad, Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd eagerly seized every opportunity to fill the vacancies that went a begging in the North, with importations from the South. The army was controlled, led, influenced and taught by Southerners; West Point was imbued with the doctrine of States' rights, and the battalion of cadets was virtually commanded by Southern officers. The Northern States had one military school worthy of mention as such, outside of West Point. The South was full of them. The North had only three or four military organizations to which a gentleman could belong without losing caste in society. The South was full of companies, battalions or batteries which its people gloried in. Southern graduates of West Point stuck to the army and made it their home. Northern graduates in great numbers resigned and went into civil life. Northern cadets who failed to pass their examinations, and were returned to their homes, went back as a rule disgusted with their ill-success, and strove to conceal the fact that they had ever been at West Point. Southern boys in a like predicament went home and put what they *had* learned to some account in their local militia. Between the Mexican war and 1861 there were two hundred and forty-four appointees from slave States who failed to be graduated; there were dozens more who, though appointed "At Large," hailed from the South, and so in addition to the large number of Southern officers who were commissioned as graduates of the academy, the South was full of admirably instructed young company and battery commanders when our great war broke out.

As an instance of this we cite the distinguished Virginia family of Taliaferro. Six of its men between the years 1815

and 1859 entered West Point, none succeeded in getting through, yet some of those Taliaferros were admirable soldiers, and one of them a division commander under Stonewall Jackson. Other distinguished Southern names there were that appeared for a time upon the rolls at the Military Academy, and, afterwards, shone brilliantly on Southern battle-fields—Armisteads, Andersons, Gordons, Locketts, Rossers, Coopers, Garnetts, Wilcox, Robertson (of Texas) and dozens more. From first to last, the South never lacked for accomplished officers, and, at the start, we of the North were hard pushed to find *soldiers* of any kind. In this emergency the government received with open arms large numbers of soldiers of fortune from across the sea—men who had no earthly interest in our mortal struggle, and only came to us attracted by liberal pay and the easily obtained command of regiments, even of brigades. For the first year of the war, while our serious, plodding and hard-studying volunteer officers were learning their duties, these brilliantly uniformed and heavy moustachioed foreigners swaggered about the streets of New York, Philadelphia and Washington, lionized and fêted by scores and hundreds; but by the second year they were seen only occasionally in the camps and field; many of them drifted into the Eleventh corps and ran like sheep before “Stonewall” Jackson’s men at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and by the third year of the war most of their names had dropped from the muster-rolls, and few had attained honorable distinction. The war was fought out by Americans, as a rule, “native and to the manner born.”

The Southern forces completely whipped the undisciplined militia of the North at Bull Run in July, 1861. Then McClellan proceeded to organize the Army of the Potomac, and after eight months of incessant drill and preparation, led it to the peninsula between the York and the James rivers, fought his way slowly up towards Richmond, gaining some slight successes, but, being badly worsted along the Chickahominy, was compelled to “change his base” to the James river. He made a superb fight at Malvern Hill, and, had he followed up the advantage there gained, his victorious troops might have marched into

Richmond; but McClellan was over-cautious. He had not thorough confidence in all his corps commanders, nor had all of them thorough confidence in him. He had organized and built up this admirable army from a chaos of raw regiments, but he failed to handle it to the best advantage. Southern generals spoke of McClellan as a "book-soldier," whose every move they could anticipate, and in the North, thanks to the fears of the administration for the safety of the capital, he had been greatly hampered by conflicting orders, and compelled to take the field, leaving behind him some 40,000 men upon whose services he had counted.

And now after Malvern he clamored for reinforcements to aid him in a projected onward move; but he had not the confidence of the President and Cabinet, and though he had with him nearly ninety thousand men and was eager to resume operations, the answer was an order to abandon the peninsula and bring his army back to Acquia Creek on the Potomac. We had then been fighting nearly a year, and the South had had by far the best of it.

Before issuing the order recalling McClellan from the peninsula a new army, composed of the fine corps of McDowell, and the troops hitherto serving under Banks and Fremont in Northern and Western Virginia, had been organized in front of Washington. It was called "The Army of Virginia," and its first duty was to be the defence of the national capital. About the same time the President, in his grievous perplexity and distress of mind, summoned from the West two generals who had been prominently and successfully before the public during the first year of the war in their campaigns along the Mississippi. These officers were Henry W. Halleck, who was called to Washington to be general-in-chief, and John Pope, who was assigned to the new command, the Army of Virginia. Any lingering vestige of cordiality between the Cabinet and General McClellan was destroyed from this moment, and the army itself became divided in sentiment—many officers and men enthusiastically calling themselves champions of the cause of their still popular young general; others preferring to stand by

the actions of the general government, right or wrong. General Halleck never succeeded in getting on smoothly with any of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and General Pope's very first move was one that called down upon him the animosity of General McClellan's adherents. He issued a "pronunciamiento" to his new command, making comparisons that were emphatically odious between the methods of the Eastern army and those of the Western men with whom he had been associated. It was a most unfortunate start.

However, General Pope had nearly 50,000 men, and with them he moved forward along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railway towards Gordonsville, and General Lee, feeling assured that McClellan had no more desire for fight at that moment, sent "Stonewall" Jackson, his great lieutenant, with two fine divisions, to go up and see what he could do with Pope. Early in August he further reinforced Jackson, who on the 7th and 8th of that month crossed the Rapidan with his own division and those of Ewell and A. P. Hill. On the 9th Jackson's command encountered the corps of General Banks at Cedar Mountain, and a spirited battle took place in which the untried troops of Banks behaved admirably against the veterans of the South, but General Halleck at Washington was greatly alarmed for the safety of the capital, and then it was that the Army of the Potomac was hurried back from the peninsula to the support of Pope. The moment McClellan fell back from Harrison's Landing on the James, General Lee with his whole available command, except the garrison of Richmond, marched northward in all haste. His plan was to fall upon and crush Pope out of existence before McClellan's men, moving round by water from Fortress Monroe, could reach and relieve him.

On the 15th of August Longstreet's and Hood's divisions reached Gordonsville with Stuart's cavalry. On the 20th Jackson and Longstreet crossed the Rapidan, and Pope fell back behind the Rappahannock, holding the fords in strong force, and now the two armies, Lee's veterans and Pope's almost untried troops, stood facing each other along that storied stream. The Southern general learned that reinforcements from McClellan's

army were already in march to join Pope, and that Reno's division of Burnside's corps (just returned from the expedition to the North Carolina coast) had already arrived from Acquia creek. No time was to be lost. He had not more than 70,000 men with him, and Pope might soon have twice that number. General Lee ordered up from Richmond the divisions of McLaws and D. H. Hill, and Wade Hampton's cavalry, and at once set about the task of giving Pope a beating before his supports could arrive.

The Northern army, on the 20th of August, occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock from Kelly's ford to a point some three or four miles above the railway bridge. On the 21st Lee appeared in force along the south bank, and all that day and the next the batteries of the opposing armies hammered away at one another without much effect. The Southern generals found every ford strongly guarded and were unable to force a passage. Then that irrepressible Stonewall Jackson obtained the consent of his chief, moved farther "up stream," crossed Early's brigade at Sulphur Springs above Pope's army, and would probably have essayed his favorite manœuvre of attacking our flank had not a violent storm set in. The torrents of rain that fell converted the placid Rappahannock into a raging flood. Jackson could not get across to support Early, and Early was in desperate danger of capture or destruction; but his energetic officers patched up a ricketty bridge, and the brigade got back to the lower bank in safety. Meantime the daring cavalry leader, Stuart, with only a few hundred troopers, had crossed the Rappahannock at Waterloo bridge, swept round the rear of Pope's army, struck the railway at Catlett's Station, captured all the headquarters' papers and baggage, three hundred prisoners and a quantity of provisions, set fire to the station, and trotted gayly off in the darkness, laughing at the consternation his dash had created in the camps of the headquarters and convoy guards. Luckily for "the Army of Virginia" the night was so very dark that Stuart failed to see that an immense train of supplies and provisions was parked near the station. He rode away without burning either that or the railway bridge, as he might easily have done.

And now, after the storm, General Pope extended his lines to the west, sending the corps of Sigel and Banks up to Sulphur Springs, where Early had crossed and recrossed. On the other side Longstreet's command covered the whole front recently occupied by his and Jackson's combined; and, on the 25th of August, with the entire consent of General Lee, Stonewall Jackson set forth on an expedition that was daring to the verge of insanity; a piece of recklessness that nothing but absolute contempt for his adversary could justify, and that nothing but the greatest good luck could withhold from dire disaster. For four days Pope with 50,000 men, obedient to the vehement orders of Halleck to "fight like the devil," and hold the line of the Rappahannock, had been foiling Lee's direct attempts to cross with 70,000. Time was precious, and Jackson, who knew every bridle or wood-path in the country, urged a bold move. The map will show the whole scheme. Pope's supplies and reinforcements could reach him only by the line of the Orange and Alexandria railway, and the broad turnpike from Alexandria to Warrenton. The former passes through Manassas Junction south of the old Bull Run battle-field of the previous year; the latter goes right through it, crossing Bull Run on the stone bridge which became famous that hot July Sunday. Warrenton is a pretty country town lying among the bold hills that form the southern end of the low, wooded range known as Bull Run mountains. Beginning here near Warrenton this range runs nearly due north to the Potomac near Leesburg, and it is crossed or penetrated by only three roads of any account—one near Leesburg, one at Aldie from Fairfax, and south of these by the Manassas Gap railway and the parallel well-travelled road at Thoroughfare Gap, a crooked and easily defensible pass that lies about five miles west of Gainesville, where the railway, the Warrenton pike and the Gap road all meet. About fifteen miles south of east of Gainesville lies Manassas Junction, where the railways unite, and where immense stores of rations, clothing and ammunition were deposited. Jackson's plan was to make a forced march up the valley west of the Bull Run mountains, to push through Thoroughfare Gap, swoop down on Manassas

Junction and destroy everything there before Pope could get back from the Rappahannock, or the Army of the Potomac get forward from Alexandria, to defend it. By letting him go and thus dividing his army in two widely separated commands or wings, General Lee took the grave risk of having either half attacked by overwhelming numbers and of being "beaten in detail;" but such was his confidence in Jackson's luck and ability that he took the risk without apparent hesitation. It was the most audacious thing even Jackson had yet attempted.

Early on the morning of August 25th, with three veteran divisions, his own old division now led by Taliaferro, and those of Ewell and A. P. Hill, Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's ford beyond Pope's outposts on the upper stream; reached the town of Orleans and then pushed boldly northward through the fertile valley. Stuart with his daring troopers rode well out on his right at the base of the hills so as to prevent Pope's cavalry from peering into his movements; and so through the long August day in disciplined silence the sinewy footmen trudged along behind their trusted leader. He had forbidden all cheering, all noise of any kind. He led them through forest aisles and by short cuts across the fields, raising as little dust as possible. The guns came "clinking" along behind with that jingling rumble that all old artillerymen know so well. The wagons with their scanty rations were left far in rear, and the men had only a little hard tack in their lean haversacks, or munched the handfuls of parched corn given them by sympathizing friends among the farms through which they passed; but every now and then Jackson would rein in his raw-boned horse and take a look at them from under the shabby yellow-gray forage cap he wore, pulled down over his keen eyes, and then they would tramp by him, waving their battered old felt hats until some irrepressible spirit would start a yell of delight, when the whole column would break into a chorus that old Stonewall had hard work stopping. Ragged, barefooted, hungry as they were, those magnificent fellows marched thirty-five miles that day, and never halted until they reached the Manassas Gap railway at Salem just before sunset. There they bivouacked for the

night; rose before the sun on the 26th, pushed eastward through Thoroughfare Gap all unopposed, reached Gainesville on the Warrenton pike, and then, obedient to his orders to "break up his (Pope's) railroad communications with the Federal capital," Jackson swooped down on Bristoe Station just at sunset, while Stuart galloped into Manassas Junction, took several hundred prisoners and eight guns, and made himself master of the vast supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores. It was the "biggest haul" made during the war, a God-send to the hungry and tattered soldiers; and one can readily imagine the merry night Stuart's men had in "fitting out" and feasting at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Jackson destroyed Bristoe and the railway near it; then, leaving Ewell as rear-guard, moved seven miles up the road to Manassas Junction, where he and the divisions with him proceeded to help themselves to the provisions, new shoes, socks and underclothing so lavishly supplied them. In many cases, too, ragged gray uniforms were replaced by the spotless blue of the Union. The dust would soon make it as dingy as the old garb, so what was the difference? Ewell held his post at Bristoe until late in the afternoon of the 27th, when he was attacked by superior force and driven in; then he too backed up to Manassas and joined the main body.

Meantime what had Pope been doing?

Jackson was well across the Rappahannock and west of Warrenton when tidings of his astonishing move were brought to the Northern general. In all probability the latter could not believe that even Jackson would dare separate himself by such a distance from the main army, and so, up to nightfall on the 25th, half expected one of his impetuous attacks on the right flank. Reno and Sigel, who were at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge, were held in readiness to move wherever he might show his skirmish line, and McDowell's corps, composed of the strong divisions of King and Ricketts, moved up between Warrenton and Sulphur Springs. To McDowell's command was here added a little division of 2,800 men, the remnants of McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves that so recently had been

severely handled on the peninsula, and John F. Reynolds had succeeded to the command of what was left of the division. But the 25th passed without attack from the west, though Longstreet kept everybody busy along the Rappahannock, and not until well along on the 26th did General Pope begin to realize what Jackson was driving at. It was with absolute delight he learned that the rash Virginian with not more than 30,000 men was between him and Washington, an easy prey to the overwhelming force he could throw upon him, for that very day the strong corps of Fitz John Porter and Heintzelman had arrived from the Army of the Potomac, and he knew that the rest of that army, the corps of Sumner and Franklin, were, or ought to be, in march from Alexandria to join him.

On the night of the 26th he learned that Jackson and Stuart were on the railway behind him, and, facing about with a large portion of his command, he started early on the morning of the 27th to surround and capture them. Leaving Generals Banks and Porter to look after Longstreet should he cross the Rappahannock in pursuit, Pope turned his back on General Lee and hurried northward, expecting very justly to "bag the whole crowd." Never had Northern commander such a chance before. McDowell was charged with the duty of heading Jackson off on the west and preventing his getting back through the gap. To this end, he with his own divisions, Sigel's corps and Reynolds' little command were ordered to hasten to Gainesville. Reno and Kearney with their divisions were to march "cross country," through Greenwich, ready to support either McDowell on the pike or Pope on the railway, which ever should first meet Jackson; and Pope himself with Hooker's division marched up the railway, leaving Porter at Warrenton Junction. The only way left for Jackson to get out of the scrape, apparently, was to push southeastward from Manassas Junction through a tangled and almost roadless country where his trains could not have followed him; but Jackson was taking things very coolly, as we have seen, and was in no way hurried. Not until late on the afternoon of the 27th did any engagement occur between his people and their pursuers. Then Ewell's men at Kettle Run were

fiercely attacked by Hooker and driven up the road. That night, Jackson's entire force was with him at Manassas, while Stuart's troopers, thrown out in every direction, covered him like an impenetrable veil. At Washington all was consternation. Not a word could be heard from Pope. All wires were cut, all roads destroyed, all couriers captured by the active horsemen. General Halleck and the cabinet were ready to believe that Lee's whole army was advancing upon them and that Pope was nowhere.

But Jackson well knew he could not stay at Manassas. Dark as was the night of the 27th, after burning and destroying everything he could not use or take with him, he again called on his men and slipped out northward toward Sudley Springs, sending A. P. Hill off to the northeast and way around by Centreville. Pope felt sure he would attempt to get away towards the south and east, and so sent orders calling in Reno and Kearney to the railroad, and directing McDowell's command (which was bivouacked for the night of the 27th on the turnpike southwest of Gainesville) to march at early dawn along the Manassas Gap railway to the junction. This was all very well if Jackson would be idiot enough to stay there, or to attempt to cut through the woods to the lower Rappahannock, but Jackson meant to do neither. He knew well that Lee and Longstreet would follow on his trail to Thoroughfare Gap the moment Pope fell back from the river, and all he wanted was clear ground between him and Bull Run mountains, to enable him to make a junction with his friends the moment they should appear. If cut off from Thoroughfare, he could fall back to the northwest towards the upper gap at Aldie.

Early on the morning of the 28th of August, Jackson with Ewell and Taliaferro crossed the Warrenton turnpike near Bull Run and kept on towards Sudley Springs. A. P. Hill as rear-guard was still hanging about the smouldering ruins of the trains at Manassas Junction. By eight o'clock Reno and Kearney had joined Hooker at Bristoe, and with these three divisions Pope made the seven mile march to the Junction, only to find that Jackson had given him the slip after doing incalculable

damage. Buford with his cavalry had already been sent off towards Thoroughfare Gap to hold it, if possible, should Lee and Longstreet come that way, and Pope did not really know which way Jackson had gone when word was brought in that his rear guard was even then crossing Blackburn's ford on Bull Run, and moving towards Centreville. Instantly the Union general had to change all his plans. Kearney and Reno were hurried off in pursuit. Porter, who had finally worked up to Bristoe, was ordered up to Manassas Junction, and McDowell, who had already passed through Gainesville, and was approaching Manassas Junction from that point, was ordered to turn back, regain the Warrenton pike, and march on Centreville. It took hours to get things straightened out to meet the new situation.

Meantime, Jackson's craft had succeeded admirably. He had moved quietly into a very strong position north of the turnpike along the embankment of an unfinished railway that extended from Sudley Springs to Gainesville; and here, while Stuart vigilantly watched everything off to the west—Jackson's *right* flank—he and his men, hidden in the leafy woods, rested quietly through the long summer day, while Hill led Kearney and Reno a veritable "wild goose chase" way up to Centreville. During the morning and afternoon the corps of Sigel and the little division of Pennsylvanians under Reynolds came trudging rather wearily through the fields from the southwest. Some shots were exchanged between the flankers and skirmishers, and the Union generals led their commands off into the woods along the Sudley Springs road-way, *south* of the pike, and waited for orders or instructions. They certainly had not expected to find Jackson there. About this time, too, came A. P. Hill from Centreville, "doubling on his tracks," and successfully eluding Kearney, who could even now be heard five miles away to the eastward volleying at the rear guard regiments of Hill's command. Far off to the distant west, too, where the low blue line of the Bull Run Mountains spanned the horizon, the boom, boom of cannon told Jackson that Lee and Longstreet were fighting their way through the Gap, and unless strenuously op-

posed, would be with him on the morrow. Evidently they were *not* opposed in force, since at least 13,000 Union troops had already marched eastward below Groveton, and Stuart was able to report that Buford's cavalry was falling back before Longstreet, who had even sent a force through Hopewell Gap, a rugged pass three miles higher up the range, and had turned the flank of Ricketts' division sent thither to help Buford; and Ricketts, too, was falling back towards Gainesville. No wonder old Stonewall was in the best possible spirits. He had outwitted his antagonists, and he and his men were serenely sure of holding their ground until reinforced.

But was that all? The day had passed without a fight so far as he was concerned, and his men, now refreshed, clothed and fed, were eager for a brush of some kind, and it was barely half-past five. Suddenly there came from down the road a burst of martial music, and a mile or so to the west there issued from the wood-roads leading to the Junction a solid, compact column of blue-clad infantry. Regiment after regiment filed out upon the pike, and, to the stirring marches of their bands, moved jauntily forward until finally four strong brigades were in sight, the leading one by this time directly opposite Ewell's position. It was King's division of McDowell's corps, ignorant of the proximity of either friend or foe, marching towards Centreville in compliance with the new orders. The sight was too much for Jackson and his men. Three light batteries hastily "hitched in," the first one ready, trotted out upon the slopes to the south, whirled around "in battery," and in another minute was thundering its salute at the waving colors of the blue column.

Somewhere about three o'clock that afternoon General McDowell, riding with General King through the woods down by Bethlehem Church, was met by Pope's order to turn back and make for Centreville as soon as he could regain the pike. Sigel and Reynolds were already somewhere off to the east near Bull Run, and King's men, resting meantime in the woods, were countermarched as soon as the way was clear. McDowell himself was puzzled by the conflicting orders. He had taken the responsibility of detaching Ricketts and sending him back towards

Thoroughfare Gap from Gainesville, and now he decided to go and find General Pope, "with the best intentions in the world" of informing him as to the neighborhood, with which he thought himself familiar after his experience of the previous year; but it may be said right here that McDowell not only did not find General Pope that afternoon or until the following day, but that he could not himself be found when greatly needed.

Obedient to his orders General King had moved out on the pike towards five p. m. All was clear, the bands soon ceased their music, and the men trudged along at route step; the leading brigade (Hatch's) well ahead, passed over the Groveton ridge, and the next brigade came marching out from the shelter of some thick woods north of the pike. At its head rode General John Gibbon, recently commander of the fine battery of the Fourth (regular) artillery that accompanied the brigade. Three regiments of his command were from Wisconsin, one from Indiana. It was the only exclusively "far-western" brigade in the army then serving in Virginia, and it was a superb one. The instant its column was well out opposite the open slopes to the north, there came the sudden salute of Jackson's battery. "Halt!" rang along the ranks, and in another instant with cracking whips and charging steeds battery "B" came tearing up the road at full gallop. Gibbon himself placed it in position, opened rapid fire on the opposing guns; then, calling to the Second Wisconsin to follow him, he plunged into the woods to his left front and rode forward intent on the capture of the Southern battery. Just beyond the skirt of woods the regiment, deploying, ran upon a skirmish line of infantry lying in the tall grass. Sharp musketry fire began at once; the rest of the brigade was ordered forward and soon formed line on the Second Wisconsin, and then, to their utter amaze, there came sweeping over the low slopes before them six splendid brigades of infantry—Taliaferro's whole division and two brigades of Ewell's. Jackson meant to have one rattling fight then before the sun went down.

Well—he had it. It was the first time that western brigade had been engaged, but it won a name that night never forgotten

to this day. For one mortal hour it held its ground against those six brigades of Jackson's with what he termed "obstinate determination," though losing forty per cent. of its officers and men, and being eventually supported only by Doubleday's little brigade, which also suffered severely. Hatch and Patrick, commanding the head and rear of King's column, did not get into action, for darkness put an end to the bloody combat by the time they reached the spot. Not one inch of ground had King's men yielded, and for once at least Jackson's celebrated division had met its match. Ewell lost a leg, Taliaferro was severely wounded, and a large number of field-officers of the Southern side had been killed. Far better would it have been for Jackson had he allowed that particular division to pursue its march unmolested. Yet the western brigade that had so heroically borne the whole brunt of the battle was fearfully cut up. Most of its field-officers were killed or wounded, and the ground was strewn with dead and dying.

But they had found Jackson. The prisoners who were brought before General King stoutly affirmed that old Stone-wall was right there with from 40,000 to 60,000 men, and King, not knowing that Sigel's corps was only a few miles away, sent a note to Ricketts urging him to come to his support and that he would hold the ground until then. Staff-officers were sent to report the situation to Pope and McDowell, but neither Pope nor McDowell could be found in the darkness of the night, and, though they heard the firing and knew well that it must be King's division engaged with Jackson, they probably thought that Sigel and Reynolds were supporting him and sent no orders. Believing that Jackson was attempting to retreat towards Thoroughfare, and that Sigel, King and Reynolds with 20,000 men were blocking the way, all their energies were centred on getting up troops to attack him in rear with the coming of day. But Jackson had not a thought of going. Secure in his position, and knowing that two of Longstreet's divisions were through the gap, he was only waiting until daybreak to pounce upon that isolated division of King that had given him so hard a tussle at sunset, and completely demolish it before supports could arrive.

King's brigade commanders had assembled after nine o'clock to talk over the situation with him, and this view of the case was strongly represented. He could not order Ricketts to abandon the work of detaining Longstreet and come to his assistance. No one was there who could give such orders. General Reynolds had ridden over through the woods and assured King that he was off there on his right, and all who knew Reynolds knew that as early as possible he would come; but he was two miles off with only 2,800 men, and Jackson was already there with 28,000. Prisoners said twice 28,000. The peril of the situation was evident to all. They could not stay where they were without every prospect of being annihilated at dawn; so, urged by his brigade commanders, General King most reluctantly gave the order to fall back across the pike, and at one o'clock in the morning through the wooded roads, in the dense darkness, he and his wearied division groped their way off to the right in search of Manassas Junction and supports. Ricketts had halted at Gainesville for the night; but on learning after midnight by a letter from General King of the move of that division, he roused his men and took the first road to the railway. It landed him at Bristoe Station early in the morning of the 29th, about the time that King and Porter met face to face at the Junction.

And so the road from Thoroughfare Gap to Jackson was left open. Longstreet pushed ahead, and by noon on the 29th his leading troops were deploying, facing east across the Warrenton pike, and Stonewall Jackson was safely out of the tightest place in which he had ever marched his willing command.

Bitterly disappointed as was General Pope, he was hopeful and energetic as ever. He came at all speed back from Centreville to the west bank of Bull Run, ignorant of the coming of Longstreet, and bent on crushing Jackson as the latter retreated. McDowell, who had bivouacked somewhere in the woods over night, unable to find his way in any direction, was again in saddle. Porter's fine corps had come up from Bristoe and was extended in long column on the road from the Junction out towards Gainesville, its leading regiment having deployed as

skirmishers across the little stream known as Dawkin's branch. King's wearied division, now only about 5,000 strong, was resting by the roadside. Reynolds had early pushed out his skirmishers, and "felt" those of Jackson along the pike. Sigel during the morning made an unsuccessful attack and had kept up a scattering fire at the advance troops of Jackson's lines, but everything was uncertainty and confusion on the Union side, while with the army of Lee matters seemed to be going like clock-work. Longstreet and Lee had reached the field of battle; the lines of the former's troops were actually deployed and ready to fight soon after noon on that much-disputed day, and General Pope fondly cherished the belief that only Jackson was in his front.

Early in the afternoon, however, he was ready to resume the attack. Kearney, Reno and Sigel, facing west, were to assault from Sudley Springs on the north along Jackson's front. King's and Ricketts' divisions were ordered to move up towards the pike by the Sudley Springs road; and it was General Pope's plan that Porter's whole corps, facing northwest, should fall upon the right flank of the enemy, while he with all his force made a grand attack from the east. If it could have been promptly executed there would have been fair probability of a crowning success; but just at the time it was desired that Porter should deploy his column, taking King's division with him, McDowell, his senior in rank, rode upon the field and gave conflicting instructions—the nature of which has been a matter of dispute ever since.

Then McDowell proceeded to take King's division away on a long march through the wood-roads to the right. Pope waited eagerly for the sound of Porter's guns before ordering his ready men to leap into the assault. Three o'clock, four o'clock came and went; nothing had been done. All ignorant of the misunderstanding between Porter and McDowell, Pope believed that Porter was failing him at this most critical juncture, and Porter, who certainly could have done something better than remain absolutely inactive an entire afternoon, was "waiting further instructions." He had been told that he should have King's divi-

sion to support him in his attack, and, as McDowell had stepped in and taken King away, he did not seem to see fit to exert himself.

Exasperated at this delay and inaction Pope at 4.30 P. M. sent a peremptory order to Porter to attack at once in force; but it was a long way round, the order did not reach him until about six o'clock; and Porter, arguing that it would soon be too dark, and that Pope could not have known of Longstreet's presence when he wrote the order, decided not to obey. Consequently, when Pope's men advanced to the attack along the Bull Run lines, they were met by an unembarrassed and admirably posted enemy, mowed down by a withering fire, and the final charge, "a furious attack by King's division down the turnpike," was met and foiled by Hood's Texans of Longstreet's corps, whom it was hoped, Porter would have kept busy elsewhere. It was a day of wretched misunderstandings and balks of every kind; and at nightfall the Northern army was tired, hungry and footsore, except Porter's command, which had done practically nothing. No rations were to be had west of Bull Run, and things looked very forlorn for the morrow.

Nevertheless, General Pope was full of pluck, hope and spirit. He confidently believed that Jackson was bound to retreat; he honestly thought he could crush him before reinforcements could reach him, and he issued orders that McDowell should conduct *the pursuit* and give chase on the 30th, and Jackson had not budged an inch and did not mean to. Porter was ordered to bring his corps up to the pike and report in person the first thing in the morning, and at daybreak on the 30th of August the battle broke out with renewed fury.

Already Pope had lost from six to eight thousand men, and "straggling" had become so universal that his regiments were as greatly reduced in this way, as they were by battle, hunger and fatigue. He had gained absolutely nothing on the 29th. He knew now that Longstreet was there before his left in full force, and that Lee in person was directing movements on the Southern side. The obvious thing for the Union general to do was to fall back to the heights of Centreville, five miles away,

and there obtain provisions and make firm stand until reinforced by the corps of Franklin and Sumner, but the prisoners brought in from the skirmish lines before dawn said that "Jackson was retiring to unite with Longstreet" (very possibly they had been sent forward purposely to be taken and to tell that story), and to give color to it Jackson drew back some of Hill's men so as to make the embankment look abandoned in front of Hooker and Kearney. The wool was successfully pulled over Pope's eyes. He flashed off a message to Washington that the enemy was retreating to the mountains, and then ordered Porter's corps to rush in to the pursuit.

But he had been obliged to spend the whole morning in rearranging his lines. Hooker and Kearney were still on the extreme right near Sudley Springs; Reno and Sigel opposite Jackson's centre; King's reduced division next to Sigel; then came Porter's corps (minus Griffin's brigade, which had unaccountably marched off to Centreville all by itself). Ricketts' division was supporting the commands of Hooker, Kearney and Reno, all *north* of the Warrenton pike, and nothing was left to hold the commanding hills south of that broad thoroughfare but the little division of John F. Reynolds, composed of the three attenuated brigades of Meade, Seymour and Jackson, no one of them as strong numerically as a good-sized regiment. Confident that all he had to do was to mass his whole force on what remained of "Stonewall" Jackson and make one grand assault, Pope gave no thought to the left of his line, and Lee and Longstreet, discovering this, sent the divisions of Jones, Kemper and Wilcox to feel their way eastward through the thick woods towards those rugged heights south of the pike. If they could be gained the whole position of Pope's army would not only be turned and enfiladed, but his line of retreat across the stone bridge might be commanded. His plight would then indeed be desperate. At the same time Hood's division moved stealthily forward among the trees close to the pike, and Colonel S. D. Lee ran his light batteries forward and planted them on a rising ground near Groveton, from which point he could sweep the open fields in front of Jackson's line, and so it happened that while Pope

was concentrating all his strength to hurl upon Lee's strongly posted and defended left, Lee was crouching for a spring on Pope's left which was not defended at all.

Noon has come and gone, the sun is hot, the dust stifling, and in their grimy flannel blouses the soldiers of the Union army are lying along the wood-roads seeking shelter from the burning rays or from the occasional shells that burst among the branches above their heads. All the long morning the guns have been sullenly booming at one another across the open field, but the rattle of small arms has well-nigh ceased.

And now, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, Pope decides that all is in readiness for the assault. McDowell, commanding the entire left from Reno to Reynolds, from half way to Sudley Church on the north of the pike to the Henry House on the hill just south of it, orders Porter to attack, and, with the eyes of the whole army upon him, that brilliant soldier leads in his two fine divisions, Morell in the front line, Sykes in reserve. Sweeping out across the open fields north of the highway, in long extended lines of battle, with banners waving and with spirited bearing, his troops steadily advance towards the low slopes north of Groveton, along which lies in ugly relief the bare, brown parapet of that railway embankment. Porter's men have to make something of a half wheel to the right to bring their front parallel with the general line of that improvised field-work, but the movement is steadily performed despite the rapid bursting of the shells already whistling over their devoted heads; and now in splendid form they are directing their march squarely upon that portion of the breastwork held by Starke with Jackson's own old division, and Jackson, seeing that only Porter is coming and that all the rest of the Union lines seem looking on, directs Lawton with Ewell's division to edge to his right and be ready to help Starke.

And now, within rifle range, the crashing volleys mingle with the roar of the field-guns; the embankment is one long cloud of light, bluish smoke, but still the blue-clad ranks come steadily on. Soon they are well out in the open ground north of Groveton, and now the pace is quickened; the men press forward

eager and enthusiastic. All promises well, when suddenly from down towards their left, back of Groveton, a thunderbolt seems to burst upon the little mound where Colonel Lee had planted his guns. The slope leaps with flame and soon is hidden in dense volumes of smoke, but twelve well-handled light guns are deluging Porter's left and sweeping his long lines, raking them with canister, and farther on, mowing them down with case-shot. A superb and desperate and gallant fight is made. His men reach the embankment and struggle hand-to-hand with the swarming gray-coats on the other side, but all the time those dreadful guns are pouring in their fire, and though King's division comes up, and Sigel is ordered to move forward and support them on their right, nothing sustains the shattered left, nor are there guns to oppose to Lee's brilliantly handled artillery. Why is this?

Just about three o'clock, when Porter was most heavily engaged and fighting with all his energy, McDowell's practised eye had caught sight of heavy clouds of dust sweeping skywards over the tree-tops south of the turnpike. Nearer and nearer they came, and it needed but brief reflection to teach him what it meant—Longstreet was reaching forward to seize those heights that commanded the Northern lines—two hill-tops a little south of the turnpike and separated from each other by a brook known as Chinn's branch. The easternmost of the two, broad and well-wooded and crowned by the Henry House, had been the centre of battle the year before. The westernmost, oblong in shape, shorn of its timber, rocky, rugged, and known as Bald Hill, was destined to be the centre of battle this scorching August afternoon. Seeing Longstreet's rush to gain it, McDowell had ordered Reynolds there with all the troops he had; and Warren with a little brigade—perhaps a thousand men—was left to support Porter's left flank. No one else could be sent to help him from that side, and at last, well-nigh exhausted, having struggled valiantly for more than two hours, Porter's men came slowly falling back across the fields, just as Longstreet's divisions leaped from their cover south of the pike and swarmed forward on Bald Hill.

It is nearly five P. M., and now, confident of success, Lee orders a simultaneous assault. Yelling like demons, all along the two miles of embankment, up the dusty highway, out from the cover of the thick woods to the south, the red battle-flags waving over their heads, the exultant soldiery in the tattered gray uniforms spring to the charge—and at this moment Pope has not 45,000 men to meet them. Straggling and casualties have reduced his force more than one-half.

It is a desperate crisis. South of the turnpike, bursting through the woods come the fierce Texans of Hood's division, closely followed by Kemper, Anderson and Wilcox, while D. R. Jones' strong division stretches far out on their right, and laps around the threatened height from the south. The immediate need of covering Porter's retiring lines and checking the pursuit, had for the time called Reynolds farther to the right front, and for a few moments Bald Hill, the key-point of the line, had been defenceless. Luckily there happened to be just north of the pike, along the Sudley Springs road, one of Sigel's brigades at the moment disengaged. It was composed entirely of Ohio men—four fine regiments, the Twenty-fifth, Fifty-fifth, Seventy-third and Seventy-fifth, led by Colonel N. C. McLean; and with all speed McLean's brigade was marched by the left flank to Bald Hill. In ten minutes it became the target for Longstreet's whole corps.

The scene at half-past five P. M. is something grand yet terrible. For three successive evenings now, the little hamlet of Groveton has been the centre of a mortal struggle, but this is the most appalling yet. Off to the right, north of the pike, the thinned and bleeding lines of King and Porter are falling sullenly back to the Sudley Springs road. After them, firing, yelling, triumphant come the long lines of Jackson's corps, sweeping across the fields already thickly strewn with the dead and dying. To the right rear of Bald Hill the little command of Warren, those red-legged Zouaves of the Fifth New York and the Germans of Bendix, are moving back, ordered to retire and reform at Henry House hill. Thither too are moving the solid regulars of Sykes' division, and Reynolds' remnant of Pennsylvanians.

And Bald Hill, isolated, swept by artillery and musketry fire, surrounded now on northwest, west and south, is manned only by that one little brigade of McLean. Small wonder their brave commander thinks for the moment that he is abandoned by his friends. Tower's brigade of Rickett's division is hastening to his support, but as yet has not reached him. McLean is practically alone when Hood's Texans hurl themselves with savage yells upon the western slopes, and Jones' Georgians burst in upon his left and rear. But stout hearts are beating on that barren crest, and Ohio's one brigade, the only distinctively Ohio brigade in the army, stands firm against the shock of ten times its weight in foes and gives them gallant battle. Their orders are to hold Bald Hill, and hold it they do until Tower, moving up on the left, and Schenck, dashing in with Koltes' brigade on the right, bring partial relief. Though "reduced to a skeleton," McLean's brigade has superbly held its post against all comers. Even Hood's dare-devil Texans have twice been hurled back from its steady front, and Jones' brigades have suffered severe loss.

But now, heavily reinforced by Anderson and Wilcox on the west, and with the Georgian lines lapping still farther around to the south, threatening to envelop them entirely, a new and even fiercer assault is made by Longstreet on Bald Hill and its defenders. Tower is severely wounded and his brigade reels; Koltes, fighting on McLean's right, is killed; Schenck is hit and disabled; Fletcher Webster, colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts, and son of the great orator and statesman, is killed; and on the other side Hood has lost one-fourth his officers and men in killed and wounded, while in Jones' brigades hardly a field-officer is left to lead the gallant regiments that have so desperately striven to carry the height. Terrible as had been the slaughter in front of Jackson's earthen parapet, the hardest fighting, the most invincible valor of that hard-fought field, was shown towards sunset around the blazing slopes of Bald Hill.

But by this time, pressed from every point, Pope's lines were falling steadily back towards Bull Run, Henry House hill being now strongly held by the regular division and the divisions of

Reynolds and such scattered troops as drifted in from the front. The batteries were drawn back and planted where they could sweep the approaches, and here Pope determined to make the final stand with his rear guard and cover the retirement of his army across the Stone Bridge.

Bald Hill, outflanked and no longer of use—no longer tenable—was ordered abandoned. The shattered remnants of the heroic regiments that had held it against such odds were slowly withdrawn; Schenck's men fell back by the pike; Tower's brigades down the valley of Chinn's branch, and from the crest itself, strewn with their dead and dying, McLean's little band of Ohio men turned reluctantly away, their brave leader absolutely shedding tears at having to abandon the position he had held with such indomitable resolution and at such frightful cost.

And now Longstreet hurls his whole force on the wooded crest beyond. There stands the height where Bee and Bartow laid down their lives the year before. There is the field where Jackson's men were likened to the stone wall they lined—the old battle-ground of First Bull Run. Win that, *now*, and the orderly retreat of the Northerners will be turned as it was that July Sunday afternoon into disorderly rout. Straining every nerve, hoarse with continuous yelling (and never, say those who heard it, "Never did the rebs yell as they did at Second Bull Run"), the divisions of Hood, Anderson and Kemper press forward to the charge. Jones is still crawling around the left flank and attacking from the south, but here again they encounter cool, dauntless, devoted men. The Northern batteries are magnificently served; the regulars, despite their small numbers and heavy losses, fight with a calm, disciplined, matter-of-fact sort of valor that checks the rush and ardor of the sons of Texas and Virginia. One long hour of crashing volleys, of thundering cannon, of mad, vengeful yelling that little by little died away, and as darkness fell upon the scene, the three days' struggle around the "plains" of Manassas was at an end; and, again beaten, but this time in perfect order, in calm, disciplined, coherent organization, the army of the North fell back beyond Bull Run, and bivouacked upon the heights of Centreville.

Beaten again but by no means demoralized, Pope prepared to resume the fight. He was now in splendid position; and small as was his command, compared with the numbers on the muster rolls of the combined armies of Virginia and the Potomac, he had plenty of men to beat off Lee should he attempt to follow. Rations were obtained at Centreville, and all day on the 31st the army waited expecting assault. The corps of Sumner and Franklin were at last up from Alexandria, and it behooved Lee to be very cautious in his movements. But the moral effect of having pushed Pope way back from the Rapidan to the near vicinity of Washington was immense, and the greatest consternation and alarm had spread throughout the North. Pope's reassuring despatches to the capital failed in their effect. McClellan was at Alexandria sneering at everything that Pope had done and left undone, virtually saying that had he been there it could not have happened. It rained dismally all the day of the 31st, and the dismal weather added to the general gloom. People had lost faith in Pope, and withheld support and confidence at the very moment when he most needed it.

On the other hand, Lee, the Southern army and the jubilant South were wild with triumph. Despite his heavy losses in battle the Southern leader determined to finish the magnificent work of demolishing the army of Pope, not by direct attack on those heavily fortified heights, but by the daring old plan which Jackson knew so well how to execute, that of striking around the flank and rear. Once again, early on the morning of September 1st, Jackson's corps, which had crossed Bull Run at Sudley ford, reached the Little River turnpike, then turned southeastward and marched down through Chantilly and past Ox Hill. His plan was to reach the great highway between Centreville, Fairfax and Washington, and "cut off the retreat" of Pope's command. With perhaps 23,000 men he meant to try and bar the passage of something like 70,000. It was just as wild and daring a scheme as the flank march through Thoroughfare Gap; but that had succeeded. Longstreet was to follow him only a few hours behind, so he had no fears for the result of this.

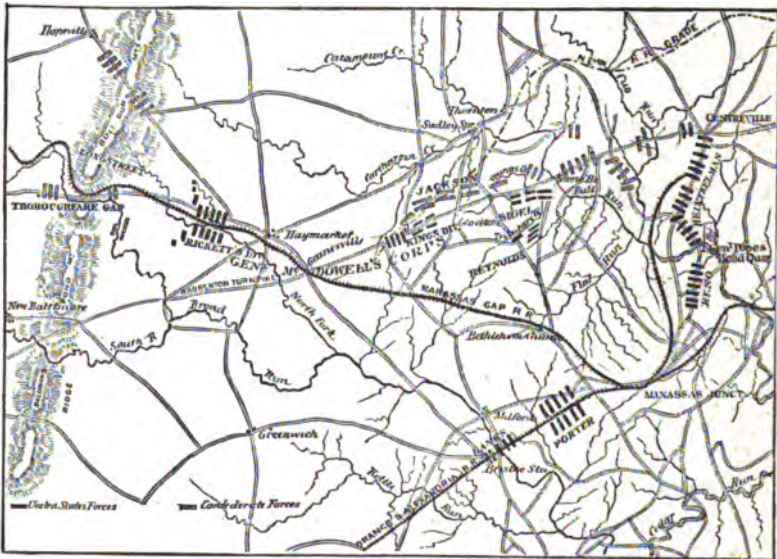
Late in the afternoon he found himself confronted by Hooker

on the Little River pike. He could not get to Fairfax that way, so he turned down to his right through a cross-road until Hill's division was almost filing on the Warrenton pike, and there he found himself suddenly attacked by Reno and Kearney, his antagonists of two days before. Then came a savage fight in a pouring rain, and then, luckily for Jackson, darkness; for but for that he would have been utterly hemmed in by overpowering numbers, and probably ruined before Longstreet could reach him; but here again the fortune of war was on his side. His men had the best of the fight while it lasted, and that night all Washington knew that Jackson was in sight of the fortifications, that there had been another fierce engagement, and that two superb soldiers and generals, "Phil" Kearney and Isaac I. Stevens, were killed in the midst of disaster. It ended Pope's career. The army was ordered to hasten back to the fortifications, and, not knowing what else to do in the bitter emergency, the government once more placed McClellan at the head of affairs in the field. The campaign of Second Bull Run in Manassas was at an end.

As to results: the Northern army had lost from Cedar mountain to the Potomac more than one-fourth its number in killed, wounded and prisoners. Sickness and straggling had 'still further reduced it, but the stragglers as a rule reassembled under the colors back of Centreville. Yet such had been the discipline and determination of the men that the proportion of *unwounded* prisoners was very small, and, except in the great battle of the 30th, it had lost no batteries in action or on the march. Those captured by Stuart at the Junction were unguarded. The killed and wounded in the fighting of the 28th and 29th in General Pope's army summed up 4,500, and on the 30th it must have been somewhat heavier; but in killed, wounded and prisoners it is not probable that his loss on those three days of fighting exceeded 12,000, while on the afternoon of the 30th alone Longstreet's corps lost 3,498 in killed and wounded; and the total killed, wounded and prisoners of Lee's army on the plains of Manassas could not have been less than 8,000 men.

From first to last brilliancy, daring and consummate good

luck marked every move on the Southern side, while dogged and disciplined courage, that rose superior to misfortune and a host of misunderstandings, was the characteristic of the Northern army. An awful gloom overspread the loyal States after the retreat to Washington, and, but for McClellan's bloody yet fruitless victory at Antietam, there is no telling what might have resulted from the renewed machinations of the "peace party." National fortunes seemed indeed at the lowest ebb; but fortitude, patience and courage finally prevailed. Lee's retreat south of the Rappahannock measurably restored public confidence, and the armies went into winter quarters to repair damages and prepare for the next move.



BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

(Position of the troops at sunset, Aug. 28, 1862.)

GETTYSBURG.

1863.



BEAT as had been the elation throughout the Southern States after the victory of their arms at Manassas in '62, it was as nothing compared with the whirlwind of delight in May and June, '63. Talking to Americans it is needless to go into details. The intervening events may be briefly told as regards the war in Virginia.

Emboldened by success, General Lee decided to carry the war into Maryland, hoping to win that entire State to the Southern cause; and, though met and defeated at Antietam, it was a fruitless victory for the North. Lee got safely back across the Potomac, and in the following winter crushed General Burnside at Fredericksburg (December 13th, '62), and in the following spring emphatically paralyzed General Hooker at Chancellorsville (April 29th to May 4th, '63). All these engagements had been fraught with bitter loss and humiliation to the Union cause, and the Northern people were in deep distress of mind. Despite the acknowledged steadfastness and bravery of the Army of the Potomac, it seemed as though nothing could prevail against the skill and daring of the Southern leaders. With them there appeared to be such perfect concord of action. They "backed one another up" on every occasion, as in the old days we have seen Marlborough and Prince Eugene pulling together and never losing a fight; while on the Northern side it reminded one of the homely old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." This brings to mind a second proverb which ought to have been of use to the Union: "In multiplicity

of councils there is wisdom," and this recalls a third, which, wrung from the lips of an exasperated general-in-chief after Gettysburg, fairly demolished the second: "Councils (of war) never fight."

It is thrilling to look back on the situation in Virginia up to Chancellorsville and mark how Lee, with his great lieutenants, Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart, Ewell and A. P. Hill, with far inferior forces, thwarted the manœuvres of the Northern arms. It is painful to us Northerners to take this retrospect and see how we "experimented" with chief after chief. *They*, the Southerners, picked out their leaders after the first few months, and stood by them from first to last. We only set a man up to knock him down. The Army of the Potomac was always in a state of ferment, not to say divided loyalty, as regarded its leaders. No commander it ever had commanded its undivided allegiance, unless it was that, tired and sick of dissension, it concluded to make its best effort under the gallant gentleman who led it to victory, at last, at Gettysburg, and who thenceforth was its chief until the final disbandment.

And yet, despite all this, it was ready to march and fight and get whipped time and again with a "never-say-die" determination that entitles it to the lasting love and respect of the nation it finally saved from ruin, or at least took the lion's share of the hard knocks in doing it; for nowhere else were such foemen gathered in such force as breasted its blows and so scientifically returned them.

But things were black enough after Chancellorsville. Hooker, not his army, was demoralized. Lee knew it, and now with *his* army in glorious discipline and "trim," the Southern leader determined to take advantage of Northern indetermination, march squarely into Pennsylvania, and conquer a peace at the gates of the wealthy and populous cities of the North.

Of course now, as heretofore, the Army of the Potomac was "lugging its drag-chain," that never-to-be-neglected duty of defending the capital city. Let the South once get hold of Washington, and England and France, both of them only too ready and eager, would "recognize" the independence of

the South and forbid further proceedings on the part of the North. Then we would have been split in twain. Other divisions would soon have come, and the Great Republic would have gone to pieces. In his sleepless anxiety, that patient, God-given figure-head of the nation, Abraham Lincoln, had summoned to his side, and made general-in-chief of all the armies, the late General Henry W. Halleck, a man learned as a lawyer and as a soldier, a man who would have made a surprisingly good campaign in the open country of Europe; but he too was weighted with that incubus, the defence of Washington, and had the faculty of worrying the generals in the field; and the arrangement did not work smoothly.

[As though in utter contempt for his adversary, General Lee sent away corps after corps, leaving at last only General Hill with his corps to hold the lines of Fredericksburg against Hooker, who still hung to his camps around Falmouth.] The Southern army was strung out over the country in long column of march towards Culpeper Court-House.

Now was the time to crush it—but it was not crushed. Their move began on the 3d of June. [By the 8th, Lee and the leading troops were at Culpeper; still the Fredericksburg heights were heavily occupied, and not until the 9th did Hooker do anything but puzzle over the situation.]

That day he pushed out his cavalry to see what was going on, and they found out. Buford and Gregg, two sterling leaders of horse, took their divisions across the Rappahannock way up on Hooker's right, and dashed into a large force of Stuart's cavalry. Then followed the only real cavalry combat of the war, the combined fight of Beverly Ford and Brandy Station. It lasted until night, and, if official reports are to be believed, both sides got the best of it. At all events it was a spirited and dashing affair, and for the first time the Southerners began to feel some respect for Northern horsemen. All the cavalry in the two armies took part in it, charging and counter-charging, sabre in hand. [A loss of half a thousand was sustained on each side, and after that, as a rule, except in skirmishes, the cavalry dismounted to fight.]

[On June 13th it began to dawn upon the Union generally that something was coming northward, for on that evening Ewell's corps had suddenly appeared in the Shenandoah, and all Hooker's army had found out that Lee was a week ahead on a race for the Potomac.] This was ghastly. Washington was panic-stricken. Hooker sent his right wing off in pursuit, but wanted to stop and demolish Hill with the rest of his army, but Washington would not listen to it. It would have been a splendid thing, but the President, Cabinet and General Halleck said no. "Head him off. Get between him and us. Do this. Don't do it." Such, in unprofessional language, was about the nature of the orders that came pouring in on General Hooker, who, now that he *was* awake, was fully alive to the situation. Before he got to the Potomac he had lost all patience. Worse than that, the entire Southern army was already across and sweeping up the Cumberland valley, while Ewell, far ahead of everybody, was well up towards Harrisburg.

[Crossing his own army at Edward's Ferry on the 25th of June, Hooker, "swearing mad" by this time, hurried to Frederick, and there, considering himself hampered in every way by the contradictory orders from Washington, and certainly forbidden to do the very things he considered essential to success, on June 27th the general begged to be, and was, relieved from the command. !

He had been a splendid division commander—had *not* been a loyal and subordinate corps commander when serving under Burnside, yet, "in spite of these things, not because of them," as Mr. Lincoln wrote him, he had stepped into the chief command of the Army of the Potomac and had vastly improved it, especially its cavalry; but Chancellorsville broke his popularity and really undermined him. He did gallant service subsequently in the West, but the Army of the Potomac saw him no more.

[Now for the next man. On the 28th of June, the army was somewhat surprised to hear that its destinies were to be confided to Major-General George G. Meade, the then leader of the gallant Fifth corps, and no one was more surprised than himself.] He was not the senior corps commander. Less than a year

before we saw him at the head of a tiny brigade in the little division of Pennsylvanians under John F. Reynolds, and Reynolds was on the spot with an unimpeachable record and the reputation of being a soldier of unusual brilliancy. Meade had never sought the position. He was a modest, faithful soldier, a man who cared nothing for popularity, but *commanded* respect; a man who lived and died a gentleman, and who, stepping into the chieftaincy of this great army at the crisis of its history, was destined to lead it to its greatest victory, and never thenceforth to be other than chief on its rolls.

[And now we have both our armies north of the Potomac. The whole country, north and south, is waiting the result in breathless anxiety, and, as the greatest battle ever known on the continent is about to be fought, let us look well at the combatants.]

On the Southern side is their noble and invincible Lee, the *beau ideal* of the soldier and the gentleman, the idol of the South, the now honored of the reunited nation. With him he brings three superbly disciplined and devoted corps of infantry, and those reckless, hard-riding troopers of the cavalier Stuart. Just now they are widely scattered over the broad lands of Maryland and Pennsylvania—everything getting out of their way with justifiable speed. Farthest north of all, scaring the militia into burning the beautiful bridge across the Susquehanna, and now somewhere about Carlisle, is the most renowned marching corps in either army, that of old Stonewall Jackson; but he himself lies far away in his honored grave, and Lee's right-hand man is no more. In his place rides his division commander, Ewell, who, less than a year ago, we saw lose his leg in front of the stubborn line of the Iron Brigade. Tutored as he was, no fear that Ewell will fail his great commander. Daring soldiers head his divisions in Early and Johnson and Rodes.

The next corps is led by A. P. Hill, a most accomplished and gallant officer of the old army, and Heth, Anderson and Pender are his division commanders; while the third corps, numerically the First, perhaps the finest of all, is that of the old war-dog, Longstreet, who has three superb divisions, famous

"stayers," and as one of them, "Hood's Texans" are marvels in attack. Another, Pickett's Virginians, are "die-hards," and prove it in this very battle. The third, McLaw's, is more mixed in composition—but is a good one.

But now as Lee is marching eastward to concentrate near Gettysburg, and Ewell is coming southward to join him, what is most needed is his cavalry, "the eyes of the army;" and, by great bad luck for him, Stuart with his whole force of troopers is far over to the southeast on the opposite side of the Union army, which is hurrying northward with all speed in search of Lee.

[Knowing that he would have a much larger army to fight, the great Southern leader had promised his generals that he would not be the assailant, but that he would take up a strong position and compel the Northern armies to attack him.] To effect this it was absolutely necessary that he should have his "eyes" way out in every direction to give timely warning of the coming of the foe; but the first troopers he was destined to see were Buford's "Yanks." The two leading divisions of Hill's corps, bivouacked on the broad pike from Chambersburg to Baltimore, and Pettigrew's men, thrown well out to the front, not six miles from the town, suddenly encountered long lines of cavalry skirmishers. These are Buford's boys. This is the first meeting of the great combat so soon to rage in fury, and it is late on the afternoon of the last day of June.

The principal leaders of the Southern army having been named, it remains now to look at those of the North. For years their names and their portraits were far more familiar than pen can make them now. [Lee, with three large *corps d'armée*—his army numbering 70,000 "present for duty," was being pursued by Meade with six smaller corps, and his cavalry, a total of 100,000 men, "with the colors." Lee had 206 guns. Meade had 352.] Lee had but recently reorganized his army, still keeping up that superb system of brigading his men by States, so that entire divisions, Pickett's for instance, were recruited from one commonwealth. With us, regiments were assigned according to no apparent system—Maine, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin perhaps being grouped in the same brigade. Lee had three

large divisions to each corps. Meade had sometimes three, sometimes two, but smaller than Lee's in every case. When it is said, therefore, that on the 30th of June, 1863, six Northern corps were about to engage three from the South, the effect produced is not justifiable.

[It was with the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps that General Meade essayed the task of bringing the Southern force to bay] and his generals were as follows: first, and deservedly first, John F. Reynolds, First corps, a man universally regarded as the most brilliant, and one of the most gallant soldiers in the whole army. His division commanders were the veteran Wadsworth, of New York, in whose division, under Meredith, is the Iron Brigade we saw fighting so stubbornly a year ago. The Second division is commanded by Robinson, a soldier of tried mettle; and the Third by Doubleday of Fort Sumter fame, and a man who won the record of being a "stayer" at Antietam.

Then comes the Second corps, and at its head is the knightly Hancock, a soldier the world has since learned to know and to honor, and his fine divisions are led by Caldwell, Gibbon (whom we saw fighting all Jackson's corps with that one brigade last year) and Hays, who, already severely wounded, is destined to do some hard hitting in the next two days.

General Daniel E. Sickles commands the Third corps. Soldiering was not his profession before the war, but he takes to it with wonderful ease. He has but two divisions; but they are led by Birney of Peninsula fame, and by Humphreys, than whom the army contains no more determined a fighter, and few men so thoroughly skilled in their profession.

Then comes the Fifth corps, so lately commanded by General Meade. It is now led by General George Sykes, a cool, steadfast, reliable old regular. All the regular infantry is in this corps in the brigade of General Ayres, lately a dashing battery commander. Barnes commands the First division, and Crawford, a hero of Sumter and Cedar Mountain, the Third.

The Sixth corps stands next in numerical order, and its magnificent leader, brave, steadfast General John Sedgwick,

commands the respect and admiration of the whole army. The Sixth corps is especially strong in artillery, it having eight batteries, forty-eight guns in all, four batteries being the usual allowance at this period of the war. Wright, Howe and Wheaton are the division commanders. All "regular" soldiers and men of experience in many fields.

Then comes the Eleventh corps, an ill-starred command, only just recovering from the shock received at the hands of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. General Howard now, as at that time, is its commander, a man more eminent for piety and personal gallantry than for success as a soldier. His divisions are led by Barlow (who nearly loses his life in trying to rally it the next day, and is left for dead behind it), Von Steinwehr, a Prussian well schooled in the art of war, and General Carl Schurz, who knows little about it, but makes up for it in courage and intelligence.

The Twelfth corps is the command of Major-General Slocum, who is senior in rank to all the others, and who saw service at Antietam; but he has but two small divisions, Williams' and Geary's, with many untried troops. Yet they are destined to do good work in the next three days.

(General Lee, as has been seen, was without the services of his cavalry at Gettysburg. Not so with Meade.) He is blessed with three divisions, small in numbers, perhaps, but already becoming adepts in their duties. General Pleasonton heads the corps, and has for his assistants, first and foremost, John Buford, the best cavalry leader of his day; and Gregg and Kilpatrick, both men of energy. But it is among the brigade commanders that we find the names that became most distinguished in their peculiar arm—Farnsworth, Merritt, Custer and Devin.

General Meade is also fortunate in having a staff, some of which, notably the brilliant engineer Warren, are men of unequalled efficiency. He has also admirable light artillery and a chief (Hunt) who knows how to use it. In fact, take it all in all, the Northern army is far superior in many respects to the Southern; but it lacks the discipline, the unanimity and the supreme confidence of the latter.

[Now to go back to the night of June 30th. From every point of the compass, troops are concentrating on Gettysburg—Lee's army, oddly enough, from the *north* and *west*; Meade's from the *south* and *east*.] Buford's cavalry division is the only one actually at the spot as the sun goes down. The nearest supports are at Emmetsburg, or just a little north, say five miles from Gettysburg, where General Reynolds with the First and Eleventh corps has gone into bivouac for the night. The Third and Twelfth corps are not very much farther away towards the southeast.

Two of Hill's (Southern) divisions, as has been said, are in bivouac, five or six miles west of Gettysburg. Ewell's whole corps is within easy call, eight or nine miles to the north; but Buford's thin cavalry line has gone out toward the setting sun, and some two miles *west* of the town. There he and Pettigrew's footmen have halted, face to face, and the skilled cavalryman knows what it means to confront an infantry brigade at such a time and place. There are others behind it. [He knows well that their object is to get to Gettysburg before Meade's infantry, and it is his duty to stand them off as long as possible. "We'll have to fight like the very devil," he says to General Devin; "but we *must* hold them."] "They'll be down on us first thing in the morning." With that, night closes on the scene and God's truce upon the opposing armies.

[Gettysburg is a little town in southern Pennsylvania that, but for the battle, would never be heard of outside the State; it lies about ninety miles due west from Philadelphia. Off to the southeast, and "east of south" lie Baltimore and Washington, even a less distance away. [The town lies in a shallow depression. Heights or ridges, low, rocky and wood-crowned, surround it on every side. The streams, and there are many of them, all run south. Willoughby Run on the west, Plum Run on the south, and Rock Creek on the east—all within two miles—are the principal water-courses. North and east the slopes are low, rolling and heavily wooded. West, shutting off the view and separating it from the low valley of Willoughby Run, is a ridge running almost north and south. They call it "Seminary Ridge," be-

cause of a Lutheran institution built thereon just west of the town. East of this ridge and south of the town is a fertile valley about one mile in width; and, parallel with the ridge, bounding the valley on the east, is another ridge, bolder, steeper, rockier and far more open. This is the famed Cemetery Ridge. It runs square to the north until within a mile of the town, where it sweeps in a bold curve around to the east and turns south again at Rock Creek. Its top is a plateau a mile wide. At its northeastern front is a heavily wooded mound—Culp's Hill. Its southern extremity, nearly four miles from Gettysburg, is marked by a huge, jagged, boulder-strewn "butte," it would be called out west. This is Round Top, and nestling under its shoulder to the north is its counterpart, half-size—Little Round Top. Between them and to the west of Little Round Top, lies a rocky gorge—mark it well. That is Devil's Den. Plum Run curdles at their feet. Then out in the valley lies a wheat-field nearly opposite Little Round Top, and out farther still, reaching to the pike, a peach orchard.

Crossing the valley from the southwest to northeast in long diagonal is the broad road to Emmetsburg. It runs along a low ridge of its own, and, just skirting the northern base of Cemetery Ridge, enters Gettysburg from the south. And this, in brief, is a crude description of the ground over which our greatest battle is to be fought.

But first we have a prelude, and a sad one, for the Union cause.

At first break of day on the 1st of July, as though by one simultaneous impulse, the scattered soldiery spring to arms. Those who are happy enough to possess the luxury, gulp down their steaming cans of coffee and take a bracing souse in the nearest stream. Many a Southern boy, however, sets forth on his trudge without the gladdening beverage, but all the same he swings along, cheerily and hopefully. What would he not do? Where would he not go for "Bob Lee?" It has been raining off and on, through June, but July breaks in with a burst of sunshine. The woods are green, the streams are bank-full, the roads are clear of choking dust. What more could soldier ask with such



MAP OF
PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
 AND
VIRGINIA.

Gettysburg Campaign.
 1863.



a glorious prospect before him?] Meade and Lee are destined to meet right here in this peaceful valley, still dim and misty after the dews of night, and neither Meade nor Lee knows it. The former half expects to form his battle-line and fight along Pipe creek, farther to the east. The latter longs for Stuart and hopes to hear of him at Gettysburg.] It is his worst error so far—this sending Stuart off on a distant raid—and the chief already regrets it. But it is too late now. Stuart is sweeping up towards Carlisle.

Morning reveals the pickets of Pettigrew and Buford grimly regarding one another along the Chambersburg pike. Right and left through the thin woods, lines of sentinels keep watch and ward. Buford's lines are in a sweeping semicircle west and northwest a mile out from town, and well over Seminary Ridge; his advance and pickets still farther out.] At six in the morning gray-clad infantry come marching eastward along the pike. It is Heth's division moving up to support Pettigrew. Warned of the presence of "Yanks," it halts and deploys into line of battle some distance west of Willoughby Run.] Not until nine o'clock is the first gun fired. Then the opposing batteries of Northern horse and Southern light-artillery let drive at one another along the pike. Gettysburg has begun.] Heth's lines sweep forward through the woods on the dismounted troopers of Devin and Gamble, Buford's brigade commanders; and for one mortal hour the plucky cavalymen stand their ground, alone and unsupported.] Buford hangs on in stern determination, but still hopefully: Reynolds is coming; and just at ten o'clock that superb soldier rides out on the field in full view of the Southern lines, and with him comes gray-haired old Wadsworth, leading his division, which, though composed of only two small brigades, is one of the best in the army. Quickly it deploys; Cutler, a veteran "Badger" from Wisconsin, throwing his line facing west across the deep cut of an unfinished railway; Meredith, of Indiana, forming on his left with the celebrated Iron Brigade. Eager hearts are beating in every breast. General Doubleday, too impatient to wait for his own division, has galloped forward, and Reynolds has placed him in charge of the left of the field.

Out to the front is a little cluster of trees extending up and down the run. Who shall have it? Archer of Heth's division, or Meredith with his Western boys? "Forward and seize it," are Doubleday's orders, and away they go. Heth has four brigades to Wadsworth's two. The troopers are now farther to the north, between the Chambersburg pike and the road to Mummasburg. Their ammunition is well-nigh spent, and they must soon fall back. A new danger menaces those wearied cavalymen. Long lines of gray-clad infantry emerge from the woods far to the north, and move steadily forward towards the right flank of the Union line. By all that is desperate, Ewell has got back in time! Those are the men of Rodes' division—too far away as yet to more than threaten; but Reynolds sends urgent orders to Howard to hasten forward with the Eleventh corps and face them. Then, leaving to Wadsworth the care of the right, he gallops over just in time to see the Iron Brigade's rush upon Archer, who, with his brigade, has ventured across Willoughby Run to attack Cutler. The clump of woods is for the moment forgotten. [The Second Wisconsin, led by its gallant colonel, Fairchild, heads the dash upon the enemy's flank, and General Archer and several hundred of his men are captured in the twinkling of an eye.] Meantime the brigade of General Davis, nearly all Mississippians, has driven back Cutler's right, and many of them have got into that convenient railway cut. The chance is too good to be lost. Before the Mississippians can straighten out, Cutler's three remaining regiments change front to the right, run to the edge of the cut, and have Davis and his men at their mercy. There is absolutely no way out of it but surrender, and surrender the Mississippians do—two full regiments with their battle-flags.] So far so good. Wadsworth's division has covered itself with glory. Where is Reynolds now? Why is he not there to join in the ringing cheers and to heartily congratulate his gallant men? Alas! for Northern hearts this day. Yonder he lies—stone-dead—with a bullet through his brain.

There is no time for repining. [Doubleday takes command, sends Cutler farther to the right, and himself places in position the divisions of Rowley and Robinson just marching

on the field. They come in the highest spirits, eager and enthusiastic.} "Boys, we've come to stay," sings out Colonel Roy Stone, who leads the brigade at head of Rowley's column. "We've come to stay!" shout the men, and the stirring words go cheerily down the ranks.

[Robinson's division is moved off northward to confront the coming lines of Ewell's men. For the time being, all is triumph. Robinson, swinging way out to Cutler's right, is so fortunate as to catch three North Carolina regiments napping, and they too go to swell the list of prisoners.} No wonder the red or white balled caps* are tossed high in air, and the First corps is cheering itself hoarse. Few of them know that at quarter-past ten their heroic leader met his soldier's death.

[But meantime the Southerners are far from idle.} Pender's division has come up and reinforced General Hill, who, despite his illness, had early galloped forward and assumed command. [Rodes has deployed his entire line, and, advancing from the north, has taken the gallant First corps in flank. All told it is now not more than six thousand strong, and Doubleday is hard pressed.} Six Southern batteries are thundering at him, and he has but three with which to respond. General Howard himself has arrived, and is in command of the field; but his main anxiety appears to be that threatening cloud from the north, where Ewell's men can be seen in the distance forming their lines and preparing for a swoop.

It is half-past one o'clock when the first division of the Eleventh corps comes upon the field under General Barlow. It marches through Gettysburg, and is deployed north of the town facing Ewell. Then General Schurz's division arrives by another road, and is sent in between Robinson and Barlow, facing north.

[But General Howard retains Von Steinwehr and his division on the northern end of Cemetery Ridge, and Von Steinwehr, not liking the looks of things far to the north, sets his men to work at once building stone breastworks and fence-rail defences, gets his guns into position and waits; so does General Howard, who, from his

* The ball or sphere was the badge of the First corps; Red for the First division; White for the Second.

somewhat elevated position two miles behind both his north and west facing lines, takes in the situation.] Out on the north front, now, at two o'clock, Carl Schurz is in command, and he has but two divisions with which to hold as good as three, for yonder comes old Jubal Early with Ewell's second division, making eight strong brigades in all; and now it is all up with Howard's dispositions. He has tried to cover too big a front with too small a force. Rodes makes a dash at the woody eminence opposite the junction of the First and Eleventh corps—Oak Hill, they call it. It is his almost without a shot. His batteries are promptly placed there. They enfilade a portion of the First corps line, and command the rest of the field. It is nearly three o'clock now, and the Eleventh corps is emphatically ill at ease. Then comes the inevitable charge and that ear-splitting, nerve-shaking "rebel yell." Look! [Out to the north, a mile beyond Gettysburg, the gray-clad lines come tearing down the slopes at Barlow's men. When did the Eleventh corps ever stand up against Stonewall Jackson, dead or alive? In vain gallant Barlow cheers and shouts and strives to hold them. Von Gilsa's men leave him for dead behind them in their disorderly flight. Rodes takes fire at the sight over there beyond the Carlisle road. "Forward, boys! Sweep the Dutchmen into —" well, we won't say where; and just as at Chancellorsville, almost without a shot, like so many sheep, these demoralized Teutons of Schimmelpfennig, Von Amsberg, Von Gilsa and Kryzanowski come tearing back for town—a rabble—a mob; and the gallant First corps is left "out in the air."]

[It is practically the end of the first day's battle. In vain General Howard gallops forward and strives to rally his shattered corps. No use. Out to the right front, all alone by itself, at half-past three o'clock, one little brigade is making manful stand. It is Ames with the Ohio men—the very same regiments that, under McLean, were the last to leave Bald Hill at Manassas, and the last to go at Chancellorsville; but north and northwest *all* is flight and confusion: even the right of the First corps has crumbled away, and at four o'clock the army of the North is whipped.]

Fortunate it is that Howard has left Von Steinwehr in reserve on the heights south of the town. Thither the fugitives direct their steps—those who succeed in escaping Early, who springs forward and secures 5,000 prisoners in the town; and then, too, thank God! Hancock has arrived. What Howard cannot do, he can. The magnetism of his presence, the calm force of his demeanor, revive the courage and command the respect of the troops. He has been sent forward by Meade to straighten things out and he does it. By five o'clock what is left of the Eleventh corps is aligned on Von Steinwehr at the northern end of the ridge. Later, Doubleday's men fall slowly, sullenly back across the valley, and are placed facing west on the left of the Eleventh—all but one division: the now shattered remnant of Wadsworth's command, that has fought so heroically all day long, is placed by General Hancock at Culp's Hill to the right of Von Steinwehr. Buford's wearied cavalry form in stern and forbidding front across the valley, where the open ground would permit of their charging anything that came along. Hill from the west, Ewell from the north, take a look at the new position, and conclude not to attack. General Lee has arrived in all haste and assumed command on his side. The Twelfth corps under General Slocum begins to file on to the plateau about six o'clock, and is placed in line to the left of Doubleday. With the loss of nearly ten thousand men to the Northern side, the first day's battle is over, and Hancock, his duty done, rides back to report to General Meade at Taneytown.

It may be safely said that had Stonewall Jackson been there in command of his old corps, Culp's Hill would have been stormed, possibly carried, before sunset. As it is, the day closes with decided advantage to the Southern forces, but not all that it might have been. Two brigades of Heth's division are practically used up, but he has two left. And now both commanders strain every nerve to bring up all their forces before the dawn of

THE SECOND DAY.

It is one o'clock in the morning when General Meade, after a moonlight ride from Taneytown, arrives at Cemetery Ridge and

proceeds to make an immediate inspection of the field. He has ordered forward the reserve artillery, called in the outlying cavalry of Kilpatrick's division, and directed the prompt concentration on Gettysburg of all the infantry, in preparation for the struggle he knows must be on his hands with the coming day. This concentration is a most creditable piece of business to all concerned except the stragglers, for, despite the fact that some of the corps have to march nearly all night, and that most of the men arrive fatigued and little in the mood for battle, they are there on time, and not an hour is wasted. The Third corps under Sickles, arrives early on the evening of the 1st, except its rearmost division, which is in by sunrise. The Fifth corps after a long and rapid march reports its presence entire at nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d. The Second corps had been purposely halted near Taneytown "to cover the flank and communications," but comes trudging in through the guns of the artillery long before dawn; and the Sixth corps, young as many of its soldiers are [marches thirty-six miles from Manchester after getting its orders the evening of the 1st, and is on the field in time for all the fighting, should it be called on. It arrives at two P. M.]

At dawn on the 2d of July, General Meade has decided on an arrangement of his troops pretty much as follows:

Beginning on his extreme right—the northeast face of Culp's Hill—he has there posted General Slocum with the Twelfth corps, as it is evident that Johnson's division of Ewell's corps means mischief there. Wadsworth, of the First corps, is moved a little to the left so as to connect with Ames' (yesterday Barlow's) division of the Eleventh corps; and to General Howard with that corps is assigned the general charge of the northern end of the Cemetery Ridge, which Ewell, with Early's and Rodes' divisions, is threatening. Robinson's division of the First corps is extended on the face of the ridge next to the left of Howard, and facing west. Doubleday, with his division, is in support of Howard, so that the First corps, the heroes of the first day's fight, and now commanded by General Newton, are somewhat scattered. When we speak of them as the heroes, it

must not be understood as ignoring Buford and his gallant troopers, who, perhaps, best of all deserve the honors of that day.

The centre of the position, midway between the Round Tops and the northern end of the ridge, is occupied by the very men to hold it—the gallant Second corps, fresh and vigorous; while General Sickles, with the Third corps, holds the left of the line. The Fifth corps, early in the day, is held in reserve. All along the crest the men are busily occupied constructing rude breastworks and shelters, while the batteries are run to the front and crowded into every available space. There is nowhere near room enough for half the guns. Oddly enough, no battery, regiments or troops of any kind are sent to occupy the Round Tops, unless we except the signal men with their flags. It is an oversight that comes near being the ruin of the Army of the Potomac.

[On the other side, General Lee has during the night concentrated all his troops except Stuart's cavalry and Pickett's division of Virginians. As these two organizations are perhaps the flower of the Southern army, it would seem as though the gallant general were severely "handicapped" from the start.

[And now, with a line five miles in length, sweeping way around from Rock Creek in front of Slocum, through Gettysburg, then down Seminary Ridge until really beyond Round Top, with possibly sixty thousand men, the Southern leader is trying to encircle an army of greater size in a stronger position. More than that, he proposes to attack and beat them; and it may be said right here, that that is General Lee's second great error. It is a desperate venture and not warranted by the situation; and yet his army awaits the word in serene confidence that they are bound to win. The fact is that in the Army of Virginia there is up to this time, a feeling of contempt for the Army of the Potomac.

[Lee's army is placed as follows: Longstreet's corps on the right, with Hood's division opposite the Round Tops; McLaws' opposite Sickles and the Third corps; Hill's three divisions covering the long centre, which extends along Seminary Ridge

from McLaws to Rodes; Rodes mainly *in* Gettysburg; Early and Johnson from the town to Rock Creek. } } The Southerners have one point in their favor: on this long line they can use their batteries to better advantage, and Pendleton, their chief of artillery, is no bad match for Hunt. }

Lee had, as we have seen, determined to attack—Meade, to await attack; but almost the entire day passed in eying each other before an aggressive move is made, beyond the mere “tentative” of Early and Johnson the first thing in the morning at Culp’s Hill. It is four o’clock in the afternoon before the Southern general decides just where to strike and how to do it; but, when the blow comes, it comes fearfully near sweeping the cause of the Union to perdition, and this is how it happens:

General Meade has been of the opinion all the morning that the attack in force would come on his right; that is, the northern face of Cemetery Ridge and of Culp’s Hill. [General Lee, after thorough reconnoissance of the lines, decides to assault pretty much as he did with Jackson at Chancellorsville, by enveloping the unprotected flank and “enfilading” the position. But he no longer has Jackson to conduct the move. In fact it is not even to be conducted by Jackson’s successor, or any of old “Stonewall’s” men. Lee determines to reach around the Union left, seize the Round Tops and attack from the south, while Hill is to hold things steady in the centre, and Ewell is to keep the troops in his front so busy as to prevent their slipping off to assist the corps of General Sickles, on whom the brunt of the attack will fall.] To Longstreet is confided the arrangement of this assault on the Union left, and Longstreet is very long in getting ready. It is said of him that he disapproves the plan and is unwilling to undertake it; and yet, thanks to the error of General Sickles, no plan could have been better. }

It so happens that just north of the “tops” and south of the well-defined portion of Cemetery Ridge, occupied by Hancock’s corps, the ground flattens out, so to speak; the ridge is lost in the undulations; whereas, out in the valley proper, out beyond the wheat-field, and fully half of a mile from Little Round Top, there *is* a perceptible ridge along which runs the Emmetsburg

pike. General Sickles takes the responsibility of pushing out there with his whole corps, placing Humphreys' division on the pike, Graham's brigade on its left as far as the peach orchard, and the rest of Birney's division "refused," as the expression is, and stretching back through low, scantily wooded ground toward the Round Tops. In this disposition of his line he thrusts an elbow, so to speak, squarely in the face of Longstreet's position, showing *two* lines, either of which can be "enfiladed," raked or swept by the Southern guns. The peach orchard is at the elbow, and not more than half a mile from the ranks of gray-clad infantry lying prone among the trees of Seminary Ridge. It is shortly after two o'clock when Sickles moves out and takes this position. General Meade, busied with his staff-officers at headquarters back of Hancock's corps, never hears of it, or discovers it until four o'clock, when he himself rides out to see what is going on towards the left. Just what the general's sensations are it is impossible to assert; but it is too late to remedy the error. [Even as he urges his horse out toward the point where fluttering guidons indicate the position of General Sickles, with one simultaneous crash and bellow Longstreet's batteries open on the devoted lines of Humphreys and Birney. Meade can only send back to the plateau in all haste for his old pets, the Fifth corps, and back up Sickles in his blunder.]

Then comes the thrilling moment of the assault. *Not* in front—not facing east upon Humphreys and Graham—but issuing from the woods to the south, Hood's whole division in long gray lines comes charging with its half-savage yell upon the "refused" brigades of De Trobriand and Ward. On they come, two solid brigades of Georgians, another in support; while way off to the southeast, lapping far around the left of Birney's line, never halting to fire, never uttering a sound, strange to say; paying no attention to anything to the right or left, but in eager column, with desperate purpose, arms at right-shoulder, mounted officers at the trot, line officers and the sturdy rank and file at double-quick, a fourth brigade is dashing straight at Little Round Top—at Little Round Top, the key-point of the whole position,

the spot which commands every inch of the lines; the bulwark, that, once gained and held, will enable Lee to drive the Northern army from its stronghold; and there it stands defenceless, while Robertson and his daring Texans, Hood's "chargers," and Law with his Alabama men, are nearing it at every jump.

[Great Heaven! is there no one to see it?—no one to meet this mortal thrust and turn it back? The signal-men are already taking alarm and preparing to leave. Out to the front all is now uproar and excitement, for Longstreet has launched in his whole command; McLaws is hammering at Humphreys and charging Graham at the peach orchard. Meade, all anxiety for his exposed Third corps, can see nothing but what is going on around him. [The Fifth corps is pushing hastily out to the front. Barnes' division is hurrying forward down the slope. Every man seems full of eagerness to go and help Sickles.] No one further up the line towards Hancock can see what is coming down there beyond the rocky heights.] Five minutes more and all would have been up with the Northern army for that day at least, perhaps for good and all; all might have been lost but for one man, that clear-headed, sharp-eyed, brilliant engineer Warren. He has caught sight of the frantic signals of the flagmen on the height. He it is who spurs thither in eager haste, forces his panting horse up among the rocks and boulders, reaches the crest and sees, scarce five hundred yards away, those dense columns of gray-clad infantry swarming at him up the glen. God of battles! what a sight! Quick as a flash—quick almost as his own thought, he wheels his horse, tears down the slope to the north, and dashes at the flank of the Fifth corps, rapidly filing by. "This way, this way, Vincent," he shouts to the brigade commander nearest him. "Up there with you quick as you can—up every man of you!" and, leading the way, hurriedly pointing out the new danger, he sends the brigade scrambling up the rocks. They have not even time to load. Then he gallops to Hazlett's battery, and shouts to the leading regiment of Weed's fine brigade. It is the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, "Pat O'Rorke's boys." "Get those guns up, any-

how—anyhow! Carry them on your shoulders if you have to, but *get them up!*” and with might and main the guns are lifted, shoved, dragged, by straining arms and panting breasts. [Four heroic young West Pointers are urging on the work—Warren, Weed, O’Rorke and Hazlett; and just in the nick of time they gain the summit; quick the gunners spring in with lanyard and canister; quick the black muzzles are trained on the surging masses of gray; the flash and roar follow instanter; gun after gun barks its challenge, but Alabama and Texas are already at our gates, and in hand-to-hand conflict, panting, half-exhausted with their long and rapid run, they are clenched with Vincent’s brigade. [Never as yet during the war has there been such a sight, such a struggle. Bayonets, swords, clubbed muskets, rocks and stones, even fists, are brought into play. Knowing the importance of the position, both sides fight like demons, and the Texans, never before checked, keep swarming forward as though nothing could stop them. Even as the foremost ranks are grappling foot to foot, the rearmost regiments, finding it impossible to get in anywhere, scale the sides of Round Top across the Devil’s Den, and from there, open a rapid fire on their opponents, over the heads of their friends. Vincent has four regiments—the Sixteenth Michigan, Forty-fourth New York (Ellsworth avengers), Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Twentieth Maine. Every section of the North is represented in the defence of the vital point. All are hotly engaged; fire-arms are speedily resumed, and some attempt is made at forming line. Off to the right, gallant Pat O’Rorke, the Buffalo Irishman, who graduated head of his class at “the Point,” cheers his men into position, shouts at them some enthusiastic words that few can hear, and then with flashing sword leads them in charge down the slope upon the Texan lines. [General Weed, so loved throughout the army, calls up the rest of his brigade, and, after half an hour’s desperate and bloody work, the position is safe. But at what a cost!

[Vincent, the gallant brigade commander who first sprang to meet the Texan rush, lies prone in death. O’Rorke, charging at the head of his men, is instantly killed. Noble-hearted Weed,

mortally wounded, is breathing his last messages to Hazlett, when the latter, bending over his loved friend and chief, is himself shot dead; and everywhere, right and left, through the rocks and boulders, lie the blue-clad forms of the Northern soldiery. Little Round Top, the key-point, is saved; but the blood of heroes pours down its rocky sides.

Meantime there has been the very mischief to pay out in front across the valley. Directly in front of Little Round Top, separated from it only by the narrow rivulet of Plum Run now curdling red through this veritable Devil's Den, lies another rocky and wooded eminence. From this vantage point out through the open wheat-field, thence to the "peach orchard," and thence northward along the Emmetsburg pike, there has been going on one terrific and incessant struggle. All the lower valley is now so obscured with smoke that but little of the combatants can be seen, but after an hour's desperate struggle the eight regiments of the Third corps holding the peach orchard, the key-point of the position in the valley, are forced back by the united efforts of the divisions of McLaws and Anderson; so too are the Fifth corps brigades of Tilton and Sweitzer; so too are McGilvray's light batteries that retire firing as they go. Longstreet has burst through the very centre and threatened the divisions of Humphreys on the left flank and what is left of Birney's on the right. General Sickles himself is severely wounded and borne to the rear for the amputation of his leg. Humphreys swings back from the pike in perfect order—his two regular batteries, Turnbull's and Seeley's, and Randolph's Rhode Island guns, trotting back to the new line as unconcernedly as though death were anywhere but at their heels. General Graham is wounded and taken prisoner. Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps comes down to help strengthen the new centre. Cross, Kelly, Zook and Brooke are the four brigade commanders. Cross and Kelly are hurried to the support of De Trobriand, who is now almost exhausted and being charged by the fresh troops of Kershaw; and gallant Cross, who has won such distinction on many a field as to be a noted man and one marked for speedy promotion, is shot dead while cheering on

his men. Zook meets his death-wound but a few moments later, and Brooke, even while driving the enemy before him, is shot down, severely injured. Caldwell's division is used up almost as quick as it comes, and Ayres' fine brigade of regulars, attacked in front, flank and rear at the same instant, has to fight its way back towards Little Round Top. Varily on the left Hood has carried all before him—except that height. And on the right, Hill has advanced; Humphreys is driven back. Hancock has been sent down by Meade to take command of the Third corps as well as his own, the Twelfth corps is hurried to the spot by General Meade himself, and with these reinforcements a determined stand is at last made close under the ridge. The last daring charge of Hill's men is met by a vigorous countercharge under Hancock. Barksdale, of Mississippi, is left mortally wounded within the Union lines; and, farther to the left, the Pennsylvanians under Crawford having made a vigorous sally, the wearied troops of Longstreet fall back across the wheat-field they had won, and darkness closes upon the scene.

[Ewell's attack on Culp's and Cemetery Hill has been successful in so far that he gains the intrenchments on the extreme right, and scares half to death the previously demoralized portion of the Eleventh corps on the left. But in front of Wadsworth and Carroll he is whipped back with heavy loss. (This ends the fighting of the second day; and once again, take it all in all, the Southern side is uppermost, for Meade's losses by sunset on the 2d of July are equal to those of the first day—another 10,000; making, in all, 20,000 men, killed, wounded and missing.

(It is a black night, however, for both sides. Such heavy losses have a depressing effect, and the Southern troops, accustomed hitherto to carry everything before them at first onset, are a trifle stunned at the resistance they have encountered during the day.

Nevertheless, with Ewell's men securely lodged in the Union intrenchments way around by Rock Creek, and with Sickles' corps whipped back to the ridge, General Lee is hopeful that on the morrow he can complete the work, and crush his enemy.

With General Meade there seems to have been deep anxiety. At one time during the afternoon things look so threatening that he has sent General Pleasanton to gather up the reserve artillery, the cavalry, etc., and look after the lines of retreat. There is a prospect of the enemy's sweeping round the Union left, and cutting off communication with Washington. That evening, however, he summons his principal generals in council and propounds three questions:

1st. "Under existing circumstances, is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position, or to retire to another near its base of supplies?"

2d. "It being determined to remain in the present position, shall the army attack, or wait the attack of the enemy?"

3d. "If we wait attack, how long?"

There are present Generals Slocum, Sedgwick, Hancock, Howard, Newton, Sykes, Birney, A. S. Williams and Gibbon. In answering the questions the junior officer, Gibbon, votes first. One and all are of the same opinion, winding up with Slocum's emphatic "Stay and fight it out," and General Meade, as though gratified at a unanimity so much in accord with his own wishes, promptly announces, "That, then, gentlemen, is the decision."

In the confident expectation that Lee will again attack on the coming day, all preparations are made to meet him. Meantime all, who can, lie down along the lines and sleep until the ringing reveille that ushers in the morning of

THE THIRD DAY.

The very earliest gray of morning reveals a change in the dispositions on both sides over on the right at Culp's Hill. Johnson's men of Ewell's corps have been heavily strengthened during the night, and Meade has been far from idle. Several light batteries have been moved over opposite the intrenchments to which the plucky Virginians are clinging. The whole Twelfth corps is sent over from near the Round Tops, and the moment it is light enough to see, every gun opens, and shell and case-shot go whirring and banging into the thick underbrush, and

there is not a Southern gun there to reply. For some time this shelling is carried on; then the divisions of Williams and Geary make a spirited assault, and, for five mortal hours, a deadly struggle goes on along the banks of Rock Creek. } Shaler's brigade of the Sixth corps takes part, and the Northern army is able to send in very heavy masses of troops against Johnson's men, among whom is the old Stonewall brigade. At last, between ten and eleven o'clock, the slopes are cleared of Southern soldiers, the position is retaken, held and strengthened, and Meade turns his eyes westward to see what Lee will do next.

(Foiled in his hopes of strengthening Johnson and attacking from the north, General Lee adopts the one plan he considers left to him, that of making a furious assault on the Union centre, piercing it, and hurling the army apart. It is a tremendous undertaking, but he feels that it must be done, and is moderately hopeful. As a prelude, and in order to sweep the opposite crest as much as possible, General Lee causes to be stationed at every available point along Seminary Ridge his most powerful batteries, until by noon he has one hundred and forty-five guns in position. Most of these are half hidden in the trees at the foot of the ridge, but many are pushed boldly out to the Emmetsburg pike, behind which, lying down in the broiling sun, are many brigades of Southern troops "waiting for orders." Meantime on Cemetery Ridge General Hunt has not been idle. Two regular batteries now crown Little Round Top. / Next, farther north, come the batteries of Major McGilvray; then those under command of Captain Hazzard, and finally the batteries of the First and Eleventh corps farther north—eighty guns in all, General Hunt is able to plant in front of the infantry or between the brigades along the crest, for he well knows that a desperate attack is coming.

[Before it comes, however, a brilliant though fruitless struggle is destined to take place way down to the south of the Round Tops. There the cavalry of General Kilpatrick, with Graham's and Elder's horse-batteries, find themselves confronting a few cavalry skirmishers and some infantry regiments of Hood's corps. The woods are thick. They cannot tell just what is in

front of them, but Merritt has his regulars, and Farnsworth two fine regiments of volunteer horse. They are not the men to stand idly by, and, seeing what they suppose to be a good opportunity to dash in on the rear of Hood's main line, they charge. Farnsworth, sabre in hand, leaps a fence in front of him, and, followed by his two regiments, dashes through the fields beyond, sabring the skirmishers whom they find there, and pressing impetuously onward to the very guns of the Southern batteries, they find themselves well-nigh surrounded by infantry. Here gallant Farnsworth and many of his men are killed, others taken prisoners; and as for Merritt's regular brigade, they speedily find the woods in their front *crammed* with riflemen, and utterly inaccessible for cavalry, despite the daring and vigorous attempts made to carry them.

And now come the preparations for the grand closing attack—the final effort. In many of its features one is reminded of the last charge of Ney and the Old Guard at Waterloo.

During the morning there has arrived in rear of the centre of the Southern line the superb division of General Pickett, comprising the brigades of Kemper, Armistead and Garnett, all Virginians; and this devoted command is designated by General Lee to lead the van. In compliance with his orders, Pickett moves his division out in the open, midway between the Emmetsburg pike and the Seminary Ridge. There, with Kemper and Garnett in the first line, and Armistead forming the second, the men are to lie down and await the result of the cannonade soon to begin. To support Pickett in the great task before him General Lee draws upon Hill's corps, the only troops that have not yet been heavily engaged in the battle itself. Wilcox's brigade is ordered to move on Pickett's right, and six brigades of the divisions of Anderson and Pender are designated to attack simultaneously on his left, Pettigrew commanding their leading line. General Pickett also understands that two or three light batteries are to assist upon his flanks, moving forward with him. The troops move in silence to their assigned positions, and the entire command, now numbering 15,000 men, is placed, for the time being, under the orders of General Longstreet; and

right here it must be said that Longstreet is ominously opposed to the whole plan. } He cannot bring himself to act heartily in carrying out the orders of his chief. He has every fear that the attempt will prove suicidal, and for once in his life at least, Lee's staunch lieutenant must be said to have "hung fire." At one o'clock the report is brought to him that all is ready, the different brigades in their assigned positions—Pickett and Wilcox out towards the pike, Pettigrew and Anderson farther back among the trees of the ridge. The point designated by General Lee on which to direct the attack is a jutting knob of Cemetery Ridge occupied by Hancock's corps, immediately behind which are Meade's headquarters. At one o'clock, down to the right of the lines of Lee, there boom forth at one minute's interval two guns from the Washington artillery of New Orleans. It is the signal to begin, and in one terrific burst of thunder, the sixscore cannon open fire on Cemetery Ridge, and a flight of death-dealing shells whirls shrieking across the valley. Thus begins the most stunning, deafening cannonade ever heard on this continent. Fast as they can load and aim the Southern gunners ply their work, and the eager eyes of their leaders follow the effect of the fire. But on the Union side all is still: crouching behind their breastworks, lying flat on the ground, the Northern infantry seek shelter from the terrible storm; the battery men lie prone around their guns impatiently waiting for the word, the horses are run off far to the rear; all eyes are on General Hunt, who, cool and imperturbable amid the flying fragments of the shells, stands scanning the positions of the Southern guns. Full fifteen minutes he waits, then comes a quick signal to Hazzard; the bugles ring out, "commence firing;" up jump the cannoneers, and in one grand roar the whole line from Round Top to the right bursts into flame. The cannonade is indescribable; men are so deafened and stunned by it that many are semi-paralyzed, and hundreds can hear no word of command for days afterwards. More than two hundred guns are *banging* away all at once, and if anything, the Southerners are having the best of it. Flying over the crest, their shells plunge back on the plateau among the reserve bat-

teries, the wagons, the various headquarters, and 'play havoc everywhere except on the crest itself, where the infantry is lying down. Then, too, a light wind from the northeast blows all the smoke down into the valley, and completely hides it from the Northern gunners, who are thus compelled to fire very much at random, while the Southern gunners simply keep the range they had learned early in the cannonade. But they make one great mistake. Instead of concentrating their fire on Hancock, where the great attack is to be made, they scatter it along the whole line. At last the fire slowly slackens. The word is passed that the Union batteries are silenced or out of ammunition. It does not seem to occur to Colonel Alexander that the wily Hunt may only be suppressing his batteries in order to draw on the attack he is so ready and eager to meet. "Now is your time, Pickett," is the purport of the message that reaches that gallant general, and he, galloping to Longstreet, asks if he shall now advance; but Longstreet, torn by conflicting emotions, his duty to Lee and his own conviction that nothing but disaster can result, will not give the word that is to launch his magnificent division to destruction; but Pickett knows the orders of the general-in-chief. He waits one moment: then, saluting, says, "General, I am about to lead my division to the attack," and Longstreet in silent agony of mind simply bows his head. It is the order. It *must* be done.

And now, under a blazing July sun that has already stricken down many unwounded men, Pickett gallops to the front, and the ringing word of command resounds and is taken up along the lines. Virginia springs to her feet; the ranks are dressed; the battle-flags are advanced. Forward is the word, and in disciplined silence, in beautiful order, the Virginia division moves to the front. At the same instant the brigades of Hill to the left spring to arms, and move forward from the sheltering woods. To attain the point indicated by General Lee, Pickett has to move full half a mile to his left, up the valley towards Gettysburg, and nothing can exceed the calm steadiness in which the manœuvre is executed. Friend and foe alike burst into shouts of admiration. The instant the lines reach the Emmetsburg pike

the Northern guns reopen and hurl case-shot and canister upon the gray-clad ranks, but with no more effect in stopping them than if they were firing blank cartridges. At last they reach the point directly in front of Hancock, Armistead presses forward and aligns his brigade between those of Kemper and Garnett; and now, gentlemen of Virginia, forward it is in earnest. Off to the left, animated by the dauntless bearing of Pickett's men, the troops of Pettigrew and Anderson are coming gallantly forward; but Wilcox is unaccountably slow. He is too far back on the right, and Kemper is "uncovered" towards the south. The guns along Cemetery Ridge blaze in perfect fury; fresh batteries are run up; canister is fairly rained upon the matchless advance; but, closing in their gaps, dressing on the centre, ever directing their march upon that jutting knoll of Hancock's, calmly, with solid tramp, tramp, even *slower* than quick time, those glorious soldiers come on. They are within five hundred yards. Pettigrew on their left is urging his North Carolinians up on line with their leading rank. Armistead, afoot now, with his hat on the point of his sword, is waving on his men; for at this instant Stannard's Vermont regiments, thrown forward in a little clump of trees south of the point of attack, open a rapid musketry fire on the right flank of Kemper's lines, and they cannot help edging a little to the left. McGilvray's batteries too are hurling canister obliquely across the slope, and the gray uniforms are dropping by scores; but still the battle-flags wave in front, and the steady advance continues. The batteries before them have fired away nearly all their canister and never checked them; and now the men of Gibbon's and Hay's divisions grasp tighter their muskets for the coming volley. "Remember Fredericksburg," some men pass the word along the line. Nearer and nearer come the Virginians, and still not a musket-shot is heard on the crest. At last, as they get within three hundred yards, one simultaneous volley bursts from the rifles of the Second corps, one terrific, sweeping volley before which hundreds go down like ten-pins. It is more than the North Carolinians can stand; they waver, break and run, leaving many battle-flags, and hundreds of prisoners in Hancock's hands. Not

so Virginia. With one triumphant yell they burst from the serried ranks, and, still shouting like demons, the brigades of Kemper, Armistead and Garnett, all alone and unsupported at the moment, dash at the crest and come tearing up the slope in a vast gray surging wave. In vain the blue lines blaze with fire. Nothing will stop them. Three Pennsylvania regiments man the low wall right in front of Armistead, and such is the impetus of Pickett's grand up-hill rush that the Pennsylvanians are rolled over and driven back, and Armistead leading, leaps in among the guns of Cushing's battery—gallant little Cushing, mortally wounded already, yet demanding the right to die among the guns he has fought so well; and die he does, another bullet striking him just as Armistead reaches his side, and is himself prostrated in death beside the young commander whom he was about to order, surrender. With frantic yells of triumph the Southerners swarm through the battery and the Rhode Island guns on its left, while Kemper's men and Garnett's, pushing forward, hurl themselves on the second line. But watchful Hancock and his energetic Gibbon have rushed up additional troops; brave "Andy" Webb has rallied the Pennsylvanians. Whole brigades and regiments come running to the scene; a perfect death-storm breaks on the devoted Virginians now hemmed in on three sides; Garnett is killed; Armistead dying; Kemper is borne to the rear severely wounded; the battle-flags are shot to earth quicker than men can pick them up, and still these heroic Virginians hold the ground. Then the surrounding regiments advance their stars and stripes; four-deep the blue ranks crowd about their hapless foes; the wall of fire is broader and deeper, and at last the bleeding remnant throws itself upon the ground, the battle-flags are all humbled in the dust. Pickett, making his unhappy way back through the friendly smoke across the valley, finds that he has left to him, of the twenty-two officers of rank, and five thousand men, who went in with him as his own division, just one lieutenant-colonel and perhaps five hundred soldiers. Ney, Cambronne and the Old Guard at Waterloo were not more superb; but, as Longstreet had feared, the glorious division of Virginia is annihilated. On its left, Pettigrew has come up with



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

1950
1951
1952
1953
1954

his partially rallied troops, and the brigades of Scales and Archer, only to meet a fate almost as bad. Fortunately for him and his, they do not break the first line and so get into a trap; but they are desperately whipped. Hancock has taken forty-five hundred prisoners and twenty-seven battle-flags. A few broken and dispirited regiments drift back through the smoke, and are rallied by sad-hearted Lee and Longstreet on Seminary Ridge. Wilcox comes up and makes an abortive assault in front of the batteries of McGilvray; but those active Vermonters of Stannard take him too in flank and he is hurled back with loss of several hundred men. The battle of Gettysburg is over.

Even in that last charge of Pickett's, his Virginians in their heroic fight have done much damage. Many officers and men are killed and wounded while battling with them for the crest. (Among the wounded are Hancock and Gibbon, who have been so energetic; but nothing can compensate the Southern army for the terrible losses it has sustained. It has fought with superb and devoted bravery. It has been unable to drive the Army of the Potomac from its strong position. Its best and bravest have gone down in the desperate attempt; but all the same it is still so disciplined, so united that General Meade wisely decides to let well alone and "push things" no farther that day. He has been blamed for not making a general assault, at once, on Lee's position on Seminary Ridge; but the issue would have been very doubtful. Ten years ago, General Longstreet told the writer that Hood and McLaws, and the whole Southern artillery, were in readiness to give him the warmest kind of reception in case Meade made the attempt; so that night of the 3d of July was spent as though a truce had been sounded. The next day the rain-storm that inevitably follows a great battle came up. General Lee moved his trains, his guns and his wounded slowly and deliberately back to Cumberland valley, and thence towards Williamsport on the Potomac. He followed with his army in a day, slowly and with impressive dignity; but his cavalry leaped forward, seized the bridges and the ground commanding them. Floods prevented his crossing. He fortified his position, and, when Meade came up in pursuit, the very generals, who had

counselled fight at Gettysburg, shook their heads at the defiant front presented by that unconquerable Army of Virginia. It was then that General Halleck, eager to have the work finished, telegraphed that "councils of war never fight;" and the President expressed his deep regret that Lee was allowed to get away. But get away he did, and safely too. On the 15th of July the army of the South was all back again on the "sacred soil"—all but what was left at Gettysburg.

Of the losses in this "battle of the giants," an exact estimate can be given only of the Army of the Potomac, which suffered: 2,834 killed, 13,733 wounded, 6,643 missing—an aggregate of 23,190. The army of General Lee lost 14,000 prisoners, and probably 15,000 killed and wounded at lowest estimate.

On the 4th of July, the day after the battle, the Army of the Potomac and that of the West exchanged hearty congratulations, for Vicksburg fell before General Grant, and the combined victories served to give to all loyal hearts in the North a thrill of hope, a fervent glow of gratitude, such as had not been known since the beginning of the long and cruel war. The tide at last had turned, but not until Virginia had ridden on the topmost wave and been dashed on the rocks of Gettysburg.

NASHVILLE.

1864.



HE year 1863 had been full of disaster for the South, or rather for the cause of its leaders. The trivial successes gained in Virginia were more than neutralized by the great blow of Gettysburg, while the fall of Vicksburg had re-manded to the control of the North the whole course of the Mississippi river. Then there were two proclamations by the President of the United States that had all the moral effect of additional victories for the national arms—the emancipation of the slaves, and the amnesty offered to all armed insurgents under certain of the highest grades. The year 1864 began with every prospect of a speedy ending of the war of the rebellion, but the South seemed as hopeful, resolute and energetic as ever. Abroad, her statesmen were enjoined to represent her as rapidly nearing her final triumph, and so material aid kept coming in from England and from France. At home, her government cheered the people by promises of speedy satisfaction for the heavy losses of '63, and more rigorously enforced its conscription of able-bodied citizens to ensure it.

In the North all was high hope and confidence. Three great generals, who had risen to prominence and won resounding applause on western battle-fields, had been placed at the head of the armies of the Union, and of these men great things were expected. First was General U. S. Grant, whose dogged resolution, persistence, and keen knowledge of soldiers and soldiering had enabled him to win battle after battle, and finally to gain the crowning triumphs of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and

who now appeared in the east as lieutenant-general commanding the armies of the United States, supplanting Halleck, who remained at the capital as chief of staff. Second was Major-General W. T. Sherman, whose tireless energy and brilliant attainments had made him Grant's right hand man and most trusted lieutenant. To him was now intrusted the chief command of the armies in the west. Third was General Philip H. Sheridan, who had won universal praise and admiration for the dash and vigor with which he handled an infantry division; and when General Grant, reaching Washington, had his first interview with the President, the secretary of war, and General Halleck, and announced to them that the Army of the Potomac must have a general to reorganize and command its entire cavalry, General Halleck asked, "How would Sheridan do?" "The very man," said General Grant, and Sheridan forthwith, and very much to his disgust at first, was transferred from the Army of the Cumberland to the Army of the Potomac. With Grant, Meade and Sheridan in Virginia, it was believed that the gallant army of General Lee would soon be penned within the walls of Richmond; and with Sherman, Thomas, McPherson and Schofield in the west, it was believed that there the confederacy would be cut in two.

In the Army of the Potomac there had been much discord and jealousy, as we have seen. In the armies of the west there was unanimity, and high spirit of cordiality towards the present commanders. Of course there had been the same experiments with various generals in high commands, which had been so marked a feature of the first two years of the war in the east. Generals Don Carlos Buell, Rosecrans and Halleck had all commanded in the field south of Kentucky, and had failed to satisfy the demands of the public or the government, but the leaders and the men had pulled together with a will, and now, early in '64, it was the intention of General Grant that the armies east and west should act in concert, and no longer be "like a balky team," as he characteristically expressed it. Early in the spring, he and Sherman moved simultaneously—Grant on Richmond, Sherman on Atlanta. General Lee successfully

defended the approaches to his capital, and forced Grant to halt before the walls of Petersburg; but nothing could stop Sherman, who, on the 2d of September, had taken Atlanta.

Things looked desperate for the South, but the people were as brave, the leaders as daring as ever. Jefferson Davis hurried westward to revive the spirit and hopes of the people; pointed out to them that, though Sherman had succeeded in reaching and seizing Atlanta, he was in a very critical position. His sole line of supplies was a long single-track railway that was liable to be cut in a thousand places. It had to be heavily guarded, and, running through hostile territory for 300 miles, it could not be relied upon. Mr. Davis urged all absent or skulking soldiers to return to their colors, promised that Sherman should be driven back in a retreat as disastrous as Napoleon's from Moscow, and that the armies of the South should march jubilantly to the Ohio. He had most injudiciously removed General Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the army in Georgia, and assigned in his place a daring and brilliant soldier, General John B. Hood; and, giving the latter instructions to cut Sherman's communications everywhere and prepare to march northward, and promising him that strong forces should join him from west of the Mississippi, Mr. Davis went back to Richmond, leaving General Hood to carry out his orders.

Hood was active and energetic. He aimed blow after blow at the railway, and sent his cavalry raiding all along the lines, giving General Sherman much uneasiness, but never for once breaking his hold on Atlanta. No, General Sherman had resolved on a glorious move. All he needed was a reliable man to hold the States of Tennessee and Kentucky against any northward march of the Southern army in his absence, and he chose the right man when he named for this important trust Major-General George H. Thomas.

Taking the very best of the combined armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Cumberland, with him, General Sherman swung loose from Atlanta late in the fall on his never-to-be-forgotten march to the sea, leaving General Thomas with a very mixed command to defend the line of the Tennessee against the south.

"I will send back into Tennessee the Fourth corps," wrote General Sherman; "all dismounted cavalry; all sick and wounded and all incumbrances whatever," and on the 26th of October he issued formal orders placing General Thomas in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi during his absence, headquarters to be at Nashville.

On October 31st General Stanley, with the Fourth corps, was ordered to concentrate at Pulaski in southern Tennessee, and General Schofield with his command was ordered to move from Resaca, Georgia, towards Columbia, Tennessee, a little town on the Nashville and Decatur railway, about thirty miles north of Pulaski, for it was now apparent that General Hood with a powerful army intended crossing the Tennessee and advancing by this line upon Nashville.

It was late in the autumn; the rivers were low; the gunboats could not reach the threatened crossings of the Tennessee. General Forrest, a born cavalry leader, with some 6,000 troopers, was raiding along the railway and the river, and General Thomas had no horsemen to send against him. In order that his own cavalry might be well mounted for the march to the sea, General Sherman had taken most of the serviceable horses of the western armies and sent back to Thomas only cavalrymen in name. They arrived at Nashville by brigades and regiments, afoot, and had to be remounted before becoming available for field service.

In plain words, the task allotted to General Thomas was to improvise an army with which to repel a bold invasion that would carry ruin and desolation with it if not checked. General Hood's army was strong, compact and admirably led. It consisted of three divisions of infantry under Cheatham, S. D. Lee and Stewart, at least 40,000 strong, and of some 10,000 cavalry under their renowned leader, Forrest. Hood himself we have seen before in command of the Texans at Manassas and Gettysburg; a braver man probably never lived, and as a division commander he had no superior in the South. As a general commanding an army he had been but a short time before the people, and having been designated to supersede a favorite officer,

J. E. Johnston, he could not at once command the entire sympathy of the army. But he was admired and respected. His fighting qualities none could question. Gettysburg had ruined an arm for him; Chickamauga had robbed him of a leg; nevertheless he was ready to take his part in the great campaigns of '64, and now was determined to lead his army to the doors of Louisville. He and his antagonist were well known to each other. They had served together as officers in the same regiment of cavalry in the old regular army before the war.

Against Hood's force General Thomas had in front of Nashville some 25,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry. These troops were effectives in the field. He had additional garrisons in Chattanooga, Decatur, Murfreesboro', Nashville and other important towns, and in block-houses along the railways, but these garrisons were needed just where they were posted. The troops with which he could expect to confront Hood's army were the Fourth corps under Major-General Stanley, a famous fighter, and the remains of the Army of the Ohio, under Major-General Schofield, a very able and distinguished officer. Reinforcements were to be sent to Nashville from Missouri and the north, and horses for the cavalry, but before they came Hood had leaped the Tennessee and rushed forward to beat the concentrating troops in detail. The idea was Napoleonic. He hoped to cut off Schofield on his march for Columbia, but although Cheatham was in readiness to assault Schofield's flank as the Union column hurried along, he failed to attack, and was severely rebuked by Hood for the neglect.

General Thomas at Nashville was now in a position to try the nerve of any man. He had thrust upon him, so to speak, a vast array of ineffectives and non-combatants. Nashville was crowded with men to feed, but woefully short of men to fight. His cavalry was still unhorsed; thousands of convalescents had gone home to vote and had remained to hear the result of the election. He had not a division of organized and veteran troops in his lines. He could only make provisional brigades of what were there, telegraph for the instant return of all soldiers belonging to his army, urge the sending of horses, and form for defence as best

he might; meantime he sent word to Schofield to fall back fighting; to assume command towards the front and delay Hood as long as possible; then with superhuman energy he devoted himself to the task of preparation. He was a man of uncommon mould—calm, firm, full of high purpose, of the loftiest patriotism, of the most unblemished honor. He had risen to prominence at Mill Spring, where he routed Zollicoffer's army. He had fought superbly at Perryville and at Stone River. He had immortalized his name at Chickamauga, where his inflexible courage and firmness saved the Union army from utter ruin. He had won high distinction in the advance on Atlanta. He was the most perfect defensive fighter in the western army; but—said some superiors and many inferiors—he was slow. "He could not fight an aggressive battle." "Old Slow Trot," the soldiers used to call him. "Old Safety" was a name he won early in the war; "Old Pap Thomas" his men lovingly called him before it was over. He had stood like a rock against the Southern host at Chickamauga; he was now to be subjected to an ordeal an hundred times more trying—that of standing like a rock against the ignorant demands of the press and the public, and against the ill-considered orders and impatient criticism of superiors hundreds of miles from the scene of action.

Obedient to his orders, Schofield faced about at Franklin on the Harpeth river, twenty miles south of Nashville. He had fallen back slowly, keeping a bold face to the foe, while his great superior was straining every nerve strengthening the fortifications and organizing his forces at the capital. With a much inferior command in point of numbers, Schofield had at Franklin an intrenched position, which Stanley thoroughly knew how to defend. Hood attacked here at 4 P. M. on November 30th and was repulsed with great loss. Again and again the daring leader ordered his men to repeat the assault. It was useless. It was even foolhardy. In proportion to numbers engaged, Franklin was the bloodiest battle of the war. Cleburne and five other Southern generals and seventeen hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers were killed that day, and the loss to Hood's army was over 6,000 combatants. A terrible blow, indeed.

Schofield's loss was only one-third as much, but included his right-bower, Stanley, among the severely wounded, and, having thus crippled his rash antagonist, Schofield withdrew to the lines of Thomas, who now felt better prepared to receive Hood when he should appear before Nashville.

Let us glance at the ground on which the decisive battle is to take place. Nashville stands on the south or left bank of the Cumberland river, in the heart of a boldly undulating limestone country. The city itself is compact and handsome; the capitol a fine building, with a commanding view towards the heights to the south. The city lies in a large amphitheatre, as it were, for it is encircled by ranges of knobs and ridges that are almost concentric. Southeast of the city, grazing it in fact, the first circle begins and the hills are steep and high. South they open out a little farther from town and sweep around to the Cumberland again on the west. On this range was built the inner line of strong redoubts and earthworks that defended the city. Fort Negley, at the base of which runs the railways to Murfreesboro' and Franklin, was the highest and most important. From here another line was thrown out on a second range of knobs and ridges that swept around like the first, to the Cumberland, a mile outside. This was the outer line of works, averaging an hundred feet greater height than the first, and between this second or outer line and a series of bluffs spanning the southern horizon was a fertile valley cut up into numerous little ridges and "swales" of its own. Back of these bluffs, directly south of the city and about five miles from the capitol, are the Overton hills, the highest of all.

From Nashville three railways ran out south of the Cumberland—one to Chattanooga southeast by way of Murfreesboro; one to Decatur south by way of Franklin, and one to Johnsonville on the Tennessee, nearly due west. Besides these there were no less than ten broad high roads or "pikes" radiating out in every direction, east, west and south. Three of them ran nearly south. Passing right under Fort Negley and the Overton hills is the Franklin pike. Next to the west of it is the "Granny White" pike, and west still farther is the Hillsboro

pike. The three leave Nashville almost at the same point, but gradually spread apart until, crossing the line of the Overton hills, there is a good long three miles between the outermost; and it was mainly between the Franklin and Hillsboro roads that the great battle of Nashville was fought.

On December 3d General Hood, with his whole army, smarting and raging after his severe punishment at Franklin, appeared before the lines of works. They were too strong for him to assault. He therefore threw up rifle-pits and earthworks, extending from the Chattanooga railway on the east, circling around the Union lines, and ending at the Hillsboro pike on the west. From there, around to the Cumberland his cavalry kept actively scouting. Between the Hillsboro pike and Granny White road the lines approached each other to within half a mile at one point, then stretched apart. East of the Franklin pike they were separated by a distance of two miles. Hood placed his guns in formidable and commanding positions, and apparently dared the Northern army to come out and fight him; but Thomas was not ready. He was making all haste, however; and his batteries opened a lively fire at the Confederate works.

Now the mere presence of this Southern army in front of Nashville was something the Northern press could not tolerate. The same "on to Richmond" spirit that had plunged a raw and unprepared command into the fire of the first Bull Run, began to clamor at Thomas. He was implored, urged, then ordered to attack at once. There never is a time when a newspaper editor does not think he knows more about handling an army than the man who happens to be at the head of it. Then came columns of threats and abuse at Thomas because he would not attack. Feeling sure that every day added to his own strength and his opponent's weakness, Thomas desired to wait until he had mounted his cavalry. He had promised Sherman that if Hood came north of the Tennessee he would ruin his army, and he meant to do it; but to "ruin it" he must not only beat it, he must pursue and grind it to pieces. This he could not do without cavalry.

Then the cabinet and the war department began to worry

General Thomas. Knowing full well that his cavalry was still afoot, and that most of his men were the "discards" of commands that had gone with Sherman, it was considered necessary to prod and push him into action. "He should have fallen on Hood right after Franklin," said the wiseacres at Washington. "He should have pounded him with his fresh troops."

Mr. Stanton, early in December, telegraphed to General Grant that Thomas' conduct looked "too much like the McClellan and Rosecrans' strategy of do nothing." General Grant began sending urgent telegrams from City Point near Petersburg to Thomas at Nashville, setting forth the theory that Hood should be attacked at once; but not, most fortunately, giving positive orders. On December 5th, however, he wired: "Time strengthens him, in all probability, as much as it does you." On December 6th, 4 P. M., he sent these peremptory orders: "Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount for your cavalry."

This was hard. General Thomas had but one brigade in the saddle. Forrest was whirling all around Hood's flanks with over ten thousand horsemen, but orders were orders. Thomas replied that he would make immediate dispositions and attack as ordered, but thought it would be hazardous. Nevertheless his troops were not yet concentrated, and not until the 9th was he in readiness to strike. All the intervening hours he had been compelled to read or hear of all manner of criticism, injustice and abuse from the press or the authorities. It was enough to drive most men to desperation, but General Thomas remained calm and determined. On the 9th he issued his orders for attack, and that very day orders were telegraphed to Washington relieving him from the command, and placing General Schofield in his stead. A terrible storm of rain, freezing as it fell, began at daybreak on the 9th and nobody *could* attack, and this gave General Grant time to think better of his order relieving General Thomas. It was suspended. The storm lasted for three days. The whole country was covered with sleet and ice. Men could not march or move at all. Horses slipped and fell and seriously injured their riders; but the whole nation was clamoring now, and on the afternoon of the 11th General Grant again telegraphed

from City Point to delay no longer for weather or reinforcements. Thomas replied on the 12th that he would attack the moment the sleet melted; and on the 14th General Grant himself started for Nashville *via* Washington, under the mistaken impression that he could get there before that long-deferred attack would be made. At Washington on the night of the 15th the strained anxiety of all the cabinet was allayed by the brief despatch which there met General Grant:

"Attacked enemy's left this morning; drove it from the river, below the city, very nearly to Franklin pike, distance about eight miles."

In these modest, soldierly words General Thomas reported the result of as scientific, masterly and gallant a battle as ever was fought on our continent, and the outcry against him gave place to a burst of admiration and enthusiastic applause.

Noon of the 14th of December came, before the south winds had thawed away the armor of ice and sleet that had made, for nearly a week, all movement on either side an impossibility. Then that afternoon the calm and patient leader called together his principal generals, explained to them in quiet words his plan of attack, and gave his orders. There were assembled Schofield, the victor of Franklin; A. J. Smith, of the Army of the Tennessee; T. J. Wood, now at the head of the gallant Fourth corps, in place of that fierce fighter Stanley, who had been painfully wounded at the Harpeth; Steedman, in whose command were many regiments of colored troops destined to make their maiden battle; Donaldson, who recruited his brigade from the army of quartermasters' employés; and Miller, who commanded the little garrison of the city proper. These were the leaders of the line; but with them stood the energetic head of the cavalry corps of the Western army, Major-General Wilson, who among his division commanders had some admirable and experienced cavalymen; and now and not until now was Wilson able to report his corps ready for work. Only three-fourths of their number were mounted, to be sure, and only one-half well mounted; but the others could and would fight as infantry, and there were 6,000 at least who were in splendid trim. On the

12th, leading their horses, these fellows slid and stumbled across the river from Edgefield, where they had been encamped, and went into bivouac under the guns.

The meeting at General Thomas' headquarters was long. Every point was thoroughly explained, and when it broke up and the generals scattered to rejoin their commands, every man knew to the last detail the duty expected of him. That night there was an unaccustomed stir in the camps around Nashville. Hours before the dawn the men were summoned to arms, and, sleepily rousing from their pallets, the soldiers buckled on their accoutrements, turned the overcoat collars well up about their ears, and silently took their places in the ranks.

Just as at Leuthen, at Austerlitz, at Jena, a dense fog hung over the earth, obscuring all movements, and deadening the sound of tramping hoof or rumbling caisson. Just as at Leuthen the heavy columns moving forward into the mist turned to the right when within cannon-range of the enemy, and in compact order marched away parallel to the Southern lines until they reached the Hillsboro and Hardin pikes. Out these they tramped in solemn silence, while Miller and Donaldson with their brigades quitted the muddy suburbs of the capital and occupied the redoubts and earthworks vacated by the men of the Fourth, Sixteenth and Twenty-third corps. Just as at Leuthen the plan was to hurl a powerful force on the enemy's left, deceiving him meanwhile by a feint at assault on the other end of his line, and, by "turning" and driving him in from the Hillsboro road, to double up the line, force it back on the centre, and then, in grand assault from the west, sweep it across the Granny White road, and, if possible, cut off the retreat towards Franklin. Once driven in and "turned" on his left, Hood would be compelled to abandon his hold on the heights near the river on the east, and fall back from the line of intrenchments he had thrown up, then accept battle in the open country, man to man and gun to gun; and of the issue of that combat Thomas had no doubt whatever. All that was necessary was secrecy, and prompt and cordial co-operation on the part of his officers.

To Steedman, with Cruft's, Miller's and Donaldson's troops,

was left the care of the defensive works and the duty of making a formidable assault on the rifle-pits and earthworks of Hood's right flank, while the main army essayed the difficult feat of working around the other flank in the face of their active cavalry.

Steedman early designated the troops for his trying duty. It is far harder to get cut up with killed and wounded in a pretended assault, than in one which holds forth the glorious possibility of carrying the coveted position. Steedman's men were to make believe desire and attempt to carry a position far too strong to invite actual attack in front, and, in order to successfully deceive the enemy, it was necessary that they should advance with every appearance of determination. Three columns under Colonels Morgan, Thompson and Grosvenor, composed mainly of troops from Ohio and Indiana, with several finely drilled regiments of hopeful colored troops, were in readiness, and two light batteries were posted on their flanks to aid in the movement.

In the earliest gray of the misty dawn, the troops of the Union army poured forth from their earthworks to the southwest of Nashville, and pushed boldly out over the rolling, open country. On the extreme right, in widely dispersed order, so as to cover a large tract of the neighborhood, marched the horsemen of Wilson's cavalry corps. One small division under General R. W. Johnson, following the river road, moved westward in search of any of Forrest's people who might lie in that direction—a wise precaution that rendered the thoughtful commander-in-chief secure of his right flank, for long before the roar of the guns from the distant eastern front of the city told Johnson that Steedman had begun his attack, he himself found his advance confronted by a brigade of Forrest's men under General Chalmers.

A mile to the south of Johnson's division, Croxton's cavalry were feeling their way out across the open ground between the Charlotte pike and the Johnsonville railway: Knipe's brigade cautiously advanced along the Hardin pike, while the fine division of General Edward Hatch covered the ground between

him and the right of the infantry lines. The entire front thus covered and patrolled by the cavalry was something like four miles in extent, but it was not here that the enemy was expected in any force.

Marching out southwestward along the Hardin pike came the corps of A. J. Smith, its leading division commanded by General Kenner Garrard, and an odd circumstance occurs to us at this moment as connected with the battle of Nashville. Four of the principal participants, Generals Thomas, Hood, Garrard and R. W. Johnson, at the outbreak of the war were brother officers in the same regiment, the old Second cavalry of the regular army, and little did Thomas and Hood then suppose that the winter of '64 would see them commanders of two hostile armies grappling in a deadly struggle for the control of the western border States.

Following in the track of the cavalry a mile beyond the works, Garrard's division then turned to the left and moved out through the fields towards the Hillsboro road, and here Smith's three divisions were ordered to form their line; McArthur's division, groping out between the Hardin and Charlotte pikes, had a harder and longer road to travel, and before he was a mile outside the works, the skirmishers, well to the front, stirred up the outlying pickets of the Southern cavalry. It was barely daylight. Hardly an object could be distinguished at ten yards' distance through the fog, but even as the sudden crack of carbine and "Springfield" burst on the startled ear, down among the rough slopes and hummocks to the southwest, there came from east of Nashville a thundering roar that woke the valley into vehement life. Covered by the huge Dahlgrens and rifles of the gunboats on the river, masked by the fire of the entire line of eastern works, Steedman's devoted column had marched out from the shelter of the heights along Brown's creek, crossed that narrow stream, deployed along the Murfreesboro pike, and now, facing south, was advancing upon the Southern right flank, whirling in their skirmishers before the long blue lines. The great battle had begun.

At eight o'clock on this dismal wintry morning, through fog

and drizzle, through yielding and muddy by-roads, through rough, untrodden fields, the army of General Thomas had pushed its way into the assigned positions, and three strong and enthusiastic corps were massed in front of the left of Hood's lines, waiting only for the word "forward," while that buoyant commander himself, deceived by the roar of battle to the east into the belief that the main attack would come from that point, was hurrying troops thither from his centre. Thomas' plan was working to a charm.

Sending his chief of staff, Colonel Whipple, whose well-won pet-name of "Old Faithful" fully describes the man, to order Steedman to press the assault with all apparent energy, Thomas now rode forward to direct the grand turning movement in person. At this moment all three corps commanders, Smith, Schofield and Wood, were west of the Hillsboro pike, and the Union line, covering a general front of about two miles out in the fields, was facing a little east of south. On the left stood Beatty's division of the Fourth corps; next on his right was Kimball's and then Elliott's, all formed in double battle-lines with strong veils of skirmishers. Beyond the Fourth corps and farther advanced, in readiness to wheel to the left, were the three divisions of General A. J. Smith; McArthur's being on the right, Garrard in the centre and left, while Moore's division was formed in reserve.

In rear of the centre of the line thus formed by Wood and Smith stood Schofield with the Twenty-third corps—Cox and Couch being his division commanders; while on the extreme right, aligned with McArthur's men, yet ever eagerly, impatiently edging forward as though bound to get an advantage at the start, were the troopers of Hatch's division. Dismounted, and with their horses led well to the rear, these extemporized footmen were bent on showing their more experienced infantry comrades that they could head a charge even if they had to crawl to do it. Croxton and Knipe, finding the country clear for miles out to the southwest, had wheeled to the left and come up in rear of Hatch. Johnson, way down the river towards the Davidson house, was just beginning to exchange compliments with Chalmers' guns.

Beyond all question, Hood had not looked for this advance on his open left. Perhaps he too was thinking of the old regimental name by which the troopers had been wont to call their grave, earnest major in the days gone by. He did not give "Old Slow Trot" credit for a brilliant move; he had forgotten the fable of the tortoise and the hare. But here at half-past eight A. M. stood his former battalion commander ready to double him up, the moment the fog lifted, and, except for some heavy skirmishing with McArthur's men as they swung around across the fields, he had no idea of his coming.

Nine o'clock. Off to the east, gunboat and battery, Rodman, Parrott and Dahlgren are thundering on the heavy air with redoubled fury; the housetops of the distant city are thronged with awe-stricken spectators; the brown parapets on the slopes are alive with eager blue-coats peering through the thinning mists for the first signs of the opening battle. Steedman has received his orders, and now the long blue lines, heavily backed by supporting battalions, sweep forward in grim earnest; stern, set, white faces march side by side with the nervous and excitable black, but there is no falter—no craven in either. In front lies the railway; across it the Southern guns; and now as the skirmishers draw aside and the solid battle-lines come on at the sharp double-quick, the barred battle-flags of the Confederacy leap to the crests; the gunners spring to their deadly work; the long kneeling lines of gray-clad infantry train their rifles on the still mist-crowned ranks and wait for the word "fire." It comes soon and sudden, and a denser fog, the thick, stifling cloud of battle, hangs like a pall over the lightning flashes on the field. A ringing cheer, a roaring volley answer the crash of the Southern guns, and on go the blue-clad ranks; down into the shallow trench of the railway leap the lines; up the steep slope of the cut they climb, and Steedman's feint becomes despite him an attack in dead earnest. Ohio, Indiana and Ethiopia have bearded the lion in his den; the stars and stripes are actually in among the cross-bars, and a hand-to-hand fight rages over the rifle-pits along the railway.

This is unlooked for, but is none the less effective. Hood

sends whole brigades in rapid run to strengthen his right. The furious thunder of the guns, firing at random through the fog, makes him believe the assault five times as serious as it is. He concentrates a heavy force against Steedman's bravely fighting column; batteries are run up to sweep that long chasm of the railway cut with their fire, and presently, taken in flank, stormed by grape and canister along the whole length of their line, Morgan and Grosvenor find their position no longer tenable. Their duty is most faithfully, gallantly done; the whole object of the attack is accomplished—*more* than was expected of them those stubborn brigades have finished, and now Steedman issues the order to fall back still threatening the works. The defenders pause for breath and mutual congratulations over the repulse of the Yankee lines, and even as they are wondering what will come next, the answer is heard booming over from the far west. Covered by his brilliant feint on Hood's right, Thomas has turned the unguarded left and is storming down upon the astonished centre.

It is high noon. The fog has gone and Hood's eyes are at last opened. For hours the men of the Fourth and Sixteenth corps and Hatch's impatient dragoons have been waiting for the signal to push ahead, and at last it comes. Leaping from ridge to ridge the dismounted troopers have rushed upon a small brigade of Confederate infantry posted in the woods and sent it scurrying beyond the Hardin house out by the pike, then wheeling around to the left, where the rolling volleys of McArthur's men seem to call them to support, they find their infantry friends halted before a couple of stout little forts perched on knobs a few hundred feet apart and bristling with field-guns. Never stopping to dress their ranks, the cavalry no sooner catch sight of these works than they go at them with a ringing cheer, and McArthur's brigades, not to be outdone, throw their muskets over the shoulder and join in the rush. The very impetus of the onset is too much for the defenders. In ten minutes the brown parapets are covered by madly cheering men in blue—cavalry guidons waving over the redoubt on the right; infantry banners over that on the left, and so far "honors are easy" with

Hatch and McArthur. Each has taken four guns and a fort. The light batteries have done their share in glorious style, for they drove the gunners from their pieces before the rush was made, and Coon's brigade of troopers with their Spencer carbines—those terrible shooters the Southern soldiers used to say we "loaded in the morning and kept shooting all day"—swarmed over the infantry supports with such a hell of fire that there was no withstanding them.

Meantime the Fourth corps had been doing capital work. Squarely in front of Wood's left stood the steep and rugged height known as Montgomery hill, east of the Hillsboro' pike. Here the Southern lines and earthworks jutted forward in a strong salient, for the trees had been cut away, branches falling toward the Union lines forming an "abatis" of most approved construction; the slopes were everywhere commanded by field-guns in position, and, properly garrisoned and defended, those works along the Brentwood ridge were capable of resisting most formidable assault in front; but Hood, as we have seen, had been drawing upon his left and centre to resist the supposed attack in force over on his extreme right. No real attempt was looked for here, and when all was ready and Wood's light batteries dashed forward to open on the frowning guns on the heights, the Confederate officers were astounded at the supposed audacity of the move, and still more astounded when, in long blue lines supporting a heavy charging column, the Fourth corps swept out across the Hillsboro' pike, and, Post's gallant brigade leading the rush, charged cheering upon the works. Then for a few moments the roar of cannon was appalling, but despite shell and canister, abatis and wire-and-stake-entanglements, with which the Southerners had covered the slopes, the Union troops swarmed over the works, driving the gunners before them, and even before Smith and Hatch had carried the redoubts out to the southwest, the banners of the Fourth corps were waving over Montgomery hill, the highest point on the advanced line, and Hood saw with dismay that old Major "Slow Trot" had pulled the wool over his eyes and dealt him a disastrous blow. Now, with all speed, he orders back his divisions to the west, and

with eager zeal they come—but too late. The left is turned; the works are gone, and Hood's advanced line is no longer tenable.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Southern lines that at daybreak were defiantly facing northward towards the dome of the State capitol, were now sullenly facing this unlooked-for assault from the west. The Twenty-third corps under Schofield, quitting its position in reserve, was pushed out southward beyond Smith's divisions, and there, facing eastward, formed line, still further encircling the Southern left; and while this was being done Hatch, Croxton and Knipe, with their plucky dragoons, whirled up all the picket and skirmish lines they could find in the woods to the south, and then lapped around to the left again, prolonging Schofield's line, thus working to the rear of Hood's army. It was all part of the preconcerted plan, except perhaps that originally it was intended that Schofield should come up into line between Smith and Wood; but once out in the fight it was found far easier to move him over to the south while masked by the lines of Garrard's and McArthur's divisions.

And now once more the general advance begins. The cavalry and the divisions of Schofield find nothing in front of them but open fields, patches of woods and little country roads over which their steady advance in line sends reeling back the few scattered commands that oppose them. Smith's three divisions, all up in one general alignment by this time, have harder work, for they have to drive strong bodies of Southern infantry and well-served batteries from height to height, and across the Hillsboro pike, where, behind the heavy stone walls, the gray-clad lines make stubborn and bloody fight. McArthur's men, who have led all the morning and are wild with enthusiasm over their success, hang on to their advantage with reckless daring. Hill's little brigade dashes forward upon a battery near the pike, captures two guns, the fort and many prisoners, but loses its own gallant chief and an hundred men.

Still farther to the Union left is still harder fighting. Here ridge after ridge, height after height bristles with field-artillery, and bids defiance with well-planned works to assault from the

northern front; but Wood's Fourth corps men, having carried Montgomery hill, train scores of guns upon the heights beyond; battery after battery is run to the front, unlimbered and set to work, and, under cover of the fierce storm of shot and shell, the infantry creep forward into position close under the Southern guns. For an hour the thunder of cannon goes on uninterruptedly; then there is a sudden lull; the blue-clad ranks spring to their feet, and, with Kimball's whole division leading, the Fourth corps dashes at the second line of works. At four o'clock Beatty, Elliott and Kimball have carried everything in their front, and now, facing eastward, the Fourth corps rolls up the Confederate line as it pushes forward in stern determination. It is growing dark. The short wintry day is almost over, and from the heights close in front of Nashville far out to the southwest the whole country is lighted up with the flashing glare of battle, and covered with the low-lying cloud of smoke. Baffled, beaten and bewildered, but still fighting savagely, Hood has loosed his hold on the entire line of works and is drifting back towards the Overton hills, crowded in thither by the resistless pressure of the Union army. Kimball has captured half a dozen guns and the battle-flags of some over-confident battalions that too long clung to their works. Garrard's men, aligned with the right of the Fourth corps, have leaped upon another battery in time to dispute its ownership with Wood. Hatch, way out on the right, has run down and captured a third battery as it desperately strove to get back under cover, and everywhere there is triumph and success. One thing only can and does stop the matchless advance—darkness.

Oh, for three hours more of daylight! Wood has actually swept away one-half of the Southern line and has crossed the Granny White road; Smith has driven division after division back from ridge to ridge; Schofield, seizing the heights overlooking the Granny White road two miles south of where Wood has crossed it, is now fiercely battling with Lee and Cheatham's old men for the road itself; and, far out to the south, Wilson's restless troopers are forcing their way through wood, ravine and cross-road in the effort to reach the Franklin pike. Three hours

more of light, and even retreat would have been impossible to Hood; but the sun goes down upon the scene of his great disaster, and there is respite until the morrow.

Seventeen guns, twelve hundred prisoners and several lines of works are the trophies of the day for Thomas, and his losses in killed and wounded have been surprisingly small. Skill, science and indomitable firmness have won for him, and for the nation he so loyally has served, a triumph far greater than any that could have resulted from an earlier attempt, and at an infinitely smaller cost in precious lives. It may be true that the beloved old hero in his care and thought for his men was sometimes slow; but, how fortunately, how utterly was he sure!

All that night the despatches came flashing in from Washington. The President, the war office, the general of the army, the cabinet, all joined in enthusiastic tribute to the calm, self-poised soldier whose strategy and science had astonished them as much as it had Hood.

General Grant, who had left the Armies of the Potomac and the James to shift for themselves, and started for Nashville to fight the battle according to his own ideas, concluded that night at Washington that he could trust it to Thomas after all. Logan, who had been ordered to hasten to Nashville with the probable intent of supplanting Thomas, was stopped by telegraphic order at Louisville, and the editorial wit and wisdom of the North, that for a fortnight had been levelled in all manner of abuse at the devoted head of General Thomas, was bottled for future use. The sole reply—the only satisfaction for all the prodding, criticism, abuse and vituperation that the sturdy soldier permitted himself, was contained in the brief words of that most characteristic and modest despatch: "Attacked enemy's left this morning; drove it from the river, below city, very nearly to Franklin pike, distance about eight miles."

So ended the first day.

All that night Hood's wearied people were worked to get in readiness for a fiercer battle with the coming morrow. Falling back to Overton Heights, five miles from the city, Hood there

planted the right of his new line, while his left extended out westward across the Granny White pike. The position was far stronger naturally, and 'much more contracted' than the one occupied on the previous day. The infantry lines, behind their hastily constructed rifle-pits, extended along the base of a rocky ridge on which were posted a score of batteries commanding every approach. Following the trend of the hills the right and left of the line were thrown back at right angles to the front, securing it against flank attack, and, though greatly reduced in force after the sharp fighting of the 15th, Hood had now only some two and a half miles of front to defend instead of six or eight, as he had before. He was still in trim to make a splendid struggle, and there was no doubting Hood's courage.

Early on the morning of the 16th the Union army was again in ranks and eager for the fray. There had been cavalry skirmishing since dawn. Johnson had come up from the river reporting the enemy disappeared below, and from Schofield's right far around to the southward and actually along the Granny White road, a continuous line of cavalry skirmishers now extended. In front of the city Steedman's divisions on the extreme left moved cautiously forward across the open fields, while the Fourth corps, seizing the Franklin pike, faced southward, deployed its lines and pushed out over the abandoned position of the day before, in search of the new line of the enemy. Not until noon were the troops halted in front of the Southern works and reformed for the coming assault. It was soon seen that some hard fighting was to be done, but the men were in the mood for it.

Riding along his entire front from Wood's left to where Schofield threatened the western flank of the enemy's lines, General Thomas carefully studied the position before giving his final orders. Well knowing the spirit and temper of his army by this time, he had no doubt of his ability to whip Hood out of the new works; but the problem was how to do it with the least loss of life to his devoted men. Overton hill with its earthworks and abatis was undoubtedly the strongest part of the line, and Steedman's columns and Wood's left division were confronted

by batteries in position, and by finished fortifications as they had been on the previous day. These had to be carried by assault, and once more Wood called upon Colonel Post with his brigade to take the lead. A furious cannonade of an hour's duration was the prelude to the attack; then, with Post in the van of the Fourth corps, and Thompson and Grosvenor with their enthusiastic darkies on the left, the grand assault began. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and General Thomas was at the moment farther over to the west in rear of McArthur's division of the Sixteenth corps. Wood and Steedman had ordered their charging columns to march steadily forward with ranks aligned until they reached the abatis immediately in front of the parapets; then to make a rush for the guns. It was a stirring sight as those solid battalions moved calmly out upon the low ground at the base of the heights, and in disciplined order began the advance upon the slopes. For a few moments the Union batteries hurled their shells far over the heads of the columns to keep down as much as possible the opposing fire; but, regardless of this, the Southern gunners depressed their muzzles, dropped solid shot and shell for case and canister, and opened on Post and Grosvenor, dealing havoc in the ranks. But out sprang the officers, some seizing their colors and waving them way in front of the advancing lines; and so, despite the cruel gaps and rents torn through the battalions, they pushed sturdily ahead, black and white vying in the onset, crashed through the stiff-branching abatis, down into the muddy ditches, and then, officers leading, up they clambered to the parapets. Another moment and all along the lines the Stars and Stripes were waving on the works, and with flashing swords and mad cheering the officers were urging on their men.

Then up rose the reserves, and from thousands of levelled rifles the Southern infantry poured in deadly volleys, sweeping the parapets and hurling the assailants back into the ditch. Once more the gunners sprang to their work, and—it was no use trying—the blue overcoats went reeling back down the slopes, leaving hundreds of upturned faces, black and white, writhing in the death-agony upon the bloody slopes of Overton hill.

Down at the base their leaders rallied and reformed them for another charge. Once again brave Colonel Post was called for, to command, but there was no answer from his cheery lips. He lay among the dead and wounded, crippled but still living; and for the moment Wood and Steedman held off their men while waiting for news from the right.

Here things were going gloriously. Too impatient to wait for the flank attack expected of the Twenty-third corps, General McArthur begged permission to lead his division to the assault of the position in his front; and Thomas, hastening off to the right to push matters in that direction, gave what McArthur was eager enough to regard as sufficient assent, and so designated McMillen's brigade to lead. Square in his front was a wooded height on which rested the left of the Confederate line, a strong and threatening position; but McArthur felt that his men were capable of anything by this time. Five regiments sprang forward at McMillen's call—Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota in the first line; Indiana and Ohio in the second. "As soon as you are half way up the height," said McArthur, "Hubbard and Hill's brigade will advance;" and, ordering his men not to fire a shot until squarely in among the rifle-pits, McMillen led them forward. They went springing up the western slope of the heights; gun after gun whirled around and opened on them; the rifle-pits blazed with the sputtering fire of the infantry defenders; but on they scrambled, and, long before they were half way up, Hubbard, finding it impossible to hold back his men, who, like hounds in the leash, were struggling to get free, struck spurs to his horse, and with half-laughing "*Come on, then!*" dashed out to the front, and with one wild cheer the brigade sprang after its young leader. Then Hill's men took up the rush; Garrard's whole division swept to the front in determined support; and so it happened that, before the Twenty-third corps could attack the left flank, the Sixteenth was tumbling over it. Then came a scene of wild enthusiasm, of the thrilling delight of battle-triumph. Confident in their ability to repel the assault, the Southern commander held his men to their work, and two plucky divisions and half a dozen batteries deluged the

blue lines with death-dealing fire; but, somehow or other, they *would* not stop. Without a halt, without a waver, *on* they came; and, before they could fully realize their peril, the defenders of the Southern left were caught between two sweeping lines of fire—McArthur and Garrard all along their front, McMillen on their left and rear. They could not stand; they could not repel; they could not get away. To rise and attempt to fall back was certain death. There was no help for it. Up went the empty hands; down went the guns; to earth sank the barred battle-flags; and, riding in among the prostrate grays as the signal "cease firing" rang along the lines, and mad cheers went up from thousands of loyal throats, McArthur found three generals, twenty-seven cannon, a dozen battle-flags and a whole division of infantry, the prizes of his gallant assault.

The thunder of the guns only seemed to give emphasis to the storm of cheering which swept along the Union lines at this moment. Right and left the grand volume of sound was taken up and prolonged to the distant flanks. It could have but one meaning—victory—and in wild emulation the entire army sprang forward to the attack or pursuit of anything that might appear in its front. Off to the south, their horses far behind them in the woods, Wilson's dismounted troopers plunged through brush and brake, driving the cavalry skirmishers before them, Coon's brigade working its way in front of the lines of the Twenty-third corps. Cox's division came up in time to seize some of the hastily constructed works on the southern left, and, with them, eight guns and a number of prisoners. Wood and Steedman once more led forward their divisions to the assault of Overton's hill, and this time, reanimated by the wild cheering from the west, there was no stopping them. Kimball, Beatty and Elliott swept over the works in their front; nine more cannon, hundreds of prisoners and small arms and two stands of colors, were their share of the trophies; and now, with night fast closing in upon the scene, and with the Union lines almost as fast closing in upon the fleeing remnants of his beaten army, Hood in despair turned southward his horse's head. All was now rout and disorder; all were in wild retreat for Franklin.

Fast as the horses could be brought up from the rear, Wilson's troopers were remounted and hurried eastward to cut the line of retreat on the Franklin pike; but the horses came too late; the darkness came too soon. Hatch, Croxton and Knipe, after a long day's fighting, went into bivouac far in advance on the Granny White road; and the Fourth corps, pushing along the Franklin pike in hot pursuit, only stopped when they could no longer see their way, and then threw themselves by the roadside for such sleep as they could snatch.

Dawn of the 17th revealed the fact that the utmost demoralization attended Hood's retreat. Arms, accoutrements and "impedimenta" of every kind strewed the road. The only real army that maintained the cause of the Confederacy in the west was utterly routed; and, true to his promise, Thomas had "ruined" Hood. From the "initial feint to the final charge," as Van Horne justly says of it, "this battle moved on gloriously." It was skillful, scientific and complete from beginning to end. Every contingency was provided for; every detail planned; every movement studied. Its immediate fruits were the capture of fifty-three field-guns, twenty-five battle-flags, thousands of small arms, four thousand five hundred prisoners, including four general officers, and the complete clearance of Tennessee from the presence of any organized enemy.

In the pursuit that followed, many more prisoners and battle-flags were captured. Storm and sleet, and swollen rivers prevented full and vigorous action here, and many a command was enabled to get back across the Tennessee that, under other circumstances of weather, would have been captured entire; but the rout was complete. The army never rallied, and in all the annals of the great war no one battle had proved more crushing and decisive in its results than the great victory of Nashville. Here at least the defeated army was so utterly whipped as never again to be driven into the field.

Early in the spring of 1866, describing by the aid of large maps the battle of Nashville to his classes at the Military Academy at West Point, Professor Mahan, the venerable head of the department of military engineering, strategy and grand

tactics, turned impressively to his audience at the close of his lecture: "Gentlemen," said he, "it deserves to be ranked with Leuthen and with Austerlitz. It was science itself."

On the 29th of December, addressing his army, old "Major Slow-Trot" quietly summed up the results of the campaign. He was never known to exaggerate, and this was what he wrote:

"You have diminished the forces of the rebel army since it crossed the Tennessee river to invade the State, at the least estimate, fifteen thousand men, among whom were killed, wounded or captured eighteen general officers. Your captures from the enemy, as far as reported, amount to sixty-eight pieces of artillery, ten thousand prisoners, as many stand of small arms, and between thirty and forty flags."

In closing the story of Nashville, the writer cannot forego the pleasure of quoting from Captain Price's history of the Fifth Cavalry of the regular army, so many of whose officers had been prominent in this great battle. No words can too fervently tell the love and reverence in which the memory of George H. Thomas is held by those who knew him, and no tribute more just, more feeling has ever been written than that with which Captain Price closes the record of that honored life:

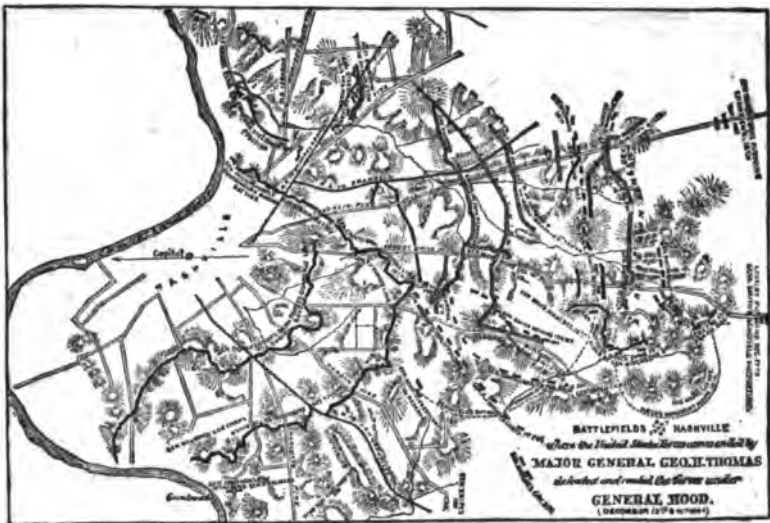
"General Thomas was prominent in four campaigns, two of which he commanded in person, while he was second in command in the others. His enduring fame rests upon five battles, and in these he made no mistakes. He was grand and far-seeing at Mill Springs; magnificent in fortitude and judgment at Stone River; sublime in tenacity at Chickamauga; impetuous in attacking the enemy's centre at Missionary Ridge; and terrible in execution at Nashville, the only battle of the war, except the minor one at Mill Springs, which resulted in the annihilation of the opposing army."

General Thomas "did not believe that victories should be won by an immense sacrifice of life. He always aimed to accomplish the best results with the least possible loss; hence he was always economical of life and suffering." We have seen that at Nashville, where, with the minimum of loss, he accom-

plished a maximum in results. "He moved slowly, but with resistless power, being a ponderous hitter and as unyielding as a rock." It was this latter quality that enabled him to save from destruction the Union army at Stone River, and later that won him the proud name of "The Rock of Chickamauga." "His loyalty to the country, devotion to duty and invincible courage made him one of the noblest figures in American history, and won him a position among the first soldiers of the world."

But not as a general alone was Thomas distinguished. His private life, his personal character were stainless, were beautiful in simplicity, strength and unblemished honor.

"He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
 His soul was filled with worth and honesty. . . .
 He neither wealth nor places sought;
 For others, not himself, he fought. . . .
 So, blessed of all, he died; but far more blessed were we
 If we were sure to live till we again could see
 A man as great in war, as just in peace, as he."



FIVE FORKS

AND

LEE'S SURRENDER.

1865.



RETURNING again to the Army of the Potomac we find it in winter-quarters and intrenched before Petersburg, at whose walls it has been vainly battering ever since the early summer of '64. A terrible experience has it encountered since we saw it last at Gettysburg. The winter was passed in the bleak Virginia woods watching the fords of the Rapidan and waiting for a chance, that seemed never destined to come, of striking the enemy at an unguarded moment. Meade had made a well-planned move on the Southern lines at Mine Run. The corps of Lee's army were widely separated. Prompt action on the part of the Union commanders would have enabled Meade to cut the lines in two, but a corps commander who had failed him before failed him again. Twelve hours of valuable time were lost, and when morning dawned on the day after the appointed day of battle Warren, who was designated to attack the Southern right with the gallant Second corps, of which he was now the chief, found in his front, instead of feeble and open lines, height after height seamed with intrenchments, bristling with abatis and frowning with a score of batteries. The Union lines were to advance at the signal of Warren's guns from the distant left, and in grim expectancy the veterans stood in line. An hour passed and still no sound. "What's the trouble?" queried a knot of officers near the centre of an aide-de-camp



SHERMAN

SHERIDAN

THOMAS

GRANT

LEE

WASHINGTON

MEADE

JACKSON

IV. PORTRAITS OF RENOWNED AMERICAN GENERALS.
(Famous and Decisive Battles.)

who went galloping by. "Oh, it's Warren's benefit and he won't play!" was the impatient answer, and, for the time being, an impression went abroad that Warren, who had done so much to save the day at Gettysburg, was turning timid when intrusted with a great command. But Warren was wise; and Meade himself, riding over to inquire the reason of his subordinate's apparent failure, justified the hesitation. It was no fault of Warren or the Second corps. They had done their part and were ready for more, but the failure of others had permitted the concentration of the Southern lines in his front, and, when the veterans of a score of battles gazed at dawn upon the position they were expected to attack, those Second corps soldiers said not a word, but each man quietly scribbled his name, company, regiment and home address on a scrap of paper, pinned it conspicuously on his breast, then picked up his musket ready to attack if need be, but well knowing that now it was too late for possibility of success. There was something sublime in the calm courage of that scene, but a still higher order of courage was demanded of their young chief. Knowing well that the whole situation in his front had changed since his orders to "attack at dawn" were written, and that against such an array of batteries and field-works direct attack would now be worse than useless—could only result in fruitless slaughter—Warren dared to withhold his men and to send word to his commander that attack would only be disaster. He braved the censure of his chief; the sneers of the army; but he was right, and Meade, a just and honorable gentleman, sustained him. Yet from that time there was talk of Warren's being "sluggish," and that led on to further complications, as we shall see. A board of three officers of the highest rank, all accomplished soldiers, have lately overruled by their opinion, the verdict of a court-martial composed of three times their number of officers of equal grade; the question at issue was the conduct of a distinguished predecessor of General Warren in command of the Fifth corps; and the board declares that in failing to obey his peremptory orders to attack the flank of an unintrenched, and by no means numerically superior, enemy in his front, that predecessor was right, because the commanding

officer of the army could not have known that certain troops had arrived as reinforcement to the enemy. The board declares such conduct "soldierly and subordinate." It follows therefore that Warren's refusal to lead his men to assault the front instead of the flank of an intrenched and expectant, instead of an unprotected and half-formed enemy, must have been worthy of praise beyond all power of words, and, even in the Army of the Potomac, his name should be revered.

However, Mine Run was a bitter disappointment. Nothing was accomplished. It seemed as though nothing *could* be accomplished in that army against those active, skillful veterans of Lee. The North was sore at heart; "Hope deferred" too often had broken down many a high spirit, and then it was that the nation called Grant and Sheridan from the western armies, placed the former at the head of affairs military, and virtually told him: "Here—we have been trying to teach general after general how to fight. We are tired of it. Perhaps our ideas are wrong, after all. You take the reins and we will stand aside. Now do the best you can."

The whole world knows the story from this on. Heretofore the Army of the Potomac after each battle seemed to have to stop a while and think. If the South had had the worst of the battle it took this opportunity of recuperating, and by the time the North swooped forward again, Lee was ready, and smote her "hip and thigh." There were hundreds of eager officers, thousands of gallant men who felt that this was no way to achieve success, and when Grant came with his reputation for stubborn, persistent, bull-dog fighting, it was a positive relief. He seemed to know that in those Virginia fastnesses, against those skilled fencers of Lee, manœuvring was more than apt to lead to being out-manœuvred, and hard, ceaseless, unrelenting hammering was the order from this on. From May, 1864, until they halted breathless before Petersburg, it was one record of bloody, persistent pounding on the part of the Army of the Potomac at Lee's superbly handled command of sixty thousand veterans, and when at last, after the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and the frightful sacrifice of Cold Harbor, Grant's

army reached the James, with Lee still between him and Richmond, it was found that the gallant Army of Northern Virginia had actually whipped its weight in numbers out of the ranks of the Union army—that no less than 60,000 men, killed, wounded and missing, had been stricken from the rolls of present for duty; and still, with his vast resources at his back, that inflexible leader, Grant, was as strong as ever. Terrible had been the losses on both sides, and in the armies that confronted each other at Petersburg many a familiar face and distinguished name had disappeared. Noble John Sedgwick of the Sixth corps and gray-haired Wadsworth had fought their last battle in the Wilderness. Longstreet, Lee's old war-dog, had been crippled for life, and "Jeb" Stuart, the cavalier leader of the Southern horse, had fallen before Sheridan's troopers at Yellow Tavern. These among the most prominent; yet of generals of brigades there were dozens, and of field-officers hundreds who would never draw sword again.

The North held its breath in awe at the tidings of fearful slaughter, and marvelled at the grim determination of the silent man who wrote from Spottsylvania: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" but all had hope that Grant would be able to "pulverize" the army of Lee. Once across the James it was expected that something brilliant would be accomplished in front of Petersburg. Then came the fiasco of the mine. Admirably as the whole attack had been planned by General Meade, disastrous failure was the result. Luck still seemed to side with the Confederacy; but there was small wonder that this attack should prove a failure when two of its chosen leaders, Ledlie and Ferrero, were found to have been skulking in a bomb-proof far at the rear, while their divisions were fighting their way to the front. Then, winter of '64 and '65 found the army intrenched, as has been said, in front of Petersburg, with no apparent prospect of getting out. Very much had been lost, very little had been accomplished, so it seemed to the impatient and bleeding hearts at the North, and when December came, all was deep despond. "The war is a failure," was the cry among the Peace party all that fall. Gold

had soared up to the nearest figure to 300; and, though the South was living on parched corn, and shivering in tatters, though its own cabinet had pronounced it impossible to subsist the Army of Northern Virginia through the winter, it was still undaunted, still brave, hopeful and determined.

Then the tide turned. Hood's army was shattered to fragments at Nashville. Sherman exploded the shell of the Confederacy, and handed over Savannah as his Christmas present to the nation, and '65 was rung in with joy-bells all over the North, for now at last there was light ahead and no mistake. Sherman came pushing up through the Carolinas. Johnston could not hold him back. Nearer and nearer he strode, and now at last—at last Lee began to look wistfully, nervously, anxiously to his flanks and rear. His men were starving, shivering to death; he was surrounded on every side; he had fought superbly, scientifically, grandly; but—little by little the ground was crumbling away beneath his feet. Then Sheridan—that new, meteoric, dashing leader who had at last waked up Virginia to a realizing sense of what Yankee cavalry could do when properly led—whipped his way through the Shenandoah, came trotting down the valley of the James, tearing canals, roads and railways into ruin as he rode, joined his great leader now reaching around the southern limits of the threatened lines, and then, one finger at a time, the failing grasp of Lee on his last position began to let go; and on the 1st of April Sheridan once more had shot around the now quivering flank, fought and won the brilliant battle of Five Forks, the real wind-up of the war, and leaped like a blood-hound at the throat of the fleeing quarry. One short, breathless week of unavailing struggle and all was over with Lee.

It was a wonderful week. So accustomed had the North become to hearing that their armies had been repulsed before the strong works of the enemy, that for quite a while people continued to shake their heads and say, "Wait a day longer and we will hear the old story;" but this time the old story was buried. It had been told far too often. To understand the closing struggle of the war we need a glance at the map, and a brief reference to the country in which that struggle was fought.

Petersburg lies some twenty miles south of Richmond, and on the south bank of the Appomattox, the largest tributary of the James. One railway connects it with the capital, and then, east, south and west, three others branched out from Petersburg, connecting it with Norfolk, Wilmington, and with Lynchburg and Danville. The roads to Norfolk and Wilmington had already been seized and held by General Grant, though the capture of the latter, known as the Weldon railroad, had cost him much hard fighting and many lives; but the most important line of all, the South Side railway, connecting Petersburg with Danville, Lynchburg, and, through them, with the entire Confederacy, was still covered and held by General Lee. It was of vital importance to him, for it was almost the only line by which he could receive the supplies slowly and painfully gathered and forwarded by his agents. Petersburg was not provisioned for a siege, and, if it had been, its supplies would have been gone long ago. Grant could only "invest" it from the south and east, for Richmond and Petersburg were connected by strong defensive works against which all efforts had been fruitless. Grant had made several attempts to break through from the James river side, always without success; and at last he began to see that the only way to make Lee let go of Petersburg would be to reach around behind him and seize that South Side railway; and to do this he needed Sheridan. It was on the 27th of March when that now renowned leader of cavalry reported with his command after his long ride from the Shenandoah down the James, and, barely giving him twenty-four hours rest, Grant pushed his daring lieutenant out upon this new enterprise.

The Appomattox river runs a general course from west to east, except for one deep bend—a circular sweep northward about midway between the Court-House where it rises and the city near which it joins the James. Cutting across this bend like the chord of an arc, the railway runs otherwise nearly parallel with the Appomattox from Lynchburg to Petersburg. Midway it is crossed by the Richmond railway, running southwest to Danville; and beside this South Side railway there led westward and southwestward from Petersburg several tolerably

well-graded and passable thoroughfares. Two are nearly parallel to the railway—the river and the Cox roads, one on each side of it generally, though the Cox road occasionally crosses it. Then running out southwestward is the Boydton plank road; east of that, and nearly parallel with it, the Vaughan road. Just where the Boydton crosses a little stream known as Hatcher's Run a branch leaves it in a westerly direction, the White Oak road; and the whole country hereabouts is a net-work of little wood-roads and streamlets criss-crossing one another in every possible direction. The forests are dense, sometimes nearly impenetrable; the ground low and swampy. There were no slopes, no heights to speak of; the country from the Weldon railway out towards Dinwiddie Court-House on the Boydton plank, and Five Forks on the White Oak dirt-road, was just one thickly timbered flat, ready to be overflowed far and near should a heavy rain come; and just such a heavy rain did come at the very moment when Grant pushed out his columns in their attempt to feel their way around the right of Lee's lines and get that railroad.

At this moment the Southern forces were holding a line of intrenchments and field-works that virtually reached from Hatcher's Run, seven miles southwest of Petersburg, around that city to the Appomattox, thence to the James, across the James and completely encircling Richmond. The main army was posted south of the Appomattox—General A. P. Hill, with his old corps, commanding from Hatcher's Run to Fort Gregg (which lay about two miles southwest of town), and having the Boydton plank road running behind him parallel with his line. On Hill's left and extending around to the Appomattox, holding all the forts, were Generals Gordon and Anderson, with their strong divisions of war-tried veterans; while in chief command of all the lines north of the Appomattox, Longstreet, disabled, suffering, even crippled with his wounds, reappeared in the field. The length of the line thus held from White Oak Swamp on the north to Hatcher's Run on the south is given by General Humphreys as thirty-seven miles, and this carries the line out to the Claiborne crossing of Hatcher's Run, fully ten miles from

the city of Petersburg. The earthworks were heavy and were strengthened everywhere by thick slashing and abatis. To defend this long, encircling line, General Lee had, all told, some 57,000 men, but they were admirably commanded, were fighting on the defensive, and the nature of the thick and tangled country, the scientific planning of their earthworks, gave them advantages that were worth more than mere numbers.

Against them there were mustered on the effective lists of the combined armies of the Potomac, the James, and Sheridan's cavalry, very nearly 125,000 men; and when General Grant began his favorite movement of swinging round the right flank of the enemy, he left Generals Parke and Ord with some of the Army of the James to hold the works in front of Petersburg, and the military line of railway to City Point on the James; General Weitzel, with two divisions well up near Richmond at Bermuda Hundred; and on the 29th of March, with Sheridan leading, and our old friends of the Second and Fifth corps close behind, he pushed out boldly through the unknown country to the west. It was the beginning of the end, and we want to look well at the men who are with him in this, the closing scene of the great war. There is no need to speak of the general-in-chief in these pages. His is now a national history and a world-wide reputation; but of his great lieutenant, that eager, restless, daring trooper who is foremost in the final campaign, whole volumes might yet be written. By this time the cavalry of the army has learned to follow and to fight for Phil Sheridan as it never did for mortal man before—even the lamented Buford. And the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth corps have learned to know him well: they fought under him at Winchester, at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill; and the Sixth corps had come back from the Shenandoah full of stories of the way Sheridan sent Early whirling up that valley. *They* would be glad to back him up again to-day; but as luck would have it, the Fifth corps is farthest out of all the infantry, and, should he need infantry-backing as he doubtless will, these are the men on whom he must rely. Sheridan has some 13,000 admirable troopers as his own command; and with Merritt at the head of this cavalry

corps, and Custer, Devin and Crook as division leaders, his is the most complete and independent organization in the army. Perhaps there is some little jealousy in the ranks of the hard-used Army of the Potomac; for, while they have been slowly groping and struggling or freezing about the lines of Petersburg all winter, these gaudy yellow-trimmed horsemen have been gayly riding all over Virginia, winning big names for themselves (and deserving more than they got at Winchester, for that matter), and now here they are again, far in the lead as usual, say the plodding infantrymen with the growl that all old soldiers must have: "Way out until they strike something: then they come back and let us tackle it." Perhaps that *was* the reputation of the cavalry up to the time Sheridan took command, despite John Buford's superb stand that first day at Gettysburg and "Grimes" Davis' brilliant charge and soldierly death at Beverly Ford; but there is no "come back" where Sheridan leads, and all preconceived notions on the subject are going to have a sudden shock in the Army of the Potomac. Men of the Fifth and Second corps were seen curiously watching the long column of Sheridan's troopers as they trotted easily around from the James to the extreme left over by the Vaughan road, and there was a good deal of the "chaff" and "billingsgate" in which our soldiers will indulge at such times—a constant interchange of wordy compliments between horse and foot through the lowering March day, and though the Sixth corps cheered their comrades of the valley campaign, it is probable that not a few of Sheridan's men were ruffled by this sort of reception. However, there was no time to squabble over it now. They might have to show the very "chaffers" how to fight. Who could tell what a day might bring forth?

Grant's infantry and artillery had been reorganized for the new move through this timbered and swampy country. The batteries had been cut down to four guns each; Hancock had been called to Washington some time since to organize the new First corps, and his old corps, the Second, is now led by Major-General Humphreys, who fought so hard the second day at Gettysburg. Miles, William Hays and Mott are the division

commanders. Alexander Hays was killed before Spottsylvania. The Fifth corps is led by General Gouverneur K. Warren, he who showed such brain and bravery at Little Round Top, such brain and prudence at Mine Run, and who has become conspicuous throughout the army because he *will* wear his broad yellow sash in the hottest action, where it has become the fashion to drop all such ornament. The Fifth is still the "dandy" corps of the army, and Griffin, Ayres and Crawford command its divisions. Major-General Wright heads the Sixth corps, with Wheaton, Getty and Seymour as division commanders. General John G. Parke has the Ninth corps, a comparatively new command, and for that reason, probably, selected to remain behind and man the works in front of Petersburg.

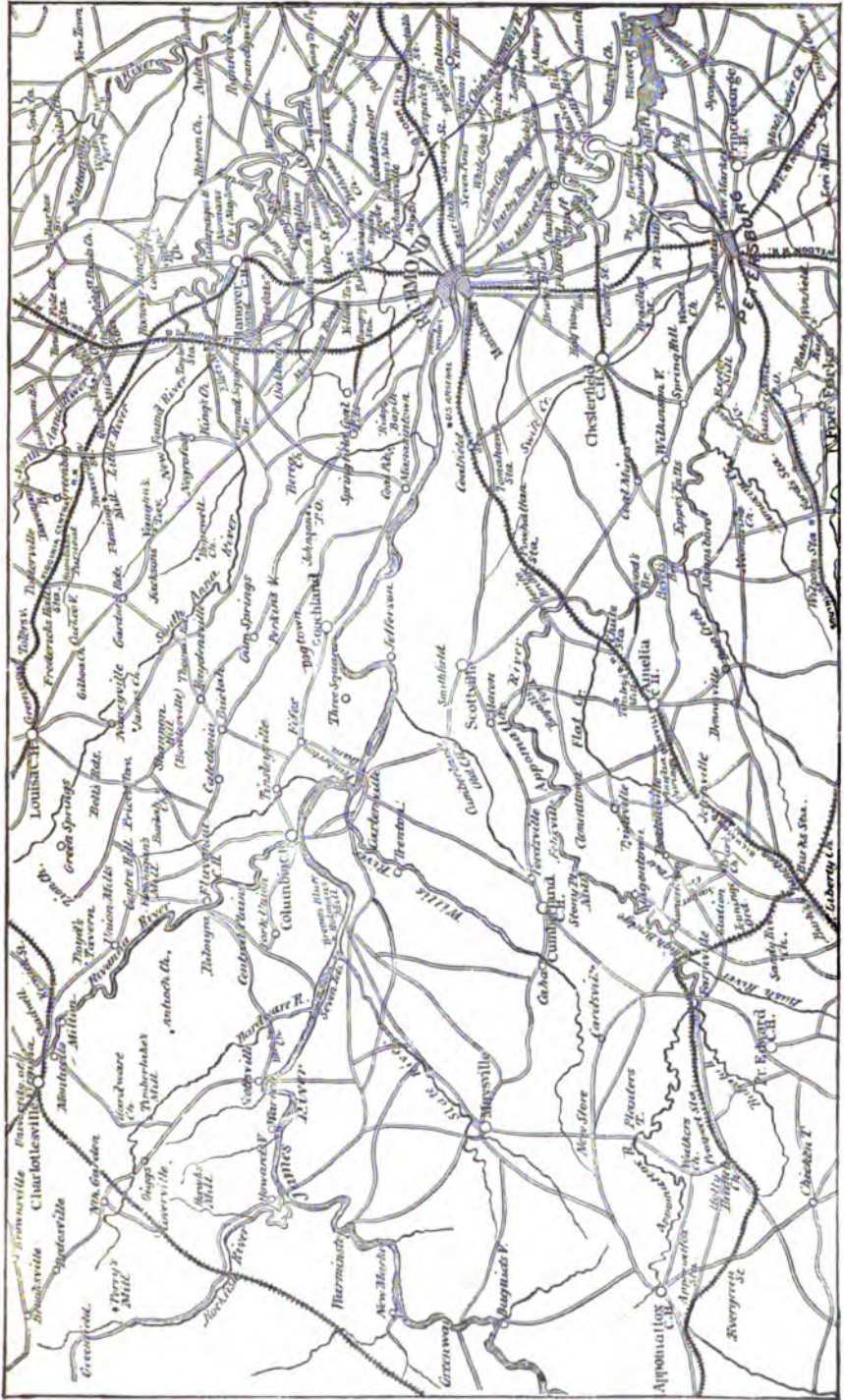
Besides these old troops of the Army of the Potomac there came, to swell the ranks of the moving columns, Turner's and Foster's divisions of the Twenty-fourth corps, now commanded by John Gibbon, whom we have seen rise from the head of the Iron Brigade at Second Bull Run to his present high rank, and a little division of cavalry from Butler's old army, not 2,000 strong, but led by a brilliant and brave young soldier—General Ranald MacKenzie: and this was the force with which General Grant essayed to pin the Southern leader to the wall.

On March 28th, when all was ready, Grant had summoned Sheridan to headquarters and there read to him his instructions, winding up by saying to him in his blunt way: "I mean to end this business here;" and Sheridan's face beamed with enthusiasm and delight. "That's what I like to hear you say," he answered. "Let us end this business here." A very few hours afterwards, he with the cavalry was crossing Rowanty Creek way down to the south, and striking out 'cross country for Dinwiddie Court-House; while Warren and Humphreys were pushing across the stream or rather its upper fork, Hatcher's Run, miles to the north of him. Sheridan was to make a wide sweep, and the whole idea of the movement was to induce Lee to come out from behind his works and fight in the open.

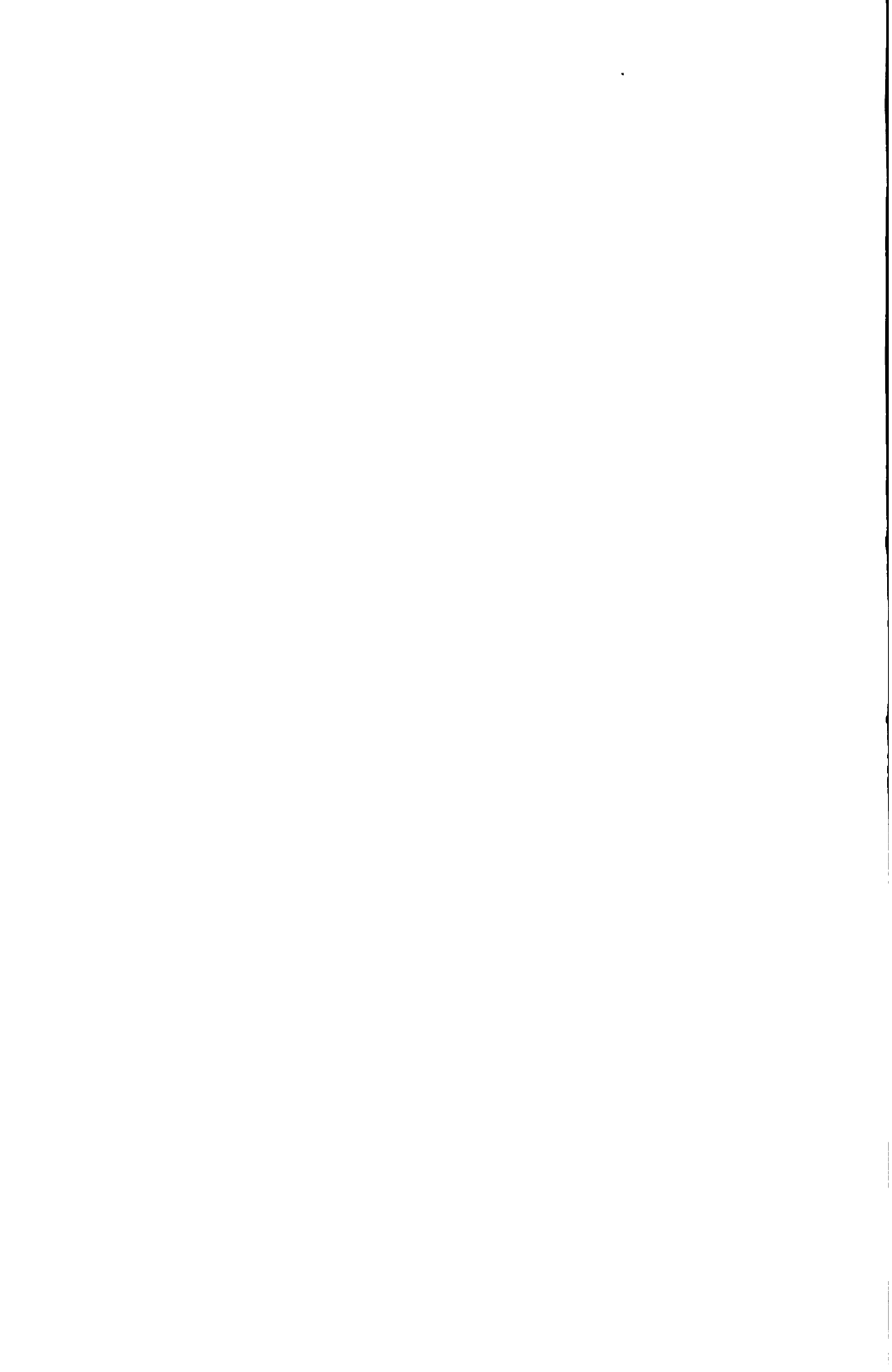
The President himself had come down to City Point to see Grant and his officers before the final start, and to wish them

God-speed. None of the party—and his own son, then Captain Lincoln of the general's staff, was one—can ever forget that parting. It was the noble-hearted Lincoln's last look at his fighting soldiers—two weeks more and cowardly assassination had laid him low. He stood on the rude platform of the railway station as the train bore the general and his staff away, gazing hopefully, yet wistfully, after them. God alone knows the weight of care, anxiety, agony, that patient and loyal soul had undergone during the four long years of the war—a suffering from which the martyrdom of his death would have been release had it come before, but it came, a ten-fold martyrdom, to rob him of all earthly fruition of his dreams of ultimate success, yet in robbing him of this earthly triumph, to replace it by an eternity of reward a thousand times more glorious. "God bless you all," he had said, and with this parting benediction they had hastened forth to their appointed task. Another hour and they were in saddle at the left.

That night Sheridan was bivouacking around Dinwiddie, Warren and Humphreys among the thickets across Hatcher's Run, and then it was that it came on to rain in soaking torrents. Morning of the 30th found the whole country one vast quagmire, and a general feeling of depression seemed to have settled down on the army struggling through the mud along Gravelly Run. Horses floundered up to their girths, wheels sank to their hubs in the quicksands in front of the tents where the general himself had stopped for the night. The 30th was a gloomy day. Even among his own staff-officers, it is said that there were some who urged the silent commander to give it up and go back; and, in the Army of the Potomac, if Badeau can be cited as authority, "Meade was not sanguine and said little; but others strongly urged a retrograde movement." Evidently there was little heart in the move in such vile weather, but Grant was inflexible. If he could not burst through an enemy's line, he at least had found means to get around. Go back was the one thing he never yet had done, and even his own army could not force him to go back now. Yet he would have given much, or have been less than man, for some cheery, hopeful, buoyant spirit to



FIELD OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF 1865.



stand by him in this atmosphere of general gloom; and it came—came like a burst of sunshine when Sheridan, "all mud and pluck," rode into the midst of the dripping group around the camp-fire at headquarters to report progress at Dinwiddie, and to almost beg for orders to push ahead. With Sheridan in such a mood, there was an end to all hint of failure, and in half an hour the vehement, sturdy little trooper was spurring back through mud and rain with the coveted instructions to strike northward for Five Forks. Could he gain it in time, before Lee could seize, intrench and hold it? It lay so near the South Side railway—not more than three miles—that if lost to Lee the road would go—and with it, his last hold on Petersburg.

As early as the 28th, General Lee had learned that Sheridan's cavalry was being transferred way around Petersburg to the extreme left of Grant's lines. He knew at once what that must mean—a blow at the South Side road from that quarter. The first undefended track along which the blow might come was the Ford road from Five Forks. Anderson's men were already moving over to the west to man the works across the Claiborne road to Sutherland Station, but some one must make a leap for Five Forks, and the choice fell on Fitz Hugh Lee, who had been far over towards the Chickahominy swamps. He and his cavalry division rode like mad all day of the 29th, reached Sutherlands that night, sprang upon Five Forks the next morning, and, that afternoon, March 30th, he and Merritt had grappled along the Dinwiddie road, and Sheridan's impetuous advance was stemmed. At this moment there were at least five miles of mud and quicksand between Warren's left and the nearest flank of Sheridan's adventurous horsemen. Guns and wagons were stalled and could not budge an inch until the roads were corduroyed. What if Lee should push still farther, thrust other cavalry through that five mile gap, cross infantry by the White Oak road to Five Forks, and hem Sheridan in at Dinwiddie? It was practicable. It *could* be done, and then the vaunted hero of the Shenandoah would be at their mercy, and Grant's eyes, yes, and his right arm, gone. Full information had reached the Southern general of the situation by this time, and he strained

every nerve to meet the emergency. By sunset on the 30th, Rosser and W. H. F. Lee had reinforced Fitz Lee's division south of Five Forks, and Pickett, he of the heroic assault at Gettysburg, with five brigades of veteran infantry, was pitching up earthworks along the White Oak road from Five Forks eastward. Eighteen thousand men had been launched out to "gobble," as the saying went in those days, Sheridan and his 13,000.

Late on the night of the 30th, Grant determined, on learning how Lee had weakened his lines at Petersburg, that the time had come to assault the works around the town, and far to the south of it. At this moment Parke, with the Ninth corps, covered the front to the east; Wright, with the Sixth corps, from Parke's left, well out to the southwest; then came Ord's men, from the Army of the James, confronting the lines five and six miles southwest of the town; then Humphrey's Second corps, stretching across country near Hatcher's Run and almost to the Boydton plank road; while close on his left was the Fifth corps under Warren, covering the plank road and picketing the country to the crossing of the Claiborne and White Oak roads. Then came that five mile gap to Sheridan, off southwestward in the woods above Dinwiddie, and both Sheridan's right and Warren's left flanks were in jeopardy.

That night too, Grant from his headquarters near Gravelly Run wrote to Sheridan that he would detach the whole Fifth corps and send it to him on the following day if he thought that by aid of it, and acting independently of the rest of the army, he could swing round the right flank of Lee's army and so hem them in; and Sheridan's reply came on the morning of the 31st. He was willing—eager to try it, with the Sixth corps. They knew him and he them, but, he shook his head at mention of the Fifth corps. They could and would fight superbly for men they knew and liked, but somehow or other that Fifth corps seemed to want to know too much about what some other corps was to do while they were doing this and that, and Sheridan had possibly heard that Fifth corps commanders had before now been singularly liberal in their interpretation of orders

coming from superiors who had learned obedience in the west. He had never led the Fifth corps. He only knew Warren from what had been said of him, and some vague talk around the camp-fire, and as bad luck would have it, he had been prejudiced against as brave and cool and scientific a fighter as the army possessed, far too cool and deliberate as a mate, to pull with fiery, magnetic, all-daring Sheridan.

But his old standby, the Sixth corps, was far over to the right in front of Petersburg. Warren alone was available; and Warren it was who finally received the orders to support Sheridan at Dinwiddie, and act under his orders; but meantime grave changes came. Early on the 31st Lee's men rushed into the gap; doubled Warren up like a pocket-rule; sent Ayres and Crawford reeling back on Griffin, and if Miles, of the Second corps, had not come to the rescue when he did, might have driven him still farther. The subsequent rally and advance was fine, but the 31st of March cost the Fifth corps nearly 1,500 men, and its chief a vast amount of severe criticism, which added to the impression at three headquarters—Grant's, Meade's and Sheridan's—that, with all his acknowledged ability and personal courage, Warren was not the man for this place. All day long in mud and mist his men were fighting, marching and meeting or making charges, and night found them worn out, and their leader somewhat dejected. This was their condition when, at eleven o'clock at night, Warren received his orders to march Griffin down the Boydton road, and move with his whole corps to strike in rear the enemy then enveloping Sheridan. "Urge him not to stop for anything," said Grant to Meade, for all day long Sheridan had been fighting like a tiger between Five Forks and Dinwiddie. Merritt and Custer, Devin and Crook had been furiously attacked by Lee, Rosser and Pickett's advanced infantry, and step by step they had been driven back toward the old Virginia country court-house. Merritt at one time had been well-nigh cut off, but had most skillfully withdrawn his men to the Boydton road, drawing the yelling Southerners in a sweeping left wheel after him, and got back safely to Sheridan, while that indomitable leader launched in the brigades of Gibbes and Gregg

on the flank presented by the pursuing enemy, brought them to bay, and caused them to turn once more on him at Dinwiddie, while Merritt trotted back by way of the Boydton plank, and once more deployed on the general line. All day long Sheridan's generalship had been brilliant, his fighting most gallant. Dinwiddie was held; and now as night came down and the cavalry—Northern and Southern—bivouacked in the woods not a hundred yards apart, the question was: "How soon can Warren come down and pitch into the enemy's rear?" for at night-fall the lines of Lee lay between Sheridan and the Army of the Potomac.

Counting on his coming, believing that by three A. M. at the latest Warren would be there in force behind the enemy, Sheridan felt confident that at early dawn he could fall upon and destroy the Southern force. "Attack at day-break" were his orders, and the men crammed their pouches and pockets with fresh cartridges, and eagerly awaited the coming day. Notified by General Grant of Warren's instructions to join him at once, he listened with impatient ear for the rattle of his musketry as the 1st of April dawned damp and chill; but he listened in vain. Warren was still at the other end of that five mile gap. He had roused Ayres and his men, it is true, sent them instead of Griffin down the Boydton road; but the bridge was gone at Gravelly Run, and not until two A. M. could it be replaced; his men were greatly fatigued; he feared that his withdrawal in the darkness would bring the vigilant lines of the enemy in rapid pursuit, and he hung on where he was until five in the morning. Not until eleven A. M. did he report in person to Sheridan, now fuming with exasperation and disappointment, for it was too late. Warned of Warren's tardy coming the Southern leaders had promptly slipped out of the trap, passed westward across Sheridan's front, and as the latter sprang forward to the attack, faced him and fell back, skillfully fighting towards the intrenchments at Five Forks, closely followed by Merritt and his charging squadrons. The chance was gone. Noon came, and Pickett's men were in strong position behind their earthworks along the White Oak road.

But Sheridan would not give it up. One chance was gone to be sure, but there was still time to fight and win a battle. New dispositions, new plans had to be made at once; but galloping hither and thither over the field, the very epitome of soldierly dash and daring, he quickly discovered that Pickett's earthworks came to an abrupt end a mile east of Five Forks and turned back at a right-angle to the north. From this angle or salient eastward along the White Oak road there was a stretch of four miles of undefended ground. Calling up MacKenzie and his eighteen hundred troopers, he hurried him out eastward at a rapid trot; told him to hold that road against all comers until he could bring up the Fifth corps, and having thus headed off any reinforcements that might be coming from Lee to Pickett, he set to work to entrap the latter in his stronghold at the Forks.

Facing southward, Pickett held about two miles of newly-built earthworks, with Five Forks in the middle. Ordering Merritt to deploy all his cavalry along this front, and to make a vigorous feint as though striving to turn the right or western flank of Pickett's line, Sheridan hastened to his own right and ordered Warren to bring up the Fifth corps with all possible speed. He meant to repeat the old Winchester move, assault along the front, but to hurl Warren's whole corps against that salient—the eastern angle of Pickett's line—and by a gradual wheel to the left of the three infantry divisions, to double up the Southern line and literally smash it. If Pickett escaped at all from between the enveloping corps of Warren and Merritt, it could only be to the westward, *away* from Lee, away from help or support of any kind. But time was everything. The short spring day would soon be over, and that chance too would then be gone forever. Splendidly the cavalry carried out their part of the game. MacKenzie, far over to the east, gave a sound drubbing to the advance guard of the reinforcements coming from Lee. Merritt, dismounting his troopers in front of the works, formed his long lines in readiness for attack, while the led horses, the fluttering guidons and the reserves stood well back among the trees, but ready to leap forward after their regi-

ments. Far over to the west, yellow-haired Custer with two brigades in the saddle, and Pennington's men afoot, made the dashing charge which was to be the feint upon Pickett's right; but here, W. H. F. Lee met him with horsemen as enthusiastic as his own, and these two had a rattling cavalry fight all to themselves, while other and graver matters were going on at the right. Oddly enough Pickett and Fitz Hugh Lee were far behind their lines at the time, holding some consultation in the thick woods north of Hatcher's Run. Accustomed only to the kind of fighting they had seen in Virginia for three years past, they probably imagined that, as usual, the Yanks would stop when they came to those earthworks; but they did not know Sheridan. At two o'clock he and Warren were talking over the plan of attack together, and that interview has become historic.

The Fifth corps was only some two miles and a half away at the time Warren was ordered to hurry it to the front. It was then just one o'clock. The roads were heavy with mud, the men so tired that at every halt some of their number would throw themselves by the roadside, be sound asleep in an instant and almost dead to any summons to be up and moving. Still, in his eager enthusiasm, Sheridan counted on their coming in an hour, or an hour and a half at the utmost. Every now and then, as he strode nervously up and down under the trees, where he and his staff had dismounted, his fiery eyes would glance toward the western skies where, through the low hanging clouds, the sun was fast sinking towards the horizon. Then he would halt short and address some words to Warren. The latter had made a rough sketch of the proposed attack, showing the position of the Southern force along the White Oak road; the lines of Merritt and Custer and Devin; the very fields into which his own divisions were to be turned on coming to the spot. He was carefully studying the situation, calm, placid, methodical; a calm that, to Sheridan's restless impatience, savored of apathy, a method that seemed to be a critical analysis of his superior's orders under his superior's very eyes. Still no signs came of the longed-for infantry. Again and again Sheridan glared down the Dinwiddie road in search of the sloping

rifle-barrels, and the more impatient he grew, the more imperturbably placid seemed Warren. Just or unjust, Sheridan could only estimate such conduct from one standpoint. He had, from the very start, been accustomed to handling men whose natures seemed to leap into instant and eager life at the kindling contact of his own. His old Michigan cavalry regiment; his little brigade in the Army of the Cumberland; his fighting divisions at Stone River and Chattanooga; then his brilliant cavalry corps in the Army of the Potomac, and the sedate infantry of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, all, all had seemed to become imbued with his vehement dash and daring. Men who had fought and marched with Sheridan had learned to jump when he spoke; he loved to see snap, life, vim in officer or man; he could not tolerate a laggard. Never yet had he met a subordinate whom he could not inspire; but now here was Warren—Warren, whom he had been taught to look upon as slow; Warren, who represented the manœuvring engineer element among our generals, as opposed to the hard-hitting, practical fighters of the line; Warren, whose men had been fattening and getting "soft," perhaps timid, behind bomb-proofs and earthworks all winter, while his cavalry-men were doing rough, lusty work in the saddle and the open field. Sheridan simply *could* not understand Warren. What the latter's warmest friends considered evidences of "intense concentration," looked, it must be confessed, vastly like apathy to soldiers such as Sheridan, who had never seen him light up under fire. Three o'clock came, still the Fifth corps was not up, and then it was that in his fuming impatience Sheridan gave way to the impression—a most natural and justifiable impression after all the disappointments of the day—"that he (Warren) wished the sun to go down before dispositions for attack could be completed." When at last the Fifth corps was placed in position, facing northwest toward that gloomy salient on the White Oak road, four o'clock had come, and Warren rode into the attack heavily handicapped with his superior's strongly-rooted distrust.

But of this he knew little or nothing. Intent in his own way on carrying out his orders, and recognizing with a soldier's eye

the brilliancy of Sheridan's battle-plan, he hastened to the right of the road on which lay the Gravelly Run Church, where Crawford's division in two lines, with a brigade in reserve, had taken its post, moved Griffin's splendid division in support of Crawford, and awaited the signal to advance. Ayres' division, the last to arrive, and the smallest of the three, took post between the Gravelly Run Church road and that leading from Five Forks to Dinwiddie, nearly joining hands with Devin's cavalrymen on the left, and facing northwest like the rest of the corps. Then, at last, all was ready and advance was the word. Leaving the cavalry to take care of themselves, Sheridan galloped out in front of Ayres' division, he and his staff riding rapidly along between the skirmish and the main lines. That red and white swallow-tail flag was a new sight to those Fifth corps fellows, and they looked upon Sheridan's standard-bearer with live curiosity. "I will ride with you," said Sheridan to Ayres; and with that, under the sputtering skirmish-fire to the front, the division burst forward, while Warren and the greater portion of his corps pushed ahead through the tangled woods, expecting every instant to be met by the volleys from the Southern lines. In ten minutes the skirmishers were leaping across the White Oak road under the vigorous peppering of the opposing light troops, who fell back slowly before the coming host until close under the muzzles of the main lines, when, with sudden rally and rush, they disappeared entirely from Ayres' front. The next instant, as the long blue ranks with waving colors and steady fronts swept forward across the open road, there came from the left and left front, a sudden flash and thunder-clap, followed by the rattle and ring of a thousand muskets. In one moment the sparse woods leaped with flame and the leaves came fluttering down from overhead swept by the storm of hissing bullets. It was a savage reception; many a gallant fellow was laid low by the sudden storm; but Ayres was a staunch fighter, and, instantly divining that he had found the point where the earthworks turned back to the north, and that the fire came from that face, he ordered his two brigades to wheel at once to the left, and sent word to his supporting line, under gallant Fred

Winthrop, to come forward into line on his left at double-quick. It was promptly, splendidly done; but the Third brigade (Gwyn's), on the extreme right, had to fight its way through some thick undergrowth to the open plain beyond. They plunged through in some disorder, but kept going until reaching the edge of the thicket and the skirt of the woods; here, greeted by a sharp and sudden volley, and being much broken by their "bushwhacking," the whole brigade reeled and staggered. It was a critical moment. It would never do to let them go back; Warren, with Crawford and Griffin, was still showing ahead through the woods, somewhere off to the right, but out of sight now, and a great gap was forming between Ayres' right and Crawford's left. Not an instant could be lost. Staff-officers struck spurs to their horses and dashed off into the woods to turn Crawford to the left. Gwyn needed their support; but as Gwyn's men still clung timidly to their cover and huddled together among the trees, Sheridan could stand it no longer. Seizing the battle-flag he leaped out to the front, shouting to the amazed infantrymen to "Come on." Somewhere back of the line a Yankee band struck up a rollicking Irish air; others chimed in with the first tune that happened to strike the leader's fancy; Ayres and his staff rushed forward to aid Sheridan as that fiery little rider rode storming, and swearing, and cheering along the lines, heedless of the hissing lead that tore through the silk of his precious standard, or struck down officers of his eager staff.

The example was all they needed. Up sprang Ayres' men, now all delight with this new and magnetic leader, and with mighty rush and cheer they swarmed at, and over the fire-flashing parapet, grappling with the gunners, seizing battle-flags and guns, and capturing an entire brigade. It was barely five o'clock when they struck the salient, and in twenty minutes Ayres had carried all before him, had faced westward, and, hastily securing his prisoners, was preparing to roll up Pickett's line along the White Oak road. But already the losses had been severe; and of these, none so lamentable as that of the brilliant young general who led his brigade to the support of the left

of the staggered line—brave Fred Winthrop! It was said of him that only the night before he wrote a prophetic farewell to the woman he loved and who was so soon to have been his bride; and yet, believing firmly that he was not to survive that fight, he rode into action all spirit, energy, enthusiasm, "the best-dressed man on the field," says Colonel Newhall, and fell dead at the head of his charging, cheering brigade at the very instant of glorious victory.

Edging off to the right, as though to escape that fire from the earthworks, Crawford had contrived to get too far away to be available at this juncture, and Griffin, moving as his support, followed his tracks until the rage of battle on his left, the vehement cheers of Ayres' men, the wolf-like yell of the defiant Southerners, and the crash of volleys told him that it was there he was most needed; and even as he was wheeling to the left Sheridan's aides came tearing through the woods to order the move. Brother artillerists were Ayres and Griffin in the old days before the war, and now almost at full run the latter "changed front forward" in rapid wheel to the left, and came crashing through the brake and thickets on the right of his comrade in arms, and not too late; for, as his lines straightened out and swung round until they faced southwestward before the eager "forward" rang along from battalion to battalion, they came upon a confused throng of gray-clad infantry drifting back through the woods from the now raging battle front, and, leaping upon them, added fifteen hundred prisoners to the swarm already being disarmed by Ayres.

Meantime there had been a glorious scene to the west. No sooner did Merritt hear the crash of musketry and the thunder of guns over to the right, than he gave the long-awaited order to attack along the whole line, and, while the Fifth corps pushed through open fields or unresisting forest, Merritt's cavalymen unslung carbines and sprang forward to the assault of the line of earthworks. Theirs was the brunt of the battle, for the attack of parapets lined by infantry is no bagatelle at any time, and for horsemen, turned for the nonce into foot-soldiers, it is especially trying. With strong skirmish lines, and inspired by

the music of cheers, volleys and martial bands over at the right, and the ringing, stirring signal calls of their own trumpets, the cavalry corps made its spirited advance. Superb leaders had they—men who rode with the foremost skirmishers, and whose flashing sabres pointed the way: whose joyous voices cheered on every charge. Devin, Fitzhugh and Gibbes on the right; Custer, Pennington and Capehart on the left, while Merritt from the centre, directed every move and vigilantly watched the changing phases of the battle. Far off to the left, Custer had two brigades still in saddle, and with these led charge after charge on the Southern cavalry west of the intrenchments, but all the rest of the line fought dismounted in front of the parapets, and this was trying work. At first but little headway could be gained, for the infantry defenders made the air hum with bullets and the entire front was a "dead-line," but as Ayres' men came tumbling over the lines along the "return," and Griffin's volleys crashed through the woods behind them, the gray brigades along the White Oak road began to slacken the vigor of their fire. Seeing this, Fitzhugh, of Devin's division, called on his brigade and in a gallant charge dashed over the parapets in his front, capturing three guns and a thousand prisoners with their battle-flags. Pickett's left was now gone. One brigade, Mayo's, was retiring in fair order through Five Forks, but others were caught between the sweeping lines of Warren and Merritt, just as Sheridan had planned, and all was up with them. Crawford by this time had been caught and turned to the left by Warren, whose divisions and brigades were so hidden in the densely wooded country that it was impossible to see more than one or two at a time. He himself had sent Griffin orders not to follow Crawford, but to turn to the aid of Ayres, and then had plunged on after his most distant division. MacKenzie too had come trotting back by this time, and, forming out on Crawford's right and swinging westward with him in a wide sweep that carried him far over Hatcher's Run, Warren leading and directing, they had now reached the rear of Pickett's lines, seized the Ford road and were pressing on, picking up prisoners by the hundred. Griffin had found a strong brigade posted to face

him, and had had a stubborn struggle of half an hour before they broke, but now, now as sunset came, everywhere along the left and centre of his lines Pickett saw only rout and disaster—he himself had almost had to fight his way through MacKenzie's and Crawford's skirmishers before he could reach the field.

All this time Warren had been most energetic, riding to and fro—first with one, then with another division; but never, as luck would have it, being seen by Sheridan. The latter was still aflame at the thought that he himself had had to rally and lead the Fifth corps, and that his staff officers could not find Warren. Crawford's long *détour* had delayed matters, and darkness was coming on. No half-way victory would satisfy Sheridan. He aimed to destroy Pickett entirely, and his plans, if promptly executed, meant destruction. It seemed an interminable time to him after Ayres seized the works and prepared to sweep westward before he heard Griffin coming in from the northeast. It seemed as though he never would hear Crawford. At last came the glad chorus of cheers from behind the Five Forks woods, and then, as the entire army leaped forward to "wind the thing up," then and there, he had his first news of Warren's personal movements and sent his indignant and wrathful reply.

Custer and Devin were now sweeping over the parapets along the whole line, and Pickett himself, striving to rally his centre, was suddenly pounced upon by a brawny cavalryman astride of a mule, who leaped the earthworks and with conventional soldierly blasphemy demanded his surrender; Pickett barely escaped with his life. Still his right hung pluckily together. Crawford's division, once more led by Warren himself, was far around behind Five Forks at this moment; had captured a four-gun battery and was still pressing on. Here, near an open plat, called the Gilliam field, Pickett's men were making their last stand, and as Crawford's division emerged from the woods greeted them with a scathing fire. The men were in loose order after long pursuit and 'cross country fighting, and were halted and a little staggered by the discharge, but it was no time to delay them, and even as Sheridan had done in front of Ayres,

Warren, corps-flag in hand, sprang into the front of Crawford's men, officers and color-bearers dashed forward, and though the hot fire swept down Warren's horse and his own orderly, and wounded officers immediately around him, the gallant leader himself was unhurt—the last of Pickett's lines was swept away, and Custer's brilliant division of cavalry thundering up from the south sent the fugitives whirling into the woods along the road to the west, and Five Forks was over and done with.

It was even at this moment of almost breathless triumph that Warren received the order relieving him from the command of the Fifth corps, and ordering him to report in person to the general of the army—the saddest feature of this most brilliant and gallant day. Prejudiced, in all probability, by what he had heard of him, exasperated by the delays of the previous night and the apparent apathy of the present day, virtually invited that very day by the lieutenant-general to send him back and put some other man in his place, and, finally, unable to see or to hear of him during the danger and daring and heat of the battle, Sheridan had at last lost all patience; had availed himself of the authority expressly conferred on him by General Grant; had placed Griffin in command of the Fifth corps, and sent Warren to the rear. Years afterwards, when Warren finally succeeded in having a thorough investigation of the whole matter by a court composed of just and distinguished officers, it was determined that his conduct during the battle was all that it should have been, and that there was no unnecessary delay in bringing up his corps that afternoon; but it was held at the same time, that Warren was culpable in not coming sooner to Sheridan at Dinwiddie on the morning of the 1st of April, and as Sheridan began to judge him then, could only see during the day what looked like apathy or lack of energy, and did not see any of his superb conduct during the battle itself, there is little need of wonderment at his strenuous action. It was simply in keeping with his vehement, uncompromising nature, and had there been a Sheridan in the Army of the Potomac earlier in the war, there would have been fewer Bull and other Runs.

Five Forks was the one brilliant tactical battle fought and won

by the aid of the Army of the Potomac, and it was all planned, fought and won inside of eight hours. Morally and materially its results were most important. One-third of Lee's army was knocked into splinters; 4,500 prisoners, thirteen colors and six guns fell into the hands of the victors, and the fragments of Pickett's army were pursued till dark and scattered over the Virginia woods in sore dismay and suffering—clothing in tatters—food they had none. One only marvels that they fought so well. Aided by troops hurried out along the South Side railway, Pickett managed to rally some few thousands of his men north of Hatcher's Run by the following day; but that night Sheridan's troopers and the worn-out Fifth corps bivouacked around Five Forks, while couriers pushed off through darkness, mud and mire to find General Grant waiting eagerly at Dabney's Mills for tidings from his trusted right-hand man, that he might transmit them to the President, still more anxiously waiting at City Point.

Badeau well describes the scene at Grant's headquarters that glorious night. All day long they had been intently listening. Three of Grant's aides-de-camp had ridden over at different hours to find Sheridan near the Forks, but when nightfall came, only one had returned, and he brought tidings of sharp, stubborn fighting. The rain had at last ceased, and, two hours after dark, the general-in-chief was seated by the camp-fire in front of his tent "wrapped in the blue overcoat of a private soldier." At 7.45 he had sent word to the President that Sheridan must have had a severe fight, and that he hoped to send particulars in a short time. Suddenly there came the sound of distant cheering. Far off in the dark wood-roads the soldiers were taking up and eagerly repeating the brief words of an officer who was hurrying along towards headquarters: presently he appeared, and before dismounting had told the gist of his story. "The rebs were whipped this time," but he had left the field when victory was assured, and could not tell how decisive it had been. Soon, however, there came the third and last aide-de-camp—Colonel Horace Porter, the most impassive and taciturn of men under ordinary circumstances, a man vigorously

temperate in his meats and drinks, and the model generally of all soldierly reticence and virtues; but now, to the scandal of some of his associates, Porter seemed absolutely drunk. He sprang from his horse, wild with delight and enthusiasm, and in detailing the results of Sheridan's glorious victory, in the fulness of his joy and congratulations he had the hardihood to slap the general-in-chief on the back, and comport himself otherwise in a most unusual manner. It was one of the comical features of the campaign. Nobody had ever seen Porter so worked up before; but Grant, it is assumed, readily forgave this ebullition of spirits. The colonel had not tasted a drop of stimulant: he was simply "drunk with victory." He brought complete tidings. The utter rout of Pickett and his men had been accomplished with comparatively small loss to the Fifth corps (634 killed, wounded and missing), and though the cavalry had lost heavily in officers, its aggregate was not greater than that of the infantry, and only 8,000 cavalry had been engaged. "Sheridan has carried everything before him," telegraphed Grant to the President at City Point; and then stepping for a moment inside his tent he reappeared with a written order, quietly saying, "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines."

That was a wonderful night in the Army of the Potomac. From left to right; from Hatcher's Run far around to and across the James, the soldiers poured forth from bivouac, tent or bomb-proof madly cheering over the glorious news; the bands were brought out and kept playing by the hour; and then, long before midnight, the loud-mouthed cannon belched forth in furious bombardment. At four in the morning a general advance was to begin, and meantime, Miles, of the Second corps, pushed down the White Oak road to strengthen Sheridan should Lee send a heavy force against him. To all his corps commanders Meade sent the particulars of Sheridan's victory, and their replies to the orders for attack were full of hope and spirit. Ord wrote to Grant that his men would go into the works like "a hot knife into melted butter." Wright promised "to make the fur fly" on part of the Sixth corps; and at five o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April the Grand Army of

the Union was pushed into the final assault of the lines of Petersburg.

But Lee fought to the last. He was not yet ready to give up his position, for he was the only defence of the Southern capital and cabinet. He still had some 40,000 men, and they were snugly ensconced behind their earthworks. Wright did indeed "make the fur fly" and burst through the lines, as was to be expected of him and the old Sixth corps, but Parke found the main line still defiantly strong, and his men could make but little headway. He carried some outer works, but lost severely in officers, while Wright, though losing 1,100 men in fifteen minutes, swept everything in his front, and in the headlong impetuosity of their attack, some of the Sixth corps, after bursting through the intrenchments just southwest of Fort Gregg, plunged on across the Boydton plank road and never stopped until they reached the South Side railway, which they began to pull up at once. It was at this time that one of the most gallant and distinguished of the Southern generals met his fate: Ambrose P. Hill, who had so brilliantly handled his corps during the last two years of the war, was shot dead by a Sixth corps soldier whom the general had come upon suddenly in the woods and ordered to surrender. Once through the lines, Wright had wheeled westward and southward, swept up the defenders as far as Hatcher's Run; then the Sixth and Twenty-fourth corps faced about, and marching back towards Petersburg enveloped the city on the south and west. Lee could now only escape by the north bank of the Appomattox, and that very day, April 2d, he sent word to Mr. Jefferson Davis that he could no longer hold Petersburg. He would strive to carry his army back to Danville, and there renew the fight.

Sunday morning, and the pious people of Richmond were listening to the gospel of peace in their churches, while the boom of the distant bombardment fell sullenly upon the ear of the sentries at the fortifications; while only twenty miles away, in most gallant, desperate battle, fathers, husbands, brothers, sons were fiercely striving to hold their last bulwarks against the savage attack of the Twenty-fourth corps. Forts Gregg and

Whitworth fell before overpowering numbers even as the church bells summoned the worshippers to morning service in the all unconscious capital. It was a mild spring morning, soft, balmy, sweet with the odor of early buds and blossoms. Hearts were beating high with hope in Richmond, for the news had gone abroad that Pickett and Fitz Hugh Lee had terribly punished the vandal Sheridan down back of Petersburg the evening before. Mr. Davis sat in his accustomed pew, while his devoted and long-suffering people sent up their heartfelt prayers for Divine blessing upon him, and the cause he represented—the cause they firmly believed to be as righteous and just as was the cause of the colonies in '76. Suddenly, through the open doorway, there came a messenger who strode up the aisle, handed one paper to the head of the Confederate government, and sent another to the officiating clergyman. Mr. Davis opened and read his letter; then quickly rose and left the church. People wondered, but said no word. Then the minister in as calm a voice as he could command, announced that the local forces were ordered to assemble, and that no afternoon service would be held. With that the congregation dispersed, yet seemed to have no idea of the impending disaster. That evening, however, Davis, his cabinet and the legislature fled by railway and canal. Ewell withdrew his garrison, setting fire to warehouses, bridges and stores as he was ordered, and, leaving not a man to guard the thousands of helpless women and children, leaving the sick and wounded, turning the city over to the mercy of a mob of escaped convicts, drunken desperadoes or half-starved laborers. Taking all the plunder they could conveniently carry, the great leaders of a brave and deluded people sought their own safety without so much as an act of protection, a word of farewell or advice for those who had trusted and followed them to the bitter end. Of Mr. Davis' subsequent adventures, his ignominious flight and undignified masquerade, his capture, imprisonment and final release, far more has been written than the subject really deserves. After pondering a while as to what punishment might most suitably be inflicted, the nation eventually turned him loose as being no longer dangerous, and has permitted him to

live to a green old age, a dreamy witness of the total failure of his treason.

It is of the men who fought, and dared and never flinched even when the supreme moment came, that we love to think to-day. Theirs is a name of honor, a record of deathless courage, that all true soldiers, North or South, must hold in respect and admiration. Even the victors could not see the dejected gray columns filing slowly westward in the dawn of that April Monday, without a thrill of sympathy for the brave fellows who had fought so long and well, only to come to this. We all know the story. That night of the 2d of April, blowing up the forts, burning the bridges behind him, Lee slowly fell back from Petersburg, making for Amelia Court-House, twenty-five miles to the west; and Ewell, leaving Richmond in flames, pushed southwestward to join him. Early on Monday morning the Sixth Michigan sharp-shooters were waving their flags on the court-house in Petersburg, and a little squadron of cavalry, escorting two of General Weitzel's staff-officers, trotted through the curious throngs in the Richmond streets, dismounted at the capitol, and there, taking from the pommel of his saddle the flag he had had in readiness for several days, Lieutenant J. L. DePeyster, a New York boy of eighteen, leaped up the steps with Captain Langdon of the First regular artillery, and in a few moments the stars and stripes were thrown to the breeze in place of the humbled standard of rebellion. Richmond and Petersburg were at last taken, and there could be but few days more for the Southern army.

It was Lee's hope to reach the Danville railway at Amelia Court-House, concentrate at that point, then fall back southwestward to Danville, and make a junction with the army of Joseph E. Johnston. It was the determination of Grant and Sheridan that he should do nothing of the kind. Lee expected Grant to follow on his track; Grant decided to race and head him off; and once more Sheridan was called on to take the lead. At Amelia Court-House Longstreet, Gordon and Ewell united their wearied and hungry troops. Here was the railway, but where were the hoped-for supplies? Sheridan had seized the

road ten miles to the southwest of them, and, with his troopers and the swift-footed Fifth corps, held and barred the way. Meade, with the Second and Sixth, was but a short distance behind him; Grant, with Ord and the Twenty-fourth, farther to the south along the South Side railway. Lee found that he could not reach Danville; but there was another hope: Lynchburg, fifty miles west—Lynchburg and the neighboring mountains. Thither he turned his weary eyes, and, with Sheridan hanging to his bleeding flanks and worrying the column over every mile of road, the Southern leader strove to keep his men together and still push ahead. Almost every hour he had to turn and fight; first on one side, then on the other, in front, flank and rear; small detachments of cavalry leaped upon his batteries or trains, lopping off a few guns, a score of wagons or an hundred prisoners at every cross-road, while behind him and on his left, pushed relentlessly ahead the now enthusiastic infantry of the Army of the Potomac. Lucky were Lee's men who had an ear of corn to nibble; lucky were Grant's who could snatch an hour of sleep. Night and day, for five successive suns, it was one vehement, never relaxing pursuit, varied only by the savage combats that attended Lee's every halt for breath. At Sailors' Creek, at Farmville, at High Bridge, where again they strode along the banks of Appomattox, there was bloody fighting; but never for an instant could the Southern general shake off the death-grip of Sheridan; never could he distance the inexorable pursuit of those long blue columns. Every day, every hour his men were dwindling away by whole thousands. He had full 40,000 at Amelia on the 5th, and at least one-fourth of these were gone when his staggering columns pushed on for the last march of all—the 8th of April. He had succeeded in crossing to the north side of the Appomattox now, leaving Ewell's corps, with Ewell himself, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Dubose, Hunton and Corse, as prisoners, a loss of fully 8,000 men sustained in one day; and now, with Humphreys and Wright close behind him on the north side, and Sheridan's cavalry, Ord and Griffin's corps on the south side and even with his leading columns, Lee was striking for Appomattox Court-House, where

supplies were awaiting him. Which could reach it first, Lee or Sheridan?

On the 7th Grant had written a few words to General Lee, pointing out to him the hopelessness of further resistance, and asking his surrender as the only means of avoiding further bloodshed. Lee replied that he did not regard his situation as hopeless, but inquired what terms would be offered. On the 8th Grant had offered most lenient terms—the mere disqualification of all surrendered officers or men from again taking up arms until properly exchanged; but Lee still hoped to escape. He counted on getting those supplies at Appomattox and then breaking for Lynchburg, only a long day's march away, and he declined. This correspondence was really conducted on the run, for both armies were pushed to the utmost in the race. But Lee stopped twice on the 7th and 8th to fight Humphreys, who was clinging to the rear with a grasp that threatened to pull him to earth, and the delay was fatal. Stopping for nothing, Sheridan's cavalry shot forward along the lower road, sprang upon the railway station beyond the Court-House, Custer's cheering troopers rode recklessly in among the coveted trains, and, long before the morning of the 9th, had whisked every vestige of supplies out of sight; brigade after brigade came trotting up from the southeast and, deploying its skirmish lines up the Richmond road toward the Court-House, five miles away, whither Custer had already driven the advanced guard of Lee's army, sent forward with empty wagons for those desperately needed rations. Poor fellows! Hungry, tired and foot-sore, they never thought to find the Yankees there first, but that night Lee knew that Sheridan's cavalry had "headed" him, and that now he must not only fight back the fierce pursuers so close at his rear—he must cut his way through those daring troopers in front. Still, thought he, it is only cavalry, and Gordon's men can brush them away like a swarm of gnats.

But that night Sheridan was driving back staff-officers and couriers to Grant, to Ord, to Griffin, urging, demanding "full speed ahead." He had at last thrown himself squarely across the beaten army's track. He would hold it firmly as cavalry

could hold anything, but to block Lee entirely, to oppose infantry and batteries with infantry and batteries, he *must* have the Fifth and Twenty-fourth corps. "We will finish the job in the morning," he wrote, if Gibbon and Griffin could only reach him.

Reach him they did; but what a march! Ord pushed the Twenty-fourth corps from daybreak on the 8th to daybreak on the 9th with only three hours' rest. Griffin trudged through the muddy-roads twenty-six miles, until two o'clock in the morning, took a cat-nap in the woods until four, pushed on again, and reached Sheridan at six: just in time.

Facing northeastward now, so as to confront the gray columns coming down the Richmond road, Sheridan deployed his dismounted skirmishers far out to the front, backed them up by strong cavalry reserves, and behind this veil of horsemen Ord formed the long solid lines of the infantry across the silent valley west of the Court-House. All unconscious of what was in store for them, Lee's men, obedient to the last, sprang forward with rolling volleys to dash aside the insolent troopers barring their path. Slowly the long lines fell back towards their waiting horses; "Rally" and "Mount," rang the trumpet-calls, and, leaping lightly into saddle, the horsemen trotted gayly off to right and left, drawing the curtain from a picture before which Lee recoiled in dismay—the infantry, the Army of the Potomac.

Then at last was he brought to bay. Forward he could not go. Sheridan, Ord and Griffin barred the way. Back he could not turn—Meade, Humphreys and Wright were thundering at his rear. Prompt action too was demanded, for Sheridan was fuming for instant attack. Lee sent requests to Humphreys begging him to hold off his men until he could communicate with Grant, but that thorough-going soldier replied that the request could not be complied with, and went on forming for attack on Longstreet who was facing him; but just as he was about to launch his corps in to the assault, Meade arrived and ordered an hour's truce. On the other side, too, just as Sheridan was about to charge, a white flag was waved over the Southern lines and Generals Gordon and Wilcox rode forward to say that negotiations for surrender were already going on.

If this were so, said Sheridan, what business had they to attack him and to persist in the attack up to the moment they discovered he was backed by infantry? He was half-inclined to think it all a trick, a deception, and was fiercely striding up and down a little farm-yard when one of Grant's staff-officers rode up to him. "I've got 'em!" said he, vehemently; "I've got 'em *like that*," clinching his muscular fist and setting his teeth, and it was plain to see that he hated to let go.

But it was no trick. Grant himself speedily arrived, and, while his army completely encircled that of Lee, the two great leaders met at the humble house of farmer McLean, and there the surrender was quietly accomplished. In a few calm words the generals settled the preliminaries, and then affixed their signatures to the paper that disarmed and disbanded forever the gallant Army of Northern Virginia.

One week ago, this still Sunday morning, the flight from Richmond and Petersburg had begun. Now in this humble farmhouse, nearly an hundred miles to the westward, in this obscure and hitherto unmentioned valley, the closing scene of the greatest drama of our history was being enacted. In the bare country room, furnished with a plain wooden table and two or three rude chairs, Grant, Lee, each with an aide-de-camp, and subsequently Ord, Sheridan and a few staff-officers, were gathered. The two great chiefs presented a striking contrast. Lee, erect, soldierly, dignified and formally courteous, the beau-ideal of a chivalric soldier, accepting with calm fortitude his defeat—buttoned to the throat in his newest and most becoming uniform; its stars and gold-lace fresh and untarnished; his gauntlets embroidered and spotless; his boots polished; his beautiful sword burnished and glittering; his aide-de-camp as accurately attired as himself. Lee certainly had the advantage in personal appearance over every man in the party. Grant, in a loose-fitting, unbuttoned uniform coat, with waistcoat and trowsers of unmilitary cut, and much splashed with mire, with muddy boots and not a symptom of sword or spur, with plain, Western manners, unkempt beard and a figure somewhat slouchy and round-shouldered—Grant assuredly looked very little like a conquer-

ing hero, and probably felt very little like one. He had been ill on the march, and was sorely jaded and tired. The real hero of the picture, next to Lee—the real hero of the vehement pursuit and capture, next to nobody, was the sturdy trooper Sheridan. His form was snugly buttoned in the double-breasted frock coat of a major-general, the dress he wore on all occasions in the field; his short legs were thrust deep into huge cavalry boots; his eyes were still snapping with the flame of the morning's fight; his whole manner was so suggestive of the trick he had of hitching nervously forward in the saddle when things were not going exactly to suit him, that he looked to some present as though he were still half disposed to suspect some ruse—some trick, and was ready to spring to horse and pitch in again at an instant's notice. But there was no need. Lee's surrender was an accomplished fact, and having signed the formal papers, the Southern leader remounted, and, saluted by all present, rode back to his own lines—back to the starving and still devoted men for whom he had this moment to beg bread. Here the calm fortitude that had borne him with gentle dignity through that painful interview at last gave way, and as he gazed down into the wan faces that thronged about him, great tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. No such terms had ever been granted to insurgent armies in any previous surrender; his officers retained their swords and personal effects, and all were allowed, officers and men, to take home with them their horses. They were to be fed and cared for at once, and given free transportation over any government lines on their journeys homeward; they might continue to wear the old uniform so dear to them, except the insignia of rank; all that was required was the surrender of their arms, standards and munitions of war, and the individual pledge of the officers to take no further part in the war against the Union. "We have fought through the war together," he said brokenly to them: "I have done the best I could for you."

Two days afterwards the muster-rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia were completed, and on the lovely morning of the 12th of April, while the Union troops stood at a distance, the Southern

divisions marched forth for the last time, halted, dressed their lines with old-time precision, then in solemn silence fixed bayonets, stacked their arms, unbuckled and unslung the worn old belts and cartridge-boxes, hung them on the stacks, placed with them the tattered, smoke-stained flags, which many of them bent to kiss with reverent farewell, and then, falling back from the lines, this last remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia dispersed forever.

On the Union side no sign of exultation, no cheer, no taunt, no strain of stirring music was permitted. In soldierly silence—even in soldierly sympathy, the last act was witnessed, and then came the homeward march. The work of the Army of the Potomac at last was done.

By actual figures the number of men turned over at Lee's surrender at Appomattox was 28,356. Of these nearly 15,000 were of Longstreet's corps; 7,200 of Gordon's; only 287 of Ewell's (the rest having been killed or captured around Sailor's Creek and Farmville), and the others belonged to the cavalry, artillery and navy battalion and provost-guards. Some assertions have been made by Southern writers that only 8,000 of those surrendered bore arms, but the circumstance would have no especial significance even were it true, for it was an easy matter to throw their rifles into the little streams or ponds or bury them in the thick woods, and whether in their hands or not, over 22,000 small arms were actually turned over at the surrender; while from the 29th of March to the 9th of April a total of 74,000 prisoners had been taken from the Southern ranks by Grant's army in Virginia. His losses during the same period were 9,944, and are given by General Humphreys, whose history of the closing campaign of the war is accepted by all soldiers as the most reliable and complete yet written.

On the 25th of April General Johnston with his army surrendered to General Sherman; others soon followed, and, except for a guerilla warfare across the Mississippi, speedily settled by "that inevitable Sheridan," as the Southerners had learned to call him, the war of the Rebellion was at an end. Foiled in their scheme of ruling or ruining the Great Republic, abandon-

ing the people whom they had dragged into such widespread misery and destitution, the leaders of the movement sought safety in flight, leaving behind them for the final blow one wretched yet fit instrument of their shameful and malignant hate. Even as the loyal North rejoiced in the glad incoming of peace—even as he, the patient, the gentle, the all-merciful, the generous, who had stood to the helm through all the fearful tempest, was now seeking how best to aid, how surest to bring back into the fold the suffering people of the South, cowardly murder robbed the Nation of Abraham Lincoln, and the war that had leaped into flame from the torch of treason sputtered out at last in the quenching life-blood of our martyred President.



GRAVELOTTE.

1870.



NAPOLEON THE GREAT, the conqueror of Austerlitz and Jena, has been called a military despot, which he undoubtedly was : more than this he was a household despot and ruled the affairs of kith and kin as relentlessly as he did those of conquered states. He had raised the family from obscurity to fame and position, and demanded the right to dispose of them as he would. In furtherance of this doctrine he compelled his brother Louis Buonaparte in 1802 to marry Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine. As Louis was avowedly in love with a cousin of the young lady in question, and the young lady herself was engaged to General Duroc, the match was unhappy from the start. Three sons were born to Hortense, and the third, Charles Louis Napoleon, who came into this world on the 20th of April, 1808, rose to prominence in history, as Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

The eldest son died when a child; the second in 1831, and Charles Louis Napoleon became heir to the Buonapartist claims to the throne of France. He led a life of adventure, conspiracy and intrigue; was twice imprisoned for political crimes, when hanging would have more adequately punished the offence; he was a fugitive from justice, and an exile here in our own country, where the New Jersey and Maryland Buonapartes turned the cold shoulder on him, and where neither his conduct nor his associates were particularly creditable; and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, the only legitimate son of the Emperor Napoleon, was followed by plot after plot on the part of this

Plate IV.—Arms and Accoutrements of the 19th Century.

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| 1. Needle Gun. | 14. Sabre Bayonet. | 27. Ramrod and Wiper. |
| 2. Chassepôt. | 15, 16, 17, 18. Standards. | 28. Gatling Gun. |
| 3. Springfield Rifle. | 19. Drum. | 29. Parrott Gun. |
| 4. Martini-Henry Rifle. | 20. Cartridge Box. | 30. Siege " |
| 5. Vitterlin Gun. | 21. Trumpet. | 31, 32, 33. Artillery Cartridges. |
| 6. Werndl Rifle. | 22. Cuirass. | 34. Armstrong Gun. |
| 7. Revolver. | 23. Knapsack. | 35. Mortar. |
| 8. Cartridge and Ball. | 24. Canteen. | 36. Round Shot. |
| 9. Rifle Ball. | 25. Krupp 12-Inch Gun and Carriage. | 37. Krupp Mortar and Carriage. |
| 10. Bayonet. | 26. Section of Conical Steel Shot. | 38 to 56. Modern Military Caps, Hats and Helmets. |
| 11. Officer's Sword. | | |
| 12. Sabre. | | |
| 13. Cavalry Sabre. | | |

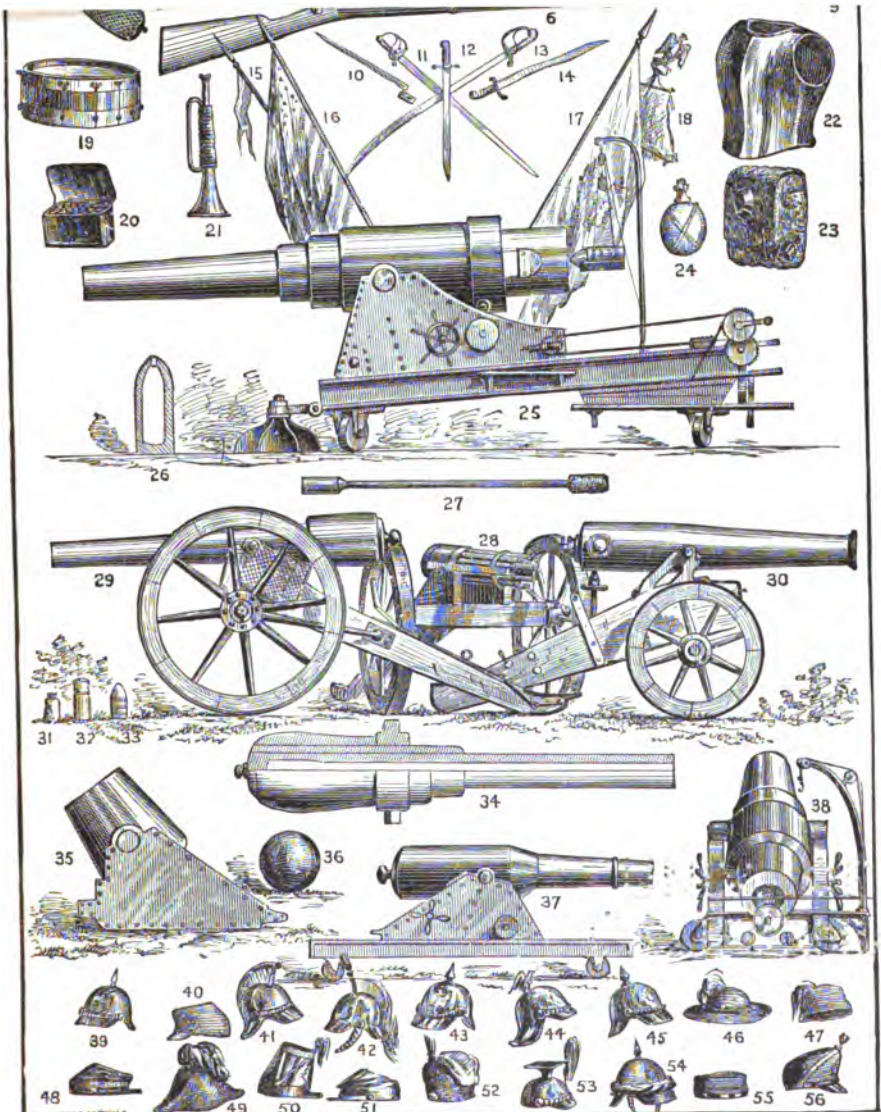


PLATE IV. ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
(Famous and Decisive Battles.)

100 1000
100 1000

exiled nephew of the great emperor, aimed at the overthrow of the Bourbon king. In 1848 France broke out into another of her revolutions and essayed again to start a republic. Louis Napoleon, watching and waiting in England, slipped over at the opportune moment, and the old name was enough for the mercurial, sensation-loving people; he was elected President by an overwhelming vote. Three years afterwards, having obtained complete control of the Army and the Press of the nation, he seized and imprisoned the National Assembly, placed Paris under martial law, demanded an election for a term of ten years with power to name his own cabinet, and, when the people rose against such outrage, he slaughtered them without mercy; 5,000 men, women and children, natives and foreigners, were butchered; thousands were sent away into exile or penal servitude, and having thus stamped out the "insurrection," crushed the leaders of the people, muzzled or bought the Press, and taken the nation by the throat, he demanded the free will offering of their votes. Naturally he carried the polls, and in December, 1852, this Prince-President became Napoleon III., Emperor "By the Grace of God and the will of the French people."

There is no question as to the ability of the man, and the brilliancy of his rule both as President and Emperor. France thrived under his guidance; industries and improvements of every kind flourished throughout the land, and commerce developed as it never had before. The navy was built up and manned so as to rival even that of England, and the military spirit of the people was fostered by exercises and manœuvres that made the army the pride and delight of the nation. Skillfully avoiding all dissensions with the powerful monarchies around him, ignoring the slights of the crowned heads of Europe, he worked steadily, building up his strength and developing his resources, until France became a power that had to be conciliated and fawned upon, and then even proud England was glad to enter into an alliance with her. Wily, scheming and unscrupulous, the new emperor successfully felt his way. Railways, harbors, arsenals, manufactories sprang up in all directions, labor was everywhere worthy its hire, money flowed in

profusion, all was prosperity. Then came the Crimean war, and, while England fought and blundered with her invariable courage and accustomed stupidity, suffering all the hard knocks and getting none of the credit of the war, France laughingly praised her ally's pluck, condoned her faults, good-naturedly put up with her temporizing and delay around Sebastopol, helped her out when she got in a tight place, as at Inkermann, and reaped all the credit and glory that could well be extracted from that mismanaged war, while dexterously letting England foot the bills and butt her own head against the walls of the Russian stronghold. Napoleon III. came out in a blaze of triumph; the French people were as ready to stand by him as ever they were to rally to the eagles of his uncle, and England's Queen had to decorate him, so lately an outcast in the London streets, with that priceless Order of the Garter, and to greet his beautiful but unknown wife with the kiss of royal sisterhood. The birth of the Prince Imperial in 1856—a baby-boy who was said to strongly resemble his renowned grand-uncle—had strengthened the Napoleonic hold on the French people; and when the emperor himself went forth to lead the eagles of France in the Italian campaign against Austria in 1859, Europe had no sovereign so popular, so fortunate. France had forgotten the bloody scenes of the *coup d'état* of eight years before.

But Louis Napoleon was now growing old; disease had begun to tell upon him; death might come at any time, and he felt that, to secure the throne to his son, still further glories must be brought through his guidance, to France. At the moment there was no opportunity in Europe, but our own civil war enabled him to make a lodgment in Mexico—a blow aimed as much at the United States as at the struggling republic on our borders. England would not join him in his scheme for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Mexico proved too strong for Maximilian, whom the emperor had planted on the throne, and then abandoned when he found that our quarrel was settled and his troops would be useless. Then he turned back to the frontiers of France. The outbreak of a war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 gave him a coveted opportunity.

He offered Austria the aid of France provided she would make over to him the Rhine provinces and Belgium as his share of the to-be-conquered territory, and Austria declined. Then this two-faced plotter turned to Prussia and offered to help her for the consideration of Baden and Wurtemberg; and Prussia did not need his help and would not have it if she did, and told him so in diplomatic but emphatic terms. Then, to his amaze, in seven weeks Prussia had completely thrashed the armies of proud Austria, and Napoleon woke up to a realizing sense of the fact that here was a military nation it behooved him to beware of. Now his whole attention was turned to Prussia, the nation that had so relentlessly striven against his uncle and patron saint—and that was destined to humble him and his forever.

Led by old " Marshal Vorwaerts," the Prussian armies, as we have seen, had come in just at the opportune moment at Waterloo, and chased the dejected Frenchmen back to Paris; but the humiliation of the Jena year was not to be avenged by a divided triumph. Under Frederick the Great the military system of Prussia rose superior to all Europe, but her stern preparations languished with his death, and the wars with Napoleon showed her soldiers that they had fallen behind. England took a long breath and a national nap after Waterloo, fondly imagining that British pluck and brawn and loyalty would win anywhere and against anybody, and that study, drill and exercise were only for nations less favored by Divine Providence with the attributes of conquerors. Prussia went to work with a will. Surrounded as she was by old-time enemies on every side, her geographical position made her cautious. Sweden, Russia, Austria, France and Denmark lay around her like a cordon of wolves, and all the beautiful German provinces—Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria to the south, and the Rhineland and Belgium towards the west, were only half-friendly to Prussian interests. Nothing but the possession of the most perfect military machine in the world would enable the Prussians to hold their own; and with rare patience, skill and diligence they set themselves at the task. Every able-bodied man became a soldier; every brilliant mind was levied upon for its contribution to the perfection of that

machine on which the nation was at work. Forty years after Waterloo, when France, England and Turkey clinched with Russia in the Crimea, Prussia calmly compared their military shortcomings with her own advancement, and marvelled at the unprogressive management that sent the armies of three great powers into conflict, armed with the despised old smooth-bore musket, or the faulty and untried rifles of Minié, Delvigne and the new Enfield system; while she, Prussia, had since '48 taught her troops the use and benefit of the breech-loader—the now famous needle-gun of Dreyse.

Wonderful changes had been made in the fire-arms of Europe in the last century. The old match-lock and wall-piece had disappeared before Marlborough fought at Blenheim, and "Brown Bess," the flint-lock, stepped in as the British soldier's pet and pride. So conservative is the Englishman, that for a century and a half that long, cumbrous, unreliable old musket, with few modifications, remained his favorite weapon of war. Adopting the bayonet from the French, he dropped the match for the flint and steel, and, for years, that clumsy appliance satisfied the armies of Europe, though the Americans, with their squirrel-rifles, well-nigh annihilated the British grenadiers on a dozen fields. Then came the handy little percussion-cap, and the military mechanism of "load" was reduced from fifteen to nine motions. Still it was Brown Bess that went to war late as 1846. In the 50's the armies of Europe had to adopt the grooved rifle-barrel, the elongated ball, and practice at long range; and still they were a decade behind Prussia; for all Christendom was aghast when, in 1866, the armies of that rigid little kingdom marched to Sadowa, and there, despite a blunder that ought to have cost them the battle, swept out an empire with their breech-loaders. Prussia became the nucleus, the acknowledged leader of the North German Confederation. Austria fell back discomfited, and Louis Napoleon, on the throne of France, marked with infinite chagrin the leap to prominence and power of the most implacable enemy of his house.

Of course all Europe saw the necessity of immediate change of armament. Inventions of breech-loading rifles were eagerly

rewarded, tested, and several systems were adopted. Let us take a brief look at those which were best known in 1870. First the "Zündnadelgewehr," Prussia's famous needle-gun. Thirty years Herr Dreyse labored over his invention, and the principle on which his splendid arm is working to-day is precisely that which secured its adoption in Berlin in 1848. Slight modifications appear in the cartridge, but the gun is substantially the same. Compared with the beautiful weapons turned out of late years in American armories, the Prussian needle-gun looks somewhat old-fashioned and clumsy; it certainly weighs too much—twelve pounds; but it has stood the test of three wars, and, bulky as it is, the mechanism works admirably, rarely gets out of order, and it shoots straight and well, far as a man can see to aim with any precision, so the Prussians swear by it.

The breech apparatus and needle-lock consist substantially of three hollow cylinders working smoothly one within the other; the innermost contains a solid steel bolt, and to this bolt is firmly fastened the steel needle. To load the gun, the breech-handle is drawn back, a long slit opens in the upper side of the breech, the cartridge is dropped in the slit, the handle pushed forward and locked, by which movement the cartridge is firmly set in its position with the point of the needle just touching the base of the paper shell. A short upright handle back of the chamber brings the gun to full cock, and compresses the spiral spring which controls the needle-bolt; a firm pull on the trigger releases the spring, the heavy bolt flies forward driving the needle through the paper base and through the powder, until its point strikes a cap of fulminate placed at the base of the bullet, fire flashes at once, the piece is discharged and the bore is wiped out by the cartridge-paper. The odd thing about the explosion of this cartridge is, that it begins from the front instead of the base, as is the system with all other modern war rifles.

Now when France decided that she too must have a breech-loader to match that of Prussia, the inspector-general of arms, M. Chassepôt, came out with his invention in 1863, and, with improvements adopted in 1866, the gun became the arm of the French infantry in time for the next great war. It was lighter,

it was handier, it shot with what is called a flatter trajectory; that is, its bullet in going a given distance did not have to *rise* as high as the Prussian; but it had serious defects. The breech was closed by the method known as "internal obturation," the escape of gas being checked by thrusting the chamber into the barrel; the barrel would foul in rapid firing, in which case the chamber would not enter, the excitable Frenchmen would hammer, shake or blow into their guns and so make bad worse. The Chassepôt proved one of the many failures of their great war, and, in common with some other European nations, France came to America for her next gun, and America by this time was ready to supply the world. Of our own systems of breech-loading fire-arms (single-shooters), the best known to-day are those which were already leaders when France, Turkey, Egypt and other old-world nations sent agents here for the purpose of selection and purchase. The Sharp, the Remington, the Springfield, the Ward-Burton and the Peabody-Martini, have all had enthusiastic adherents and marked success; the Peabody-Martini has proved to be the most wonderful gun for long-range fire in the world, as the Russians found when it came to the last war with Turkey; but while they all differ in principle and construction, all have their merits, and all have stood the wear and tear of hard service (except the Ward-Burton, which did not prove a success on our dusty frontier), none were well enough known in Europe to be available when the great Franco-Prussian war broke out. After that, France sent for our Remington, and Prussia clung the more enthusiastically to her honest old needle-gun. Soldiers are the most conservative of men. Every improvement in fire-arms leads to a change in tactics, but soldiers hate to change, and the older they get the more are they prone to cling to the systems and methods of their early days. The writer well remembers how contemptuously the rank and file of a German volunteer regiment rejected in 1861 the beautiful Springfield rifle just turned out from the national armory. A neighboring organization from the same State had been temporarily supplied with the cumbrous, brass-bound, big-bored Belgian *tige* rifle, and our Germans demanded the same. "Dis

vass. no goot," said the spokesman, disdainfully dandling the new Springfield. "*Dat* vass bei Vaterloo," and, as young soldiers are apt to be led by the traditions of the "old hands," it was with difficulty the regiment could be persuaded that the Belgian gun that possibly "fought at Waterloo." was far behind the age. France, in ordering her first breech-loader of M. Chassepôt, made but one restriction—nothing must be copied from Prussia. The Chassepôt was adopted, but before it had been fairly tested—long before the nation had learned how to use it—Louis Napoleon led them into a terrific war, and was a ruined man in thirty days.

Now the French had long laid claim to the distinction of being the most martial people of Europe. Led by Napoleon the First, Frenchmen had been well-nigh invincible. Algeria, the Crimea and Italy had seen much that warranted the belief that no other nation possessed such soldiers. They conquered Arabs and Algerines, and readily adapted themselves to the brilliant tactics and dispersed order required in fighting over sandy wastes. They battled with far greater skill (though none could fight with greater pluck) than their allies, the English, around Sebastopol; and Napoleon III. reaped glory and dominion from the successful campaign in which his armies fought and whipped the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino. He prided himself upon being, like his uncle, a skilled artilleryman, and, having bought the invention of an impoverished captain, he introduced as his own creation the light twelve-pounder—a bronze, smooth-bore, chambered gun that was admirable for short-range fighting, and was immensely popular in America during the war of the rebellion. Indeed, many of our most distinguished battery commanders, from first to last, preferred the smooth-bore Napoleon with its resonant roar and its ponderous mass to the lighter, handier, ten-pounder Parrott rifle, or the three-inch rifled "ordnance gun." Certainly Napoleon III. had good reason to be proud of the gun that bore his name even when he experimented with rifled cannon against the Austrians, for at all ranges under two miles, his gun-howitzers proved the equals, if not the superiors, of the French-made muzzle-loading rifles. But, feeling

the need of a machine gun to cope with the American Gatling, which began to be known about the close of the war of the States, and was being vastly improved and offered for sale abroad in 1869, Louis Napoleon had caused to be adopted a volleying gun of French invention and manufacture, a cumbersome machine that looked like a huge pepper-box on wheels; and, with much mystery of manufacture and ominous whisperings of its death-dealing power, the *mitrailleuse* was introduced to the French artillery, and other European powers curiously sought an opportunity of testing this new engine of which so much was promised. It would sweep away whole regiments; it would *squirt* ounce bullets a mile and a half; it would be artillery and infantry combined, for, unlike other batteries, it could defend itself against infantry attack. All manner of things were promised for this French invention; yet the Prussian agents who took a look at it went back to Berlin without being much impressed. Napoleon would copy the ideas of no other nation. He declared his belief that with his *mitrailleuse* and the Chassepôt, he could fight any power in the world. Wise counsellors whispered to him of new breech-loading field-guns manufactured by Herr Krupp of Essen. They were of steel, very light, and very powerful. Three men could serve them with rapidity and ease, and they would carry three miles with the accuracy of a target rifle; but Napoleon pinned his faith to his antiquated smooth-bore—a “boomer” that would have delighted Frederick the Great, but made his grandchildren laugh in their sleeves. Wise counselors pointed out the ease and rapidity with which Prussia “mobilized” her armies, and could put 500,000 men into the field and *en route* for the frontiers in forty-eight hours. France could do more than that. *According to his papers* the emperor of the French had in readiness for action, completely armed, equipped and instructed, 800,000 men—one-half in the active army, one-half in the reserves; and to further strengthen this array, there stood half a million of national guardsmen. Sublime in his faith and fatuity, Napoleon never looked behind the face of the returns—never dreamed that more than half these numbers were in verity but paper soldiers. Bent on his project of firmly planting him-

self and his race on the throne of France, and in the hearts of the French people, knowing well that no influence would be with them so potent as military renown, he determined on challenging the most powerful nation of Europe to mortal combat, and the nation of all others that from hereditary hatred France would be most willing to fight. He threw down the gauntlet to Prussia, who, all these years, had been studiously, diligently, scientifically training for just such a contingency. Far-sighted statesmen knew it must come, and so, while the light-hearted soldiers of France were dancing, singing and chatting over the glories of the past, the solemn Prussians were studying every line of French topography, every stone of French fortifications, and, when the great war finally burst forth, Prussia launched through "the corn-fields green and sunny vines" a host of skilled, vigilant, practised staff-officers, any one of whom knew more about the roads, resources, forts, bridges, railways, stores, arsenals and supplies of the "pleasant land of France," than the best of her gallant generals. "In time of peace prepare for war," was the advice of our great Washington. We laud his memory, but scoff at that much of his advice. The Prussians are wise in their generation, and had been preparing for years. Let us glance at their leaders, and then go on to the armies of the two nations.

In 1870 the head of the Prussian nation was Friedrich Ludwig Wilhelm, better known as William I., King of Prussia. He was seventy-three years old when the war broke out, was the second son of Frederick William III., and a grand-nephew of Frederick the Great, who, having died childless, had left his throne to a nephew. Following the warrior-King of Prussia came in succession three rulers, whose reigns were as ingloriously weak as grim old Fritz's had been superbly strong. Frederick William II. died in 1797, after a brief and disastrous tenure of office. Frederick William III. was virtuous, amiable and meek, and Napoleon trampled him under foot in merciless and inhuman style, humiliating him in every possible way. His two sons were witnesses in their boyhood, to all the indignities inflicted by Napoleon upon the king and his people. Later they

had the satisfaction of seeing the oppressor vanquished in 1814, and crushed at Waterloo. Frederick William IV., the elder of these two sons, reigned from 1840 until his mental health gave way, then the younger brother took the reins, and, in 1860, became king on his own account. From that time forth Prussia has had a ruler to be proud of. Educated a soldier, leading a soldier's life from earliest boyhood, the present King of Prussia and Emperor of United Germany has lived beyond the allotted three-score years and ten, to a robust and vigorous manhood—to an old age of honor, wisdom and strength seldom attained by any modern monarch. Firm, positive, obstinate as was his disposition in early life he became unpopular among the people; but better counsels have prevailed with advancing years, and the purity, integrity and dignity of his character have won their way into the hearts of the earnest Germans, and "Kaiser Wilhelm" is to-day, at eighty-six years of age, as deservedly loved as he is deservedly honored. His army has been his especial care and pride, and never has military science been so thoroughly taught or so keenly appreciated as during his wise and provident reign. Old almost as his imperial master, the modest-mannered little man, who guides the armies of Germany, stands intellectually head and shoulders over any soldier in Europe. Count von Moltke is the military giant of his day. To him is due the absolute perfection of the German military system and the unrivalled proficiency of the German staff. With von Moltke and von Roon at the head of the War Department, and that long-headed chancellor, Bismarck, directing the affairs of state, with her regular army of 450,000 men admirably led, disciplined and equipped, Prussia stood in no especial fear of France, yet courted no difficulty. All the same if Napoleon saw fit to be aggressive, one can fancy the grim satisfaction with which the rumors of entanglements were received. Napoleon expected to find Prussia single-handed. Prussia knew that the South German States would stand by her in a war with France. In threatening Prussia, Napoleon menaced the whole North German Confederation. In assaulting her, he aroused all Germany. Differences that might have existed when no common

enemy hovered over the frontier, were forgotten at his appearance. Baden and Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and even Saxony, leaped into line side by side with Prussia, of whose power all had grown jealous, but whose power and prowess made her now the acknowledged leader—the nucleus of the grand defence of the beloved Fatherland. Napoleon the Great would have made no such miscalculations as these, which, at the very outset, stamped with the seal of ruin the designs of his nephew. The war of 1866 had taught the latter only half a lesson. He had learned to look with jealous dread upon the vast strides made by Prussia, but he had failed to look within and satisfy himself as to whether corresponding improvement had been maintained in the military system of France. He could see how, left to themselves, jealousies and bickerings might disturb the harmony of that family of sisters—the German States. He could not see how, when threatened by an outsider, the entire sisterhood would rally like a flash to the support of the eldest and strongest, against whom, but a moment before, they lavished their spiteful comments. South Germany, that is to say, such States as Baden, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, had largely, and Saxony had unanimously, sided with Austria in the war with Prussia, but when Prussia's three armies leaped across their frontiers the instant their defection became apparent and drove their astonished forces back upon Austrian territory to the supporting arms of the renowned Field-Marshal Benedek, and then, daring to concentrate his armies *upon* instead of before, the day of decisive battle, the Prussian king fearfully whipped the entire disposable field-forces of the empire, these wise South Germans decided that in future wars their safest plan would be to stand by Prussia, for, despite the military blunder by which King William utterly underrated the Austrian force in his front at Königgrätz, and which prompted him to undertake the attack while the army of the Crown Prince was still fifteen miles away, he won the bloody fight at an expense of 9,000 killed and wounded among his own forces, against over 16,000 Austrians dead and crippled, taking, too, over 20,000 prisoners and 174 cannon. This great victory of Sadowa settled the question as to who was to be mistress of United Ger-

many; but Napoleon III. was wild enough to believe that at his beck and call, the South Germans would cut loose the new ties that united their interests with those of Prussia. He never made a worse mistake, unless it was when he thought to establish a French-made monarchy in Mexico. Prussia must be humbled, he said; a pretext was all that was necessary.

All this time he had, unsuspected, a powerful ally in his scheme—ally and enemy in one; a man who meant to help him find a pretext for war with Prussia, meant to make the pretext so flimsy as to render the demands of France tantamount to insult, throw the whole burden of the blame on Napoleon, and, having goaded, guided and snared him into a declaration of war, then to turn to and thrash him with vehement and irresistible power. That man was Bismarck, the shrewdest statesman in Christendom, the subtle ruler of both the German king and the German people.

Spain needed a new monarch. Queen Isabella had been exiled; the provisional government sent to invite Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern—a Prussian subject, and *very* probably Bismarck's own candidate—to take the vacant throne. With hostile Prussia on his eastern frontier, Napoleon wanted no better excuse than this project of seating a Prussian on the throne to the southwest of France. His nation was burning with eagerness for a fight somewhere, and none so welcome as with Prussia. Napoleon demanded that the king should refuse to permit Prince Leopold to accept the Spanish crown on the ground that his reign would be a perpetual menace to France. Count Benedetti, a fiery and impetuous little Corsican, was the envoy of France at Berlin, and his conduct was such as to justify the impression that on the 13th of July flashed throughout Germany, that France had instructed him in a studied insult to the Prussian king. Two interviews had already taken place, in which the manner of the count was characterized by a vehemence and energy that is considered discourtesy in diplomatic affairs; but France's excuse for war was at an end when Prince Leopold of his own accord signified his withdrawal. It even looks as though this too had been the move of Bismarck, who meant to

leave to the Emperor of France no valid pretext for his dictatorial course; but not to withdraw *every* exciting cause until so much had been done in the way of menace and bluster that France could not then escape the toils.

On July 12th Benedetti *knew* that Prince Leopold had withdrawn, and that some further pretext must be resorted to. King William on the 13th was calmly promenading near the public fountain at Ems, when Benedetti, regardless of all etiquette governing such matters, then and there demanded of the king a pledge that never in the future would Prussia permit one of her princely houses to take the Spanish crown, and the bluff old soldier-monarch very properly and promptly refused. France swore he turned his back on her envoy, and whether he did or not, the snub would have been deserved. The very next day all Europe knew that war would be the result, and, at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 15th, France flashed her declaration to the world. War was announced with Prussia because of—first, the insult offered at Ems to Count Benedetti; second, the refusal of Prussia to compel the withdrawal of Leopold as a candidate for the Spanish succession (the idea of compelling a man to do a thing he had already done voluntarily!) and third, the fact that the king refused to interfere with the prince's personal liberty in the matter of accepting or declining the throne.

Both nations had been preparing for five years for this very emergency—Prussia with all diligence and care, France with apparent assiduity. *On paper* the army of the latter was considerably the stronger, and in point of naval force Prussia was far behind; but with the war, the navy had little to do. Relying on the reports of his ministers and generals, Napoleon believed his army, both in point of numbers and efficiency, fully equal to that of Prussia. In point of daring and devotion he believed it far superior. Relying on the power of his own machinations, he believed that the South German States would now abandon their alliance with Prussia and leave her to her fate. But all Germany sprang to arms when the arrogant demands of France and the rudeness of her minister were made

known; and at the very outbreak of hostilities, Napoleon the Third was confronted by two unlooked-for catastrophes. First: United Germany, not unaided Prussia, replied with defiance to his challenge. Second: Fraud of the worst order had been practised with the army returns for years past. Pay and clothing had been drawn for men whose only existence was by name on paper, and, among the reserves at least, nearly three-fifths of the entire force were absolutely not to be found when summoned to the colors; France had been systematically swindled by officials high in public trust. Even in the regular army there had been astonishing fraud, and, not until too late to retract, did Napoleon find that his reliable force fell short of his estimate fully one-half.

But France had a population of some 38,000,000, and the nation took up the war in glorious earnest. Senate and people in a flush of enthusiasm pledged unlimited men and money and devotion for the cause, and for the moment all was loyalty to Napoleon. "On to Berlin!" was the cry. No Frenchman could doubt that there along the banks of the Spree, the nephew of the conqueror of Jena would dictate a peace as glorious as that of Tilsit. "Where shall I address your letters?" asked eager Parisians of the departing soldiery. "*Poste restante, Berlin,*" was the confident reply. On July 19th the formal declaration of war reached the Prussian cabinet. Both nations leaped forward to grapple on the frontier. The little river Saar became the dividing line; Saarbruck, a little village just outside the French territory, the point where the first blow fell. On July 20th a French skirmisher was shot by a Prussian fusileer. On the 23d, Prussia sent a reconnoitring party over towards St. Avold, and exchanged shots with the light dragoons of France. On the 26th a scouting force of Frenchmen fell back before the German Uhlans, and so on to the 1st of August, while the armies swarmed to the front, there were lively little rallies and skirmishes among the first arrivals. On the 2d of August France had her available force on the frontier, and thought herself ready to leap into Germany. On the same day Prussia had the bulk of her army west of the Rhine, and *knew* herself ready to leap into France.

According to returns, which, even as late as August, exaggerated his numbers, Napoleon had gathered along a line of some eighty-five miles about 350,000 men. His right wing faced the Lauter; his centre the Saar; his left the Moselle. Against them marched three German armies, with a fourth in support, aggregating on that front alone some 560,000 men. The First Army, composed of the First, Seventh and Eighth corps, and led by General Steinmetz, advanced against the French left along the Moselle. The Second Army, composed of the Second, Third, Ninth and Tenth corps, and led by Prince Friedrich Karl (the Red Prince), advanced upon the French centre along the Saar. The Third Army, composed of the Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh corps, the two Bavarian corps, and led by the Crown Prince of Prussia ("Unser Fritz"), advanced against the French right along the Lauter. The Fourth Army, composed of the Fourth and Twelfth corps and the Saxon and Prussian Guards, and led by the Crown Prince of Saxony, marched with the German centre. The Fifth Army, mainly Wurtemberg and Baden troops, under General Werder, was directed to attack Strasburg on the Rhine. The Sixth and Seventh Armies defended the northern coast. Each German corps had a nominal strength of 40,000 men.

Gallant soldiers, so far as courage and devotion went, were they who confronted these disciplined German masses. The emperor had not yet reached the front, and the army corps were for the moment acting somewhat independently of one another. They were composed, with one exception, of 30,000 men each (the First corps had 45,000), and commanded as follows: First corps, MacMahon; Second corps, Frossard; Third corps, Bazaine; Fourth corps, L'Admirault; Fifth corps, De Failly; Sixth corps, Canrobert; Seventh corps, Douay; Eighth corps (Guards), Bourbaki. The cavalry was estimated at 34,000. Artillery and reserves 40,000 more.

On the 2d of August the emperor and his boy-prince arrived and witnessed the skirmishing between Frossard's men and the Prussians at Saarbruck. "Louis has received his baptism of fire," telegraphed the emperor to Eugénie, whom he had left at Paris.

Poor mother! Her only child was at the front when the crash came. One can but look with sympathy and sorrow upon the wreck of all those high hopes and fond aspirations when the gallant boy who had his soldier's baptism at Saarbruck, faced his soldier's death, dauntless though deserted, fighting England's savage foes when English friends had fled, in that wretched jungle in South Africa only so short a while ago. "The soldiers wept at his tranquillity," wired Napoleon. They would have wept the more could they have foreseen his hopeless rally and lonely struggle for life against those swarming Zulus. It would have been better for the Napoleonic cause had the bullet he picked up at Saarbruck found its billet then and there in his boyish heart.

On August 4th the Crown Prince of Prussia swooped with his army across the Lauter, and, to the amaze of France, whipped MacMahon and seized Weissenburg, the key to Alsace. On the 5th the First Army crossed the Saar. On the 6th two great battles were fought, and, despite severe losses in killed and wounded, and most determined gallantry on part of the French, German system, science and tactics prevailed; MacMahon was terribly beaten at Woerth by "Unser Fritz," losing 18,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, and being driven back in great disorder towards Metz; while, still farther to the north, old Steinmetz with the First Army fought and won the bloody fight of Forbach or Spicheren Heights, and drove Frossard back on parallel roads with MacMahon's dismayed remnants, until they met the sheltering forces of Bazaine. The grand advance of France on Berlin was turned into ghastly rout. Napoleon was stunned. On the 7th a proclamation to the French people, signed by the Empress-regent, Eugénie, reluctantly confessed the disaster; and by orders of the emperor Marshal Lebœuf was dismissed from the command of the army; Bazaine was raised to his place; Trochu, hitherto disliked by the emperor, was made military governor of Paris; Ollivier was required to resign his office as prime-minister, and Palikao became premier in his stead. Napoleon was just waking up to the realization of the befogged condition in which his chief advisers had kept him.

But it was too late now. Like a mighty torrent the armies of Germany surged over the frontier and pushed forward towards the great fortifications of Metz. The king himself had come with the army of the Red Prince. With him were two wonderful men, Bismarck, the statesman, and Moltke, "The Silent." The former to advise, almost to dictate, every move in statecraft; the latter to be the real commander-in-chief. Modest, shy in manner, unassuming in dress and deportment, having only two apparent passions, whist and snuff, this marvellous little general came upon the field and quietly took general charge of the advance. Nothing had been a surprise to him. He expected just such results. He counted upon just such victories. He knew every inch of the French territory. He knew that now only one hope remained to the beaten emperor—that of uniting his shattered commands and falling back fighting to the lines of Paris. And now, as though it had all been discussed and planned years before, Moltke made his moves to destroy those hopes and projects.

MacMahon, with some 60,000 men, all he could rally from half a dozen corps, was by this time falling back to the towns of Nancy and Toul, with the intention of retreating to Paris by way of Châlons on the Marne, where was an immense fortified camp. Bazaine, with a much larger army, fully 150,000 strong, was retiring before the hammering Prussians towards Metz. MacMahon expected to reach Châlons undisturbed; to be joined there by vast reinforcements now hurrying forward from Paris, and to keep in communication with Bazaine. To his amaze, the army of the German Crown Prince leaped the Moselle in pursuit, raced his rear-guard through Nancy and Toul, and cut off all communication between him and his baffled and bewildered emperor, then waiting at Metz for the result of Bazaine's manœuvres. Bazaine could not strike at the Prussian Third Army rushing past his right flank in vehement pursuit of MacMahon, for there, with the Second Army, stood the Red Prince daring him to try it, and all the time old Steinmetz with his superb First Army was beating him back from village to village. On the 13th of August Frossard breathlessly reported his arrival

in front of Metz to his new general-in-chief, adding the mournful tidings that all Prussia was at his heels; and Bazaine, drawing in his lines for one gallant rally on the east bank of the Moselle in front of the city, learned, to his dismay, that it was useless to fight there. That bold rider, the Red Prince, was crossing the river twenty miles above him (to the south) at Pont-à-Mousson. What *could* that mean? It flashed upon him quick enough: Von Moltke was circling around him from the south; meant to pen him up in Metz, and thus rob France at once and for all of the services of her most powerful army. He had not an instant to lose. The emperor, taking the boy-prince with him, slipped out while there was yet time, leaving to the inhabitants of the city an ingenious proclamation, beginning: "On quitting you to fight the invaders," and confiding to them the defence of the great city of Metz. Bazaine did his best to get his army across the Moselle and out of the trap; but while Freidrich Karl with the Second Army was sweeping around his right flank, racing him over the river, Steinmetz leaped like a panther on the retreating columns before they reached the cover of the forts. The Second Army threw its foremost corps up from the south, and Bazaine had to turn to fight them off. All day Sunday, the 14th, the savage battles raged east and south of Metz; severe losses were sustained by both sides, but despite all the devoted heroism of the French, those stolid, marvellously disciplined Germans pressed on, and by night their left wing was facing northward along the heights commanding the great highways from Metz to the west. *Now* Bazaine could not escape that way. France woke up to the realization of another most unwelcome fact: "Those hated Prussians could fight like the very devil." Despite the severity of their losses—despite the absolute slaughter of some of their advanced battalions, nothing seemed to check their predestined moves. With relentless purpose their corps commanders hurled their men at the designated positions, and, though thousands might fall, other thousands swarmed over them, and weight and numbers told with fatal force.

The main road from the great city to the greater cities to the west runs a tortuous course through rock and ravine, over boldly

rolling country, among wooded heights and boulder-strewn hillsides until it reaches the town of Gravelotte—eight miles out. Here the highway forks, one branch going north of west through Conflans, the other through Rezonville, Vionville and Mars la Tour to Verdun. This latter road led too to Châlons, and MacMahon, and by night of the 14th the Red Prince threatened it all along west of Gravelotte. Bazaine determined on a desperate effort to beat him off. He and the emperor were at the village of Gravelotte. Their army was formed in two lines along the Conflans road facing the southwest, and on the 16th Bazaine hopefully moved Frossard's corps forward towards the lower road; there he was savagely attacked by the advanced divisions of the Second Army; while on this very day the rest of the forces of the Red Prince were all up in line and Steinmetz had crossed the Moselle with his hard fighting army, the right wing pontooning the river below Metz towards Thionville, the left wing crossing above and supporting the army of Friedrich Karl. All day the combat raged along the Verdun road. Mars la Tour and Vionville were turned into charnel houses; the losses on both sides were even greater than on the 14th, but there was no shaking off the hold of those relentless Prussians. Night fell on thousands of corpses of the magnificent Imperial Guard of France, sacrificed in vain effort to regain the road to Verdun and Paris. The emperor had slipped away by the other route and pushed on to Rheims. The 17th was spent by Bazaine in calling in all his troops for another grand effort to beat back the Prussian invaders; by the Germans in concentrating in front of and to the west of Gravelotte; while Steinmetz with the right wing of his army was preparing from the north to swoop down upon the French rear; and then on the 18th came the great battle of Gravelotte.

First we want to have a look at the general features of the field, and for this purpose let us take our stand on the heights south of the Verdun highway—south of the little village of Vionville, around which there was such desperate fighting two days ago. Here let us face eastward, and now we are looking towards Metz, lying somewhere down there in the lovely valley

of the Moselle, but hidden from our sight by a dozen miles of billowy upland, of cultivated slopes and ridges, of densely wooded ravines. Everywhere, north, south, east and west are cosy little hamlets and villages, some nestling down by brook sides, some standing boldly on the heights. Stretching nearly on a straight line east and west is the broad highway from Metz to Verdun, lined and shaded by stately poplars. Criss-crossing the landscape are little country roads. Those nearest us run down southeastward through that little hamlet of Flavigny to Gorze, down on the lowlands of the Moselle. Up those roads two days ago came the scores of batteries that the Red Prince had thrown across the Moselle. From our point of view there is seen a deep fissure or seam across the face of the country a mile to the east of us. It is a gorge running north and south. On the western brink stands a little town, Rezonville, and here the great highway bends northeastward that its descent into the gorge may be more gradual. Then up it climbs to the plateau on the eastern side, and there is lost in the walls and spires of another village. That is Gravelotte. Beyond Gravelotte is another black gorge—deeper, darker, steeper than the first; and south of Gravelotte and the broad, white ribbon of the highway the tilled fields give way to forest. All the huge shoulder of the ridge between the two ravines is a mass of green—the people call it the "*Bois des Ognons*," or Onion Wood. Across the second and deeper gorge it is called the "*Bois de Vaux*," after a little hamlet that lies close down by the Moselle at the eastern edge of the forest. To carry the highway down into this second gorge east of Gravelotte and up to the plateau beyond was a tax to the engineers; but the road no sooner reaches the summit to the east than it turns sharply southward, passes little Bellevue and some big stone quarries, then, more sharply still, turns eastward again, and twisting, turning, doubling on itself, it goes winding down past the valley-sheltered roofs of Rozerieulles, and is lost to sight under the bluffs of the west bank of the Moselle. Mark well that grand plateau east of Gravelotte—east of the second gorge, for there is to be the fiercest struggle of the day—there is France to make her final stand; and there,

before she can crown it with every foot of its rugged slopes bravest.

No village stands upon its down in the ravines on its eastern farm enclosures north of the and, oddly enough, they have names pregnant with disaster.

Beyond this second plateau the distant hills across the mistily up against the eastern down towards the flats of the Gorze, where Prussia had to dering out the French skirmishing down farther still to the bridge with its peaceful vineyards and Pont-à-Mousson, twenty odd bridges and massive walls. alive with Prussia's swarming infantry; gay squadrons of Uhlan cavalry; battery after battery trains of ammunition and powder have been France's bulwark and its frowning guns, and turned in.

Looking northeastward, far towers in places one hundred and lotte, powerful glasses can make distant heights. Those are the Quentin and Plappeville on the not until Bazaine's men are hurt guns will Prussia halt.

Looking northward we see farms, copses and country villages is the northwest fork of the Ves Conflans and into Gravelotte from Villers are those two hamlets away are Verneville, Amanvillers

on seamed and rugged heights, the faintly glinting spires of St. Privat. Mark well that spot, too, for to win it the Royal Guards of Prussia have to make the fiercest fight of their history of heroism. There is another little hamlet just south of Metz by the same name. Do not confound them. The one now pointed out lies a good ten miles west of north from Metz, and its full name is St. Privat la Montagne. Somewhere in sight of that spire it is that fierce old Steinmetz with the right wing of the First Army is waiting the signal to come up from his pontoons and assault from the north, for now at this moment, dawn of the 18th of August, the main force of Prussia faces *north* along the Verdun road, and is to begin a grand wheel across country to the right, pivoting down here on "the woods of onions," and as soon as the wheel is completed, enveloping distant St. Privat, Steinmetz is to finish the circle to the Moselle, and Bazaine will have the whole army of Prussia between him and Paris. Cut off from his emperor, cut off from McMahan, cut off from every hope of reinforcement, this gifted but unfortunate soldier will be cooped up in the lines of Metz.

And that is the battle-plan of von Moltke the Silent. Now let us watch its execution.

The sun is not yet up. The mists are creeping over the silent stream down in the Moselle valley, but the eastern sky is brilliant with the hues of summer morning. The air rings with the signal notes of trumpet and bugle. All is stirring, soldierly activity. Under the heights on which we stand, dense masses of troops are already in motion, and column on column, from Rezonville to the east of us, far west beyond Mars la Tour, they are pushing northward across the Verdun road. Their front is over three miles in extent, and they are moving to seize that streak of highway we see some three miles away, the upper branch of the Verdun road that runs from Conflans down to the junction at Gravelotte. Yesterday the French held it, and it was that way that Napoleon and the boy prince escaped.

This northward moving army is the grand command of the Red Prince, Friedrich Karl. The Ninth corps is on the right, the Twelfth on the distant left, passing through Mars la Tour,

the gallant Guards corps is in the second line, are the Tenth : borne the brunt of the stubbo us, between Rezonville and G are the long lines of the First . he himself, with a large port north, as we have said. The First, Seventh and Eighth cor to the southeast of our positio

Crowning the opposite hei Vaux on *their* left (our right) ville far to the north of us, : northeastward through Amanv For seven days, with most des odds, they have been fighting a ened are they, that all the glad fled. When Napoleon drove at time before, not a cheer would at whose tranquillity under fire But they will fight, and fight t bœuf with their corps hold the back of the centre is the Impes its savage fight of the second d near Verneville, the heights ar Bazaine's army under L'Admi Sixth, guards Amanvillers and at least 100,000 men in line, a serve.

Against him, the forces of Un 000, with no less than 600 guns. with every advantage of positio sweep all possible approaches, l less force and with scientific pr question the greatest battle of a

At seven o'clock the combi Fourth Armies have reached t and the Twelfth corps passing

of Rezonville, on a little knoll, are gathered the headquarters' party of the King of Prussia. Von Moltke is still here, and Bismarck, and the Red Prince has not yet galloped northward to take immediate charge of the battle in that quarter. Here too stands our own gallant general, Sheridan, an eager and vividly interested spectator; and all eyes are turned to the gorge in front of Rezonville, along whose brink scores of batteries are silently awaiting the order to commence firing. The men of the Seventh and Eighth corps are ordered to threaten the position of the French along the Gravelotte ridge, but it is not to be a determined attack until those northward moving troops have completed that great wheel to the right. It may take most of the day.

Still there is sharp and lively fighting going on down here to our right front. The woods are ringing with the crash of musketry, while from the Gravelotte ridge the French batteries are storming away at the Prussian columns on the lower plateau of Rezonville. Then the German gunners get the word, leap in and unlimber, and in another moment the earth shakes with the steady thunder of their cannonade. Skirmishers too are pushing down into the ravine and feeling their way up the opposite slope, and wherever their reserves appear, the "growling whirr" of the mitrailleuses tells of the efforts of the French to break them up with streams of bullets.

Except for the skirmishers, however, all this is long-range fighting. The Prussian fire is slow, deliberate, but fearfully telling, despite the awkwardness of up-hill aiming, and the French shells are bursting everywhere over Rezonville and through the "Bois des Ognons." And now the king decides it time for the Seventh corps to clear that forest, cross the ravines, and assault from the south, the forest and slopes of Vaux. It is the strongest part of the French line, and, once carried, renders their hold on Gravelotte no longer of value. But however possible it may be for this massive and disciplined Prussian corps to sweep the Onion Woods of the French light troops, things will assume a different aspect when they work their way over to that black gorge between the shoulder of the Gravelotte ridge and the high

bluffs beyond. This second
the Onion Woods, about a
and empties into the Moselle
the rounded shoulder of the
on tier of rifle-pits, with mitr
guns, for Bazaine and Frossa
Red Prince would make an
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Ninth corps has faced east
through Verneville. Great c
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And now every battery with
to receive orders to open fir
Gravelotte, and for half an ho
shells and the flashes of its ow
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their one, and the fire is fearfu
the exact range, and now pour
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are silenced or disabled, and th
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Splendidly he handles his re
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as the Seventh Prussian corps bursts cheering across the lower gorge between the wood of Vaux and the south, the Eighth corps "ploys into column" by the heads of brigades, its guns and those of the Third corps limber up and go rumbling off across the little valley, and at three o'clock the whole Prussian line has advanced a mile. The batteries are now ranged in line from north to south with burning Gravelotte for the centre, and the Eighth corps has joined hands once more with the Seventh. The French are swept from their first position, but now they are massed on one ten times as strong.

Once more the tremendous booming of the cannonade bursts on the ear. King William well knows that the assault of those opposite heights must cost him many thousand men, and he must do all he can with his guns to beat down the French defenders before sending in his infantry. For hours a steady stream of footmen pours through the Bois des Ognons to reinforce the Prussian right wing, and until heavily reinforced, no further advance can be attempted. The king and his staff have pushed forward to a height back of Gravelotte, and are watching this coming of General Göben's men. Between four and five, Bazaine orders all available guns to concentrate their fire on those teeming woods. No more troops must be allowed to come to Prussia's aid that way. They must be stooped, and they are. Such a hell of fire rains on those wood-paths, that the Prussians are driven to the shelter of the ravines, and, for the time being, France is successful. The losses are appalling.

But the Germans in winning Gravelotte have complete evidence of the heroism of the French, and of the superiority of their own artillery. The plateau is littered with shattered gun-carriages, and black with the bodies of slaughtered men and horses. The Frenchmen have died by hundreds in its defence. *Now* they deluge it with their own missiles, and the winners have to take their turn. From four to six o'clock, not a peg does Prussia gain on that front; but good news comes from the north. The Ninth corps has hurled back l'Admirault, and the Royal Guards, after a fierce and bloody struggle, have carried the heights of St. Privat; and now, with the Twelfth corps and the

Saxon Guards on his extreme left, the Red Prince has enveloped the French right, and is crowding it in towards Metz. Canrobert, overwhelmed by the combined forces of Friedrich Karl and Steinmetz, is falling back in great distress and after severe losses, but fighting bravely all the way.

At six P. M. the German line is a vast semi-circle, completely enveloping Metz on the west. The French, little by little, have been forced back, and their front, convex towards the west, is now really stronger than before. Thus far the hardest and fiercest fighting has been at St. Privat, whose slopes are littered with the dead of the Prussian Guards; but now comes the slaughter of Gravelotte. Encouraged by the news from his left, King William orders the assault of the stronghold of Bazaine.

Directly in front of Gravelotte the highway dips down into the gorge, then hews its way up the opposite steep through almost vertical walls of rock until it reaches the little farm hamlet of St. Hubert at the crest. North and south of this cut, the banks are steep and rugged. The farther south you go, the deeper and steeper is the gorge. Every foot of the eastern side is manned by French artillerists and riflemen. All down towards the south the rifle-pits overhang one another. It is a desperate undertaking. It seems unnecessary. It looks as though King William, with his superiority in guns, must soon be able to shell the French out of their burrows on that broad-backed ridge. But night is coming on. Time may be precious. Perhaps he wishes to teach the French that Prussians will stop at nothing, though old Steinmetz did that most convincingly at Spicheren Heights. Who knows? The order is given, and with devoted bravery the infantry lines spring forward and advance cheering to the attack. For a few moments, only the distant batteries of the Germans can use their guns. The Frenchmen train their cannon on the advancing columns and lines, and in a few moments the roar of battle out-deafens Gettysburg. Six hundred field-guns here are thundering away all at once, for as the Prussian lines sweep forward the battery-men are able to fire over their heads. Once in the ravine they are

partially sheltered, but when their helmeted heads begin to peer over the crests beyond, the butchering begins. Even up that narrow slit of highway, one brave regiment is daring to push its advance, and its entire length is swept by Frossard's guns. The attempt is madness. Far to the front their officers leap, cheering on their men, pointing with their white-gloved left hands at the guns above, but grasping with their bared right their flashing swords. Down they go, officers and men, under the pitiless storm of grape and canister; down they go before the smiting blast of the mitrailleuse. The faster the lines reach the crest and push ahead, the more terrible grows the slaughter. Still they push forward into the face of those flaming earthworks, leaving, by scores and hundreds, stricken or struggling beings in their wake. Most of the fallen lie still; some struggle to their feet and plunge on after their comrades; some stumble painfully a few yards, then down they go again—but none come back. Forward! Forward! is the only order, and yet, to what good? They have yet three—four hundred yards to traverse before they can cross bayonets with the sheltered lines of France, and by that time, what will be left of them? What strength will they have after that fearful climb? The French deluge them with musketry. The whole thing is a sacrifice, and there are American soldiers looking on who remember the assault on Resaca, or the last charge of Pickett. Old von Moltke can stand it no longer, and sends his aides to order the recall, but, before the officers can gallop to the ravine, the advance is stemmed, the leading lines have melted away, the second is breaking up, the third wavering, and then back they come, and after them with wild, exultant cheering, the French brigades of Valazé and Jolivet—the counter-charging lines of Frossard.

North of the highway, too, Bazaine's old Third corps, now led by Lebœuf, hurls back the Prussian Eighth, and now, indeed, there is need for prompt action. Even the German reserves have been involved, and for some few moments a veritable stampede occurs—an unusual thing among troops so marvellously disciplined.

The old king is looking on the scene of confusion with terri-

ble anxiety. Bismarck is in a wild with eagerness to go in as old as he is, has leaped into the rout. Staff-officers spur the men to straighten out the lines as they descend the ravine. But the assault is too hot on the right is whipped—badly whipped. Bazaine will sweep it from the field with the and enthusiasm of their charge. The French “*Piou-piou*” * come surging forward. The French left is advancing in full force.

What stops their triumph? At five o'clock. It will be light enough to see them. They have got the Germans following will keep them at it until five o'clock back; and at six o'clock the position was bare of troops. Why do they not come? are the fire-flashing lines brought forward? glaring in their faces and burning in their eyes.

Look behind Rezonville, and you will see

Long lines of dusty, travel-stained batteries of field-artillery; wheels rattling, issuing from the wood-roads and snuffing the battle from afar, and when they come, they sweep out upon the field the dead and dying of the morning.

It is the Second corps of Friedland marching all the livelong day towards Metz upon the scene at sunset, to turn a dire disaster into matchless victory.

Von Moltke himself spurs the men to urge them forward into the fray. The sight of the Seventh and Eighth corps in sight of their coming, face against face across the gorge, and determined to be lost. Von Moltke is all alive.

* A soldier-name for the French.

now, and once more orders the assault. With one grand impulse the combined corps leap forward in renewed attack. The French, far in front of their works, are taken at disadvantage. They recoil—face to the foe—before superior numbers, and when at last they regain their rifle-pits and batteries, the cheering Prussians are tumbling in among them. The crest is crowned by the light of the burning villages, for the sun has gone down upon the scene of carnage, and darkness settles over the hard-fought field. Nine o'clock has come, and despite fearful punishment, despite losses that have left some regiments almost without an officer and reduced to one-tenth their morning strength, the Germans have carried the heights in their front, and along the entire semi-circle the Army of France has suffered defeat.

Von Zastrow with the Seventh corps and the supporting columns of General Göben hold the woods of Vaux from the crest at "Point du Jour"—or Bellevue—up the road beyond St. Hubert's, down southward through the great quarry, and so on around eastward to the village of Vaux. On the great plateau around St. Hubert's and northward to the Moscow farm, the bulk of the shattered Eighth corps is resting on its arms after its tremendous double effort. In storming the position of St. Hubert's six solid regiments of infantry, any one of them as large as the effective fighting strength of one of our brigades during the civil war, were so cruelly cut up, that mere shreds of their organization remain. Fortunate it was for Germany that those Pomeranians of the Second corps arrived when they did. Fortunate for the Eighth and Ninth corps that they had such stout backers as old Albensleben with the hard fighters of the Third.

All along the great crest are smouldering the ruins of farm-cottages, hamlets and homes. All along through the thronged villages the beaten Frenchmen are drawing back their lines for refuge under the guns of St. Quentin and Plappeville. Far to the north the Red Prince follows up the retiring columns, and posts his pickets in plain sight of the watch-fires under the forts. Far to the south the men of von der Goltz's brigade are shout-

ing congratulation from the heights of Jussy and Vaux to their cavalry comrades across the Moselle.

But in the darkness and distance back of Gravelotte, all is still anxiety. Here on a rude railing, stretched across the body of a French horse, the King of Prussia sits in silent torment. He knows that thousands of his men have fallen in the desperate fighting of the day; he cannot yet tell to what result. The thunder of the guns has died away; only scattering volleys now are heard. Near by, a large factory is in flames, and the king and his staff are grouped around a garden wall on the eastern skirts of Rezonville. Near the king are his tried and trusted ministers, Bismarck and von Roon. Von Moltke is still absent at the front, and all are waiting eagerly for his report. Presently, guided by the shouts of the escort and guards, two horsemen urge their panting steeds up the slope, and von Moltke springs from the saddle and salutes his soldier-monarch: "Please your majesty, we have conquered; we have driven the enemy out of all his positions;" and then, at last, anxiety gives way to triumphant joy. Gravelotte is won. Bazaine penned up in Metz. The greatest of her regular and disciplined armies is lost to France.

In the three days' battling around Metz, in those bloody engagements of the 14th, 16th and 18th of August, Bazaine has sustained losses aggregating between 12,000 and 15,000 killed, and 50,000 wounded and prisoners. Germany of course has lost few prisoners, but, in one tremendous effort, in that supreme struggle of the 18th of August, in that bloody but finally successful battle to cut off the great French army from the rest of France, Prussia and her confederate sisters lose no less than 25,000 in killed and wounded, against the 19,000 lost to France that day.

Gravelotte was the greatest battle of the war, but it by no means ended it. The Emperor Napoleon, with his boy prince, reached MacMahon at Châlons on the 17th. They had great difficulty and narrow escapes, for the Prussians hounded them along their way; but once at Châlons with its immense camp, the emperor seems to have resolved on measures to rescue Bazaine. The empress at Paris, now regent of France, and her

ministers in council decided that this step must be taken. There were by this time 600,000 German troops in France. Both the emperor and MacMahon are said to have believed it impossible to cut out Bazaine against such a force, and their going back to his aid left the road to Paris open to the crown prince and the Third army, which was marching steadily westward from Nancy to Châlons. Practicable or not, the move was demanded by the government at Paris, who thought the vast army of "Gardes Mobiles," now being raised and equipped by Trochu, could fight back any force of Prussians that might threaten the walls.

On August 21st MacMahon broke camp and marched northward towards Rheims; his idea being to make forced marches up through the Argonne hills—cross the Meuse west of Montmédy and swoop down, by way of Thionville, on the Prussians encircling Metz. In other words, he meant to make a wide swing through the country, so as to avoid direct conflict with the Germans pressing westward after him, and save his strength for the attempt to release Bazaine. Could he once more unite with him there was hope for France.

Meantime, leaving the Red Prince to completely surround and hold Bazaine in Metz, the king with his faithful generals, the Fourth corps, the Saxons and the Guards, pushed on after the crown prince. On the 24th the advance of the Germans found Châlons deserted, and flashed back word to the king, then at Bar-le-Duc, that MacMahon had gone northward with his whole army.

Von Moltke was engaged that night in his customary game of whist. All about him was disciplined silence and order. In an adjoining room his maps were spread open upon the tables; aides-de-camp and staff-officers were noiselessly at work, while the great head of all, having so perfected his system that each man had his allotted task for so many hours of the twenty-four, was now enjoying his one relaxation with the three officers who were that night designated to make up the game. The entry of an aide-de-camp indicated important despatches. Von Moltke laid down his cards, read the paper through without a word, took it with him into the adjoining room, glanced at his maps,

wrote a brief note to the king, and returned to his game as though nothing had happened.

And yet, in that matter-of-fact method, he had issued the orders changing the whole plan of campaign. Early the next morning the German armies were striking northward, and that with the king was still keeping vigilantly between MacMahon and Metz. On the 29th the French were fighting with the Saxons for a chance to cross the Meuse, and getting the worst of it. On the 30th a savage battle took place, the very thing MacMahon wished to avoid, and numbers of guns and prisoners were lost to the French; but on the 31st the Germans, still between him and Metz, were hammering him back down the Meuse and into the fortified city of Sedan. MacMahon had still with him over 100,000 men and 400 guns, and at and around Sedan he was brought to bay. All day of the 31st of August he found the German armies more closely enfolding him. Morning of September 1st found his army posted in the low-lying valley east of the Meuse, and surrounding the city of Sedan. General de Wimpffen, just arrived from Algeria, was commanding the Fifth corps in and close under the eastern fortifications. Lebrun with the Twelfth corps held the lines from the village of Bazeilles, south of Sedan, to a point due east of the city, where Ducrot with the First corps took up and prolonged the front to Givonne, a village northeast of Sedan. Then the line bent back at a right angle and stretched across to the Meuse to the west. This front was held by Felix Douay with the Seventh corps (his brother, Abel Douay, was killed at Weissenburg), and passing through the village of Floing, was supported on the left by heavy divisions of cavalry.

At seven A. M. the Prussian army was confronting the French, east, west, and south of Sedan—the First Bavarian corps and the Fourth and Twelfth corps on the east; the Fifth and Eleventh corps, with heavy masses of cavalry, marching up through Donchery, on a deep bend of the Meuse, to the west, and aiming to sweep around the French to the north from the west, while the Guards of Prussia and Saxony swung round to meet them and complete the circle from the east. South of the city and

across the Meuse, the commanding heights were held by the Second Bavarian corps and the Wurtembergers. Every height was crowded with guns; and from early dawn a pitiless storm of shot and shell rained on the unfortunate Frenchmen. Little by little, despite the fiercest and bravest fighting, they were hemmed in and driven back; village after village was wrested from them by the Germans; at two P. M. the circle was completed. Two hundred and fifty thousand Germans surrounded less than half that many Frenchmen. MacMahon, severely wounded, turned over the command to Wimpffen; and Napoleon III., despairing and broken-hearted, sent General Reille to the Prussian king.

"Not having been able to die at the head of my troops," wrote the sensational emperor (though it is to this day not apparent that he sought death "at the head of his troops" or any other point), "I lay down my sword to your majesty." Napoleon had bowed the knee to Prussia. Jena was avenged.

The next day was marked by the surrender of the great army in and around Sedan. There were turned over to Prussia 100,000 men and 400 guns, seventy mitrailleuses and 10,000 horses; and the fallen emperor was conducted a prisoner to the castle of Wilhelmshöhe. In a brief campaign of thirty days, therefore, the genius of von Moltke and the marvellous discipline and system of Prussian arms, had enabled her king to cut in twain, then to rout and, in detail, to ruin the great army assembled on the frontier for the avowed invasion of the Fatherland. The regular army of France was gone.

Now there was nothing to prevent the triumphant march of Prussia on Paris. On September 27th General Uhrich surrendered Strasburg with all its garrison, guns and stores; and on October 29th Bazaine, starved out, he claimed, capitulated with his great command at Metz. Afterwards, France tried and convicted him on charges of treason, as his provisions were not exhausted by any means; but it is only fair to say that he had made one or two fierce, but ineffectual, efforts to fight his way out, and succumbed only to the inevitable.

Strasburg and Metz cost France nearly 200,000 more men,

nearly 2,500 guns, sixty-six Chassepôts. Bereft of her empress and her adherents, with devoted heroism to the taken by siege and starvation, and by February, 1871 her infinite chagrin, France str

As the results of this great many 6,200 square miles of and Lorraine, the fortresses condemned to pay a war indemnity three years (and astonished Prussia). She lost some 10,000 besides her terrible list of killed France became a great and Germany an empire, with her

France has been steadily progressing as steadily repairing her losses navy and treasury, in far better emperor sought to lead her thirteen years ago; and Germany terrible punishment of that speedily leap at her throat for many is ever ready. While F

PLEVNA.

1877.



UROPE settled down into a period of rest after the conflict between France and Germany, but it was not long before the attention of all Christian nations was drawn to the borders of the infidel monarchy—Turkey. For years, the people of one of the Danube provinces—Bulgaria—had been subjected by the Mussulman Turks to all manner of indignities growing out of the differences in their religious faith, if indeed the so-called “Faithful” of the Mohammedan sect are entitled to the term “religious faith” as applied to their peculiar belief. These indignities, despite the protests of neighboring powers, grew worse, as though goaded on by interference, and ere long became outrages of the most flagrant kind. Murder, rapine, and brutality of every description were dealt out to the wretched people under the eye of the officials and the soldiery of Turkey. Even America sent her representative to inquire into the facts, and the country has not yet forgotten the fearful picture drawn by Mr. Eugene Schuyler—now our minister at the court of Greece. It was in no degree exaggerated; and all Christendom seemed to realize that the policy of non-interference could no longer be extended to Turkey. In the spring of 1877, Russia called her to account, and the followers of the Greek Church took up arms against the followers of the Prophet.

Outside of any consideration of revenge for Turkey's success in the war of 1854-'55, it was more natural that Russia should become the champion of the oppressed people of the Danube valley than that the duty should fall to the nations to the west, though

it was at one time thought that Austria, too, would have taken a hand. The great river sweeps on in a general eastward course after bursting through the Iron Gates, and, leaving Austria behind, flows toward the Black Sea. When within forty miles of the coast it turns suddenly to the north near the city of Tchernavoda, runs squarely up to Galatz near the Russian border, and then, making another rectangular turn, this time to the east, it flows through its broad delta into the Black Sea.

Around this delta and all along the left bank live a people far more Russian in their tastes, sympathies, habits, and religious belief than Turkish. On the right bank live the Bulgarians, a people but faintly removed in their views from the Wallachians. Between them and Turkey proper, to the south, upheaved the great wall of the Balkan Mountains; and this natural barrier between the countries was but typical of the broad line of demarcation between them as people. Bulgaria was Turkey's by right of conquest, and was held only by force of arms. South of the Balkans, down to the shores of the Ægean, all is distinctively Turkish, and the portion of Turkish domain west of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora is sometimes known as Turkey in Europe. These are the straits and the inland sea that form the great channel to the Black Sea farther north. East of them lies Turkey in Asia, stretching far over through Armenia and Koordistan until it is bordered on the northeast by the Caucasus of Russia, and on the east by Persia. Close to the Russian border lies the city of Kars, where, as well as at Erzeroum to the west of it, the Muscovite and Mussulman had many a fierce grapple.

It is with the campaign in the Danube valley that we have most to do however, and thither let us turn our eyes. The events of that short and sharp encounter are so fresh in the minds of many readers that there can be little of novelty in the description to be given here. All the great military nations of the world sent representatives to the scene, and every battle, siege, and skirmish was vividly described by scores of masterly writers; but while the columns of the London journals teemed with graphic accounts from such famed war correspondents as Archi-

bald Forbes and Messrs. MacGahan, Millet, and Grant, it has been reserved for a gallant young officer of our own army to furnish a history of this memorable war that has been translated and read all over the globe, and is pronounced by all authorities a most admirable and comprehensive work. To those of our readers who wish to fully study the "Russian Campaigns in Turkey, 1877-1878," the large volume by that title, written by Lieutenant Francis V. Greene, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, is especially commended, and to that work mainly is the writer of these sketches indebted for the details recounted in this chapter.

The valley of the Danube is bounded on the north by the Carpathian Mountains, which sweep around and take a southward trend, are cut through by the river at the Iron Gates and are lost in the rugged uplands of Servia. South of the river and parallel to its general eastward course is the Balkan range, and from these two great ribs or ridges—from range to range—there is a general distance of 200 miles. Northeast of the Carpathians lie the rolling, treeless "steppes" of Russia. South of the Carpathians their foothills roll away down into the valley some fifty miles, and from that line to the river itself all is one flat, open level—well watered but bare of trees. South of the Danube, however, the Balkans send their slopes down to end in abrupt bluffs at the water's edge, and these bluffs are often from 500 to 1,000 feet in height. The Bulgarian shores are picturesque, rolling, well wooded, and cut up by rich and fertile valleys. Where the Danube turns abruptly northward at Tchernavoda it leaves to the east a rectangular tract of barren country known as the Dobrudja, and across the narrow neck of the Dobrudja are the remains of the old Roman wall built by Trajan to keep out barbaric invaders from the north.

Into this valley from the north there come two lines of railway which unite at the important city of Galatz, where the river makes its last eastward turn before rolling into the sea, and from Galatz a single line stretches southwest to Bucharest, then south to the Danube, which it crosses to Rustchuk, and then winds off eastward again to Turkey's great naval station and port on the Black Sea—Varna. The railway from Russia to Galatz and

thence to Bucharest was the line along which Russia had to send her supplies, for the Black Sea swarmed with the powerful armament of the Turkish navy.

On April 24th, 1877, the Tsar of Russia declared war against Turkey. He stated that for two years he and all the Christian powers of Europe had striven in vain to induce the Porte (as the government at Constantinople is termed) "to introduce those reforms to which it was solemnly bound by previous engagements, and by which alone the Christians in Turkey could be protected from local exaction and extortion; that these negotiations had all failed through the obstinacy of the Porte; and now, all peaceful methods being exhausted, the moment had arrived for him to act independently and impose his will upon the Turks by force; and therefore the order had been given to his army to cross the Turkish frontier."

At this moment Turkey had about 250,000 troops in readiness for war, and of these, 165,000 were close at hand and available for duty along the Danube. Against these Russia thought herself able to conduct an offensive campaign with only 200,000 men—and in this she was mistaken. Instead of profiting by the example of Prussia and sending instantly an overwhelming force to the frontier, she doled out her resources by dribbles, and suffered losses and delays that better counsels and generalship would have averted. By August, the Turks had 225,000 fighting men along the European theatre of war, and Russia had to call for her reserves.

The "Army of the South," Russia's first invading force, was placed under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. It consisted of seven army corps, and two brigades of rifles. Each Russian army corps consisted of two divisions (24 battalions) of infantry, two brigades (96 guns) of mounted artillery, and one division (18 squadrons) of cavalry, with two horse-batteries (12 guns). The invading army consisted, therefore, of about 180 battalions, 200 squadrons and 800 guns; and by the time this force could reach the Danube, the ordinary casualties of service would be more than apt to reduce it to 180,000 effectives.

But Russian infantry is admirable. No firmer, steadier, more

reliable foot-troops can be found. They are thoroughly drilled and disciplined, are docile and obedient, and devoted to their tsar. They are comfortably and sensibly uniformed, are not heavily burdened with useless camp-equipage, and when in line or in mass, their courage and stability are proverbial. It is as skirmishers and light troops that the Russian infantry lack intelligence. The Russian foot-soldier seems to have no individuality, and is helpless without the guiding hand of his officer.

Not of a much brighter class is the Russian cavalry or artilleryman. All are faithful and subservient, but the element of "dash," so conspicuous in our own and the Franco-Prussian war, seems to have had little more place in the rank and file of Russia than it had at Inkerman and Balaclava.

While in point of service-dress and equipment the Russian regulars were fully up to the needs of the campaign, their weapons were clumsy and inadequate. The infantry arm at the outbreak of the war was an altered musket—an old muzzle-loading rifle converted to a breech-loader by the system of an Austrian armorer named Krenk. The mechanism consisted of a block turning on an axis parallel to that of the bore, and locked by heavy shoulders of metal on the breech piece; but the gun was of antiquated calibre (60), larger than the Springfield rifles we used in 1862, and, with its bayonet, the gun weighed $10\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, while forty rounds of cartridges weighed $5\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Its extreme range was only about 1,200 paces, a pitiful arm indeed as compared with the rifles of other nations. Yet this was the musket with which the Russian footman had to fight his way to the walls of Constantinople.

In field-artillery, too, Russia was far behind other European powers. Her guns were of bronze, too soft a metal for sharp rifling, and not until the war was over did she obtain from the great Krupp factory the steel breech-loaders with which her batteries are now supplied. The guns of the mounted batteries (those which accompanied the infantry) were half of them nine-pounders—half four-pounders. Three batteries of each calibre to a brigade, eight guns to a battery. The horse-batteries were all four-pounders, six guns to each. All the field-guns were breech-

loaders, and the extreme range of the largest was 5,000 yards, the smallest 3,800 yards.

In cavalry, the Russian army was well represented. Each division of the line consisted of four regiments, one each of dragoons, lancers, hussars and Cossacks. The guard divisions had also fine regiments of cuirassiers. The dragoons were armed with sabre, musket and bayonet; the lancers and hussars with sabre, lance and revolver in the front rank; sabre, musket and revolver in the rear rank. The Cossacks carried the lance, the "schaska" (a sharp, single-edged, curved sword) and the carbine. The American Smith and Wesson revolver was universal.

These Cossacks deserve a word of special mention. As light cavalry they have few superiors except among the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians of our northern plains, who are unequalled anywhere. They form a recognized corps of the regular army, and yet are more like irregulars in their own way of fighting and management. No pay is given them. They perform military service in lieu of paying taxes—four years on the active list and away from home eight years with the reserves in their own province. The Don Cossacks are the most numerous and the best trained, a full regiment of them being attached to each division of regular cavalry. The government supplies their arms and ammunition, but the Cossacks themselves provide their horses, clothing and equipments. For rations and forage a certain sum is paid them from which they make all necessary purchases; but their wants are few, and their shaggy, hardy little horses are as omnivorous and easily satisfied as Indian ponies, which they resemble in many characteristics. Lieutenant Greene says of the Cossacks that "they are fine horsemen, expert swimmers, good shots and skillful boatmen," and that those of the Caucasus are extremely bold riders, training "their horses to lie down and keep quiet while they fire over them, and then to get up quickly and go off at rapid gallop." They do not need to be held or tied, but their riders can at any time spring off and leave them to look out for themselves while the Cossacks are drilling or fighting on foot, and when wanted, the horses will be found just

about where they were left. All this is precisely the system of our plains Indians, and no regular cavalry in the world can do anything like it.

A Cossack regiment is equipped and uniformed in a semi-barbaric style that is picturesque and yet serviceable. The bridle is as simple as the Mexican affair—a leather head-stall without buckles, but provided with only a snaffle bit. The saddle, like that of the Sioux Indians, is a tree of light wood, with high and abrupt pommel and cantle, very short in the seat; but unlike our Indians, or any civilized horsemen, the Cossacks strap a cushion on their saddles and sit some six or eight inches higher than the horse's back, so that their feet never show below his body. The uniform is a dark blue jacket, plain and snug, without ornaments of any kind, and the cap is a cylindrical tower of black leather, nine inches high. The linesman or regular is a helpless creature when left to shift for himself. He expects every detail to be arranged for him, and is all afloat when rations, forage or shelter are not forthcoming; but the tough little Cossack is never so well off as when turned loose and told to forage for himself. He and his horse will thrive, but the neighborhood may suffer.

In time of war, Russia is able to call into the field over 150,000 Cossacks, most of whom are cavalry, though there are thirty-nine Cossack field-batteries, and seventeen battalions of infantry. The Don Cossacks furnish more than one-third of the entire number, and the other tribes, those of the Caucasus, the Volga, the Ural, etc., the remainder. Serving so much with the troops of the line, the Don Cossacks lose something of the "plains craft," which is so marked a characteristic of their wilder brethren; but take them all-in-all, these irregular-regulars are a most valuable element in the Russian army, and the tsar is very careful to keep them in as efficient a state as possible. They are the eyes and ears of his field-force, as the Uhlans are of Prussia's, and when a foe is beaten and in retreat, the Cossack becomes a fearful enemy. The Grand Army of France, which began the retreat with Napoleon from ruined Moscow, was goaded to death by their swarming lances, and only a shadow of it got back across the Vistula.

Such being, in brief, a summary of the Russian military field-force, the Turkish army is next to be considered.

Thanks to a vast recruiting field in Asia, the Porte was able to keep its ranks well filled throughout the war; but in discipline, equipment and instruction, the Turkish army was far inferior to the Russian. They had but half as many guns, and their cavalry was the worst in Europe, and very small in number. It was in point of armament that Turkey stood head and shoulders above her antagonist. Her field-guns were Krupp's best make, steel breech-loaders; and her infantry was supplied throughout with the finest long-range breech-loading rifle ever placed in the hands of troops—the celebrated Peabody-Martini, calibre .45, made by the Providence Tool Company, in our own Rhode Island. When the war broke out 300,000 of these guns were on hand, and 200,000 more were sent them.

Being short of cavalry, the Turks thought to match the Cossacks by enlisting the services of some Bulgarian and Roumelian guerillas, called Bashi-bozouks. Being pushed to the wall, Turkey had to make the most of her untrained subjects, and these vagabond "bushwhackers" were given arms and ammunition. It was an experiment not unlike that resorted to by our own government, when in 1861 it enlisted from the scum of the New York streets the regiment known as "Billy Wilson's Zouaves"—an incalculable boon to the locality from which it was drafted, but of no earthly use to the nation. A wise discretion prompted the assignment of Colonel Billy's regiment to the lonely strand of Santa Rosa Island, where they could only steal from one another, and so served a term in a penal colony all their own; but these Bashi-bozouks followed the movements of the Turkish army, and robbed and pillaged right and left. They would have been a terror to defenceless Russian hamlets, but they never got across the border, and so proved a pestilence to their own people.

In point of organization, the army of Turkey differed but slightly from those of the military nations of Europe. Infantry was handled in battalions and brigades; cavalry in squadrons and regiments, and artillery in field-batteries, very much as were those arms of service in Russia; but where all was steady dis-

cipline and efficiency among the troops of the tsar, there was laxity and grave irregularity among the soldiers of the Porte.

One thing can be said of the Turk. He has a certain disregard of danger, is a "fatalist" to the extent of believing that the matter of life and death is beyond control of any precaution on his part, and when the appointed time comes, be it soon or late, he must die. It gives him a certain stoical indifference to personal peril which is a valuable trait in the soldier, and yet is no kin to the high order of courage we see in the intelligent, the Christian man; that courage which, while it leaves its bearer fully sensible of every risk to life and limb, yet guides him in serene and steadfast purpose along the path of duty—the bravery of true manhood. Wonderful fortitude and pluck were displayed on many occasions by the Turkish armies during the war. Severe hardships were uncomplainingly endured, but when crushing defeat came upon them they seemed to lose all cohesion, and went to pieces with stunning rapidity.

The Russian plan of campaign was a problem from the start. The treaty of Paris, in 1856, after the fall of Sebastopol, robbed the tsar of his fleet in the Black Sea, and left Turkey in supreme naval control of that inland ocean. With a strong fleet, Russia could have sent her supplies and armies down along the coast, past the mouths of the Danube, past the Dobrudja, past the Balkans, and so carry the war into the heart of Turkey. But Russia's ships were gone, and hers had to be a land attack. She must march her armies through the principalities along the border, through possibly hostile populations, across a great river, and, like Sherman at Atlanta, depend for life upon that slender thread of 300 miles of railway stretching far behind him. But Sherman never hesitated; neither did the grand duke. Sherman had to fight his way foot by foot, for Johnston disputed every gap, ridge or rail-fence. The grand duke with the army of the south had an actual "walk-over," for Turkey never woke up until the Russian bugles were blowing the *reveille* along the Danube.

The Army of the South, near the end of April, was posted along the frontier about fifty miles north of Galatz, with headquarters at Kishineff. As it crossed into Turkey it consisted of the Eighth,

Ninth, Eleventh, and Twelfth *corps d'armée*, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Generals Radetsky, Baron Krüdener, Prince Shakofskoi, and Vannofsky. There were two rifle divisions under major-generals, and there was finally a great cavalry command of Cossacks led by Lieutenant-General Skobeleff. Subsequently, the Fourteenth, Fourth, and Thirteenth corps, under Zimmerman, Zotof, and Prince Korsakoff, respectively, were ordered to join the Army of the South, bringing it up to 182 battalions, 204 squadrons, and 808 field-guns—in all some 200,000 combatants. On the morning of April 24th the advance deliberately crossed the line, and on the 24th of May the Russian army was aligned along the north bank of the Danube, the centre at Bucharest, the front picketed from Nicopolis to Silistria. Turkey had hardly opposed a gun to the advance.

Arriving at the Danube, Russia was brought to a halt. The spring had been very wet; the river was fifteen feet higher than usual; the gauge of the Roumanian railway was smaller than that of the Russian roads ("five-footers"), and much of the rolling stock had been gotten out of the way, so that unexpected delays occurred in bringing forward the pontoon and siege trains and the needed supplies of rations, forage, and ammunition.

But while the army was brought to a stand, some splendid work was done by officers of the Russian navy. The Turks had a powerful fleet of iron-clads under Hobart Pasha, an ex-officer of the English navy, and these thunderers were vastly in the way at the mouth of the Danube. Russia had no ships or iron-clads there, but she sent down some spirited young lieutenants from the Baltic, and one of these daring fellows (bethinking himself probably of our Cushing and the "Albemarle," whose story is so well told in Dr. Shippen's *Naval Battles*) took some little steam-launches and torpedo boats one dark, rainy night and blew up the Turkish ship-of-war "Seifé" in the Matchin channel of the Danube, below Braila, and in a short time after the declaration of war, Russian torpedoes were so thick along the delta channels and the lower river that, in very dread of them, the Turkish iron-clads backed out and were no more seen. Up the river around Rustchuk and Nicopolis the Turks had smaller

iron-clads, and the Russian officers so tormented them with torpedoes that from first to last the Mussulman navy was of no account whatever. On the Danube the fleet was a perfect failure, and was speedily driven to the shelter of the shore guns and kept there.

On June 22d, General Zimmerman ferried two regiments across the Danube at Galatz and drove the Turkish outposts from the heights on the Dobrudja shore. Soon afterwards he crossed his whole force at Braila and moved southward, whereupon the Turks gave up the Dobrudja without further struggle and fell back behind Trajan's wall.

On June 24th the Russian siege batteries on the north bank began hammering at the walls of Rustchuk, and on the night of the 26th the advance of the Eighth corps slipped across the Danube in boats and effected a lodgment below Sistova. The following afternoon the town itself fell into the hands of the invaders after brief resistance, and by the first days of July the pontoon bridges were thrown across, the Army of the South was on Bulgarian soil, and Turkey had done little or nothing to prevent it. "In ten weeks from the opening of hostilities," says Greene, "the Russians had established themselves on the southern bank of the Danube, and with a loss which, in comparison to the importance of the success, was totally insignificant." The Turks tried to make believe it was all part and parcel of a plan to lure the Russians across the Danube and there surround and crush them. Lure them across they certainly did, whether designedly or not. Crush them they did not, nor did they come anywhere near it. Now, however, began their defensive campaign.

The entire Army of the South, except detachments left to guard the towns and railway to their rear, crossed the Danube by the pontoons near Sistova, all but the Fourth corps being over by July 15th. In accordance with the plan, General Gourko with the advance, and followed by the Eighth corps, was to push ahead for the Balkans by way of the main high-road through Tirnova. Two rivers come down into the Danube from the mountains to the south—the Yantra east of Sistova, the Vid to the west and beyond Nicopolis. The Yantra drains a large tract of country around Tirnova, which lies on one of the nine branches into

which it splits up on nearing the range, but as it approaches the Danube it falls away to the eastward a dozen miles or so from the Sistova highway, and passes the town of Biela on the great cross-road between Tirnova and Rustchuk. This same high-road, continuing westward over the rolling foothills of the Balkans, bridges the little river Osma, and some twenty-five miles beyond that, dips down into the valley of the Vid, and crosses the east fork of that stream at the town of Plevna. While the Russian centre was to follow the high-road to the Balkan passes, the Twelfth and Thirteenth corps were thrown out into the Yantra valley to cover the left flank; the Ninth corps was designated to assault Nicopolis and go up the valley of the Vid on the right flank, while the Fourth and Eleventh corps were for the time being to be held in reserve.

The cavalry seized Biela on the 5th of July, and Gourko won Tirnova on the 7th. Then the tsar arrived and joined the army at Biela; the left wing pushed steadily forward up the Yantra; Gourko burst through the Balkans; Krüdener captured Nicopolis—all within a brief fortnight—and everything, right, centre, and left, was going swimmingly for Russia and all amiss for Turkey, when suddenly Krüdener, plunging up the Vid valley, struck a rock at the forks and came to a dead stop at Plevna. On the 20th of July the Russian right was whipped, and then everybody elsewhere in the Army of the South had to pull up short in his triumphant career and turn back to help Krüdener out of trouble.

But, meantime, there had been consternation at Constantinople. The political effect of the passage of the Danube and Gourko's sudden leap for the passes through the Balkans was startling. Panic reigned at Adrianople and spread to the capital on the Bosphorus. The sultan was well-nigh ready to flee to Asia Minor, and leave the nation to take care of itself. He disgraced and banished the general-in-chief, Abdul Kerim Pasha, and the minister of war. Then Mehemet Ali was made commander-in-chief, Suleiman was sent to confront Gourko, and even England took alarm. Her side of that complex political problem, "The Eastern Question," was involved, and as there are few spots on the face of the earth where a fight can come off without

stirring up a British subject, so here the interests of Great Britain in restraining Russia from control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles became threatened by such sweeping success, and promptly the great English fleet was sent steaming to Besica Bay, while her foundries and arsenals at home resounded with the clang of preparation for war. All seemed agreed that it was right for Russia to whip Turkey—but not too much.

But, in winning Nicopolis, Baron Krüdener had lost some 1,300 officers and men, and had found an enemy that showed fine stomach for fighting. The Turks had succumbed to superior numbers and scientific disposition of force, and the fall of the old fort was a misfortune which involved the surrender of over 100 guns, 10,000 small arms, two monitors and 7,000 men. Whether success of this kind turned Krüdener's head, or whether this effect was confined to his subordinates, does not appear; but that somebody was to blame for the horrible blunder that followed is beyond peradventure. With all his admirable cavalry at his disposal, Krüdener's advance stumbled on up the valley of the Vid and into the clutches of the bravest army and the best soldiers Turkey could possibly lay claim to—40,000 seasoned veterans—and Osman Pasha.

From the city of Widdin, more than one hundred miles up the valley, this strong column had come marching down on the Russian flank. Another column 12,000 strong had been ordered up from Sophia, across the Balkans. Prisoners taken at Nicopolis told Krüdener that heavy reinforcements were on the road. Common sense ought to have told him that they would be coming. Then his Caucasian Cossacks up the Vid said they *saw* them coming, and neither the grand duke nor Krüdener seems to have thought the tidings of any importance. "Occupy Plevna as promptly as possible," were the orders sent to Krüdener, and, obedient to them, the baron directed General Schilder-Schuldner on the 18th of July to advance and seize the town. A strong division was under this officer's command, and a brigade of Cossack cavalry was ordered to report to him for duty. He had 6,500 men and forty-six guns. While part of his force marched westward along the Rustchuk road toward Plevna, and his Don

Cossacks followed the river road up the Vid to his right, Schilder-Schuldner himself with the main body and with no cavalry near him at all, pushed out southwestward on Plevna. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th, the Don Cossacks—taking dinner after their gipsy fashion, over on the banks of the Vid—were amazed to hear the booming of cannon eight miles out to the southeast. Instead of covering their general's front, here they were far to his right and rear, and he, meantime, had stumbled into trouble among the hills around Plevna. Promptly they bundled up pots and kettles, sprang into saddle and went clattering off to the support of their comrades; but, the moment they got in sight of Plevna, and before they could reach their chief, they found the way barred by the long lines of red-fezzed Turks. In the same way the Nineteenth regiment, advancing from the east, was confronted by Turkish skirmish lines, and the centre ran slap into a brace of well-handled batteries that not only checked the advance but inflicted severe loss upon the columns. Still, he had no idea the Turks were in force, and though his people bivouacked for the night on a sweeping circle of seventeen miles, the Russian general determined on an assault at daybreak, July 20th, and this led.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

a short and sharp one. Schilder-Schuldner meant to take the initiative at dawn, but the Turks were ahead of him. At four in the morning they pounced upon his Don Cossacks at Bukova, just north of the town, and so opened the ball on the Russian right. A battery was sent to the aid of the Cossacks, while the centre confidently pushed forward; three batteries and six battalions assaulted the heights of Grivitza east of the town, and after a lively fight whipped the Turks out of the west end of their improvised field-works and raced them under the very garden-walls of Plevna. But here there came stubborn resistance, and at seven o'clock the Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments found themselves in a very hot and uncomfortable place, while their guns were still shelling the east end of the Grivitza lines.

Far around to the Rustchuk road the Nineteenth regiment had

early begun the assault of the Turkish outposts, and had been successful in driving them in as far as the town, but here they, too, came to a stand, unable to make headway and unwilling to go back. Farther south the Caucasian Cossack brigade pitched in with its feeble battery, and to no perceptible effect. The guns were too short-ranged to be of any use. But the Nineteenth had suffered heavily, and needed aid, so the brigade was drawn in towards them just in time to take part in the next phase of the battle, a general retreat.

Over on the Russian right the Don Cossacks had been successful in beating back the Turks and following them to the lines of the town. Then came the counter-stroke.

All this time the main body of Osman Pasha's force had lain in quiet retirement within the streets of Plevna. Now of a sudden it burst forth in furious attack north and east. Column after column came surging forth from the gates until the slopes were lined with the red skull-caps and flashing with the scathing volleys of the Peabody-Martinis. Brave as was the struggle made by Schilder-Schuldner, his effort was all in vain. His patient infantry never broke or scattered, but, torn, crippled and bleeding, fell slowly and stubbornly back until, at five o'clock, the firing ceased and the Russian advance on the right flank was shattered.

So heavy were the losses in killed and wounded that the Russians had to leave them on the field, and so great was the destruction of artillery horses that seventeen caissons had to be abandoned. Twenty-two officers were killed, fifty-two wounded, and 2,771 men were lost in the same way; more than two-thirds of the officers, and one-third of the rank and file being thus placed *hors de combat*. The Turkish loss was probably no greater, while to them remained the glory of victory. General Schilder-Schuldner had blindly ordered the assault of a force four times his strength, and was deservedly beaten.

Baron Krüdener could not but feel the utmost chagrin at this unforeseen result of his attempt to occupy Plevna. The command was speedily withdrawn to the neighborhood of Nicopolis, and vigorous measures were taken to bring up the entire Ninth corps to the renewal of the attack. Meantime, the Turks were not

idle. For ten days they worked like beavers, strengthening their intrenchments east of the town and around to Bukora on the north, and by July 30th Osman Pasha had 40,000 well-trained troops at his back; and the concentration of the Ninth Russian corps on the heights, to the northeast, gave him little concern. Ten days after the disaster to Schilder-Schuldner came

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

fought July 30th, and fought somewhat against the wishes of Baron Krüdener, the immediate Russian commander. He had carefully studied the position, marked the strength of the redoubts and lines of the Grivitza heights, and become dubious as to the result of direct assault. Then, too, he had learned to dread putting in his troops against that fearful fire of small-arms—a fire that carried off his people at what he and they had hitherto considered artillery range. Long before his leading lines could throw their fire upon the Turks, those American-made bullets were whistling over their heads and bringing down by the dozen, men in the distant reserves. Krüdener telegraphed for further instructions and they came, sharp and stern and stinging. The grand duke could not understand his wing-commander's hesitancy, and said so in as many words. This left poor Krüdener no alternative. He gave the word and did his best, but Osman Pasha was far too much for him, as the results will show.

The town of Plevna, with its labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, lies in a deep depression where the valleys of two little streams—Tutchenitza creek from the south, and Grivitza brook from the east—unite to form the east fork of the river Vid. All around it, east, west, north and south, are high rolling hills, and deep ravines with precipitous banks. The highway to the east runs up the valley of the Grivitza brook and skirts on the southern edge the little hamlet of that name, some four miles out. South of the high-road and jutting southeastward are two high ridges separated by a little stream purling through a deep gorge. On the first of these ridges—the northernmost—the Turks had built four strong redoubts, bristling with guns; three of

them overhanging the ravine which separated them from the southern ridge, known as the Radischevo ridge, from a bunch of rural cottages to which that name is given as a village deserving of some distinction. It nestles close under the crest along the southern slope, and was the scene of some of the most stirring features of the second battle, for here were the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Shakofskoi and the left wing of the Russian attack. North of the Grivitza brook and a mile northwest of Grivitza itself, perched on the summit of a commanding knoll, was another strong redoubt—the Grivitza, it was called. From here, around to Bukora to the west and the Plevna ridge to the south, were freshly dug lines of rifle-pits, and the ridges between the lower redoubts were scored and seamed with them. West of Plevna to the Vid, there were no works at all; but down in the valley on the northwestern skirts of the town lay a reserve camp where 20,000 men could be held in readiness to move in any direction, and where probably that many men were posted, and not one of the encircling Russians could see them.

South of Plevna runs the high-road to Lovtcha, climbing up between the knolls of what are called the Green Hills, and when it became his duty to attack the position of the Turks, Krüdener sent across this road and up into those hills a little brigade of Cossacks with their horse-battery, and this was the command of a young major-general who won world-wide fame during the fighting that followed—Skobelev. Greene designates him as Skobelev II., to distinguish him from the senior Skobelev, who was a lieutenant-general, and in command of the united division of Don, Terek and Caucasian Cossacks.

With only 30,000 disposable men, Baron Krüdener was now to attempt the assault of a superior force, far better armed and in a strong position. To us, who know that Osman Pasha has 40,000 men with cannon and rifles that can far outshoot the Russian arms, the result must be a foregone conclusion. The grand duke had refused to believe the Turks were in heavy force, and being himself at Tirnova, eighty miles away, he gave his orders with all the incisiveness of the autocrat that he was.

Early on the morning of the 30th of July the Ninth cavalry

division marched forward on the extreme right of the Russian lines, and faced the heights to the northeast of Plevna. Krüdener, with the right centre, marched westward and deployed his lines facing west, and threatening the Grivitza redoubt and the lines north of the brook. Shakofskoi, with the left centre, faced northward along the Radischevo ridge, confronting the frowning redoubts across the deep ravine, and far over to the west, facing Plevna from the southwest, was young Skobelev with his little band of Cossacks. There was a gap of over two miles on a bee-line between the right of Shakofskoi's line and the left of Krüdener's, and as big a gap over to Skobelev. This looked ominous. Krüdener had along this circular line 176 guns, thirty-six battalions, and thirty squadrons.

While the cavalry on his widely separated flanks were ordered to guard well all approaches, the right centre was directed to assault the Grivitza redoubt and ridge, the left centre the Plevna ridge, and the reserve, one brigade, was held in rear of the centre near Karagatch.

It was seven o'clock before the simultaneous advance and deployment began. By eight o'clock the right centre, advancing in two deep lines, moved gradually into range of the Turkish guns in the big redoubt, but, never halting until it came within 3,000 yards and its own guns could be brought into play, the leading division (the Thirty-first) swept steadily on. At half-past eight its four batteries unlimbered and opened fire, while the infantry lay down and watched the long-range duel. In the same way Shakofskoi's wing marched unopposed to Radischevo. There it deployed, ran forward its guns to the crest and opened on the redoubts only 1,500 to 2,500 yards away, across the ravine. By nine o'clock the foothills of the Balkans were ringing with the reverberations of some two hundred guns, and for six mortal hours, while the infantry lay prone upon the ground and never pulled trigger or made a move, this incessant thunder was kept up. At the end of that period Krüdener decided he had had enough artillery practice and it was time to do something. Thus far two Turkish batteries (small ones) were silenced, and three Russian guns were dismounted, as the apparent result of a vast expenditure of time and ammunition.

Now, however, it was the infantry's turn, and the serious business of battle began. At half-past two the columns of the right centre sprang to their feet and pushed out over the slopes toward the smoke-crowned heights of Grivitza, and at the same moment Shakofskoi's lines popped up over the Radischevo and swept forward to the assault of the works along the Plevna ridge. In the right wing the command had been divided into two columns—one assaulting from the northeast, the other from the east. The first column was made up of the battalions of the One Hundred and Twenty-first and One Hundred and Twenty-third regiments, with the Seventeenth and Eighteenth in reserve. The second column, assaulting from the direction of the village of Grivitza, was made up of the One Hundred and Twenty-second regiment and the First battalion of the One Hundred and Twenty-third. Attacking in "company columns," according to the system in vogue before such guns as the Peabody were made known to them, these devoted regiments marched forward to a useless sacrifice. The instant their purpose became apparent, the Turkish infantry manned their parapets, opened fire with their long-range rifles, and the work of destruction began. *Before they were fairly within a mile* of the coveted redoubt the men were dropping by scores far back in the second and third lines, pierced by bullets which seemed to come from the clouds. Amazed, yet undaunted, they plunged ahead, holding their own fire until they could reach a point from which their Krenks could possibly carry into the Turkish lines; but, long before such a position could be attained, hundreds of their number were stricken down by a hail of lead against which there was neither reply nor shelter. Sadly crippled, yet still in determined order, the Penza regiment pushed bravely on, and when at last within charging distance its leading battalion burst forward with the "hurra!" and actually leaped into the first line of earthworks; but by this time they were far too few in number to hold the prize, and the Turks would have made short work of their remnant but for the supporting rush of the Second battalion that came cheering over the trenches just in time. Thus reinforced, the Russian advance swept on, drove the Turks out of the second line down into the

ravine beyond, then up the slopes to the shelter of the Grivitza redoubt itself. The Second battalion followed so closely on the heels of the fleeing Turks as to be able to dash over the parapet in the ardor of pursuit; but here the gallant major who led them was killed, and the three leading companies literally cut to pieces. The Turks swarmed to the breastworks, and, keeping under shelter themselves, held their rifles over the parapets, and, firing at random in many instances, made havoc in the dense masses of the Russians swarming up to the assault. Others aimed and fired with practiced eye and hand, and the precision and rapidity of their aims were too great for possibility of success on the part of the assailants. The other battalions of the Penza regiment made a most gallant and determined attack in support of their Second, but the fire was simply terrible, and in a very few moments they were hurled back, bleeding and vanquished, into the ravine, leaving on the slopes or in the redoubt twenty-nine officers and 1,006 men *shot down*—one-half their officers, one-third of their men.

Instead of making simultaneous assault, the two battalions of the One Hundred and Twenty-third waited apparently to see what the effect of the Penza's charge would be. This was a grievous blunder, recalling the very unprofessional style in which our militia and volunteer regiments were put in at the first Bull Run. Seeing their comrades vanquished, the One Hundred and Twenty-third very pluckily made an attempt of their own, but they too, despite the aid of the reduced Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments, were sent staggering back into the ravine, with losses almost as great. Two hours of the sharpest kind of fighting along the northern front had resulted in general disaster, and no better success had attended Krüdener's attack from the east. Here the regiments of Tamboff and of Galitz only succeeded in getting within 400 yards of the redoubt, where, harassed by savage volleys from front and from their left flank, where a lot of Turks had crept out among the trenches, they were compelled to stand at bay and fight, firing as best they could. It was an inglorious effort, and no good came of it.

Far over to the south, Shakofskoi at Radischevo had put in two fresh regiments. These fellows made a spirited rush down into the ravine, and then, partially sheltered by the steep banks, slowly and steadily crawled to the top, and, despite a murderous fire that mowed them down when they once more appeared, they dashed forward with ringing cheers, and, though their own losses were terrible, they whipped the Turks out of the two eastern redoubts and captured two of their guns. This was important and really unexpected success. Could Shakofskoi but hold them, and from them drive the enemy out of the other two and down the slopes into Plevna, the town and the reserve camp would be at his mercy, for by this time the reserve camp had been discovered. Skobeleff far over across the Lovtcha road among the Green Hills, had pushed daringly forward early in the day to the edge of the bluffs overlooking Plevna and the entire field, and there his soldier's eye was caught by that great magazine of men down behind the town, and he at least no longer doubted the presence of Osman's entire force.

But it was after five o'clock. Shakofskoi's right was now resting in the outermost redoubt, while his left was down in the ravine close to town. No help could come from Krüdener. A great gap intervened between them, and into this the Turks were pushing a strong force. At five o'clock Krüdener had called on his last reserves, sent one regiment to Shakofskoi and taken the other himself, but even as it came marching to support the south attack, this first-named regiment (the One Hundred and Nineteenth) caught sight of the Turks swarming into the gap between the wings, and promptly faced and gave them battle. Despite the gallant conduct of this reserve and his best efforts on the ridge, Shakofskoi found himself at six P. M. hemmed in on three sides by overpowering numbers, and all thought of further advance was abandoned. The question now was, could they get out of it at all?

Thanks to Skobeleff the answer came, and the left was saved. No sooner had he discovered the force still held in reserve by the Turks, than he saw that they had not only men enough to

check Shakofskoi's advance, but to swing out southerly and envelop his left and rear. Never waiting to give them a chance to do this, he daringly lunged forward with his little battery and a few "sotnias" (squadrons) of Cossacks, and actually challenged them to combat. The Turkish force that would otherwise have worked around the flank of Shakofskoi—some 5,000 infantry—had to turn to drive off this cloud of hornets that hung about them; but Skobelev kept his light guns and lighter horsemen fighting daringly, tenaciously, brilliantly all the live-long afternoon and most of the morning, and the slow moving infantry of the Turks, in exasperation and rage, could only empty their cartridge boxes in random, long-range fire at him and his troopers, and were never allowed to get near Shakofskoi at all. At darkness, therefore, the latter was able to fall back to the Radischevo ridge, and early next morning, finding Krüdener gone, he marched eastward to Poradim, whither Osman did not care to pursue.

Just before dark, Krüdener ordered one final and combined assault, and the order was obeyed by all whom it reached, but to no good purpose. It only added to the fearful sum of casualties on the Russian side, and when finally his lines were driven back, leaving scores of dead behind, Krüdener gave the order to retire.

The day's losses had been very great. They were most severe in the One Hundred and Twenty-first regiment of Krüdener's wing, and the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth in Shakofskoi's, as these two led the assault on their respective fronts. The latter left 725 killed and 1,200 wounded on the slopes—"75 per cent. of its strength;" and, out of the 30,000 engaged, the total Russian loss was 169 officers and 7,136 men, 2,400 of whom had been shot dead on the field.

No one knows just what casualties befell the Turks, but it is claimed that over 5,000 were placed *hors de combat*.

And so, in disaster more grievous than the First, ended the Second Battle. It had been blindly ordered by the grand duke, blindly attempted and blunderingly fought. The two wings were not in supporting distance of each other. The regiments made

no combined assaults, but one was sent in after another had failed, and their old-fashioned compact order in company column was kept up too long after they got into hot fire. The only brilliant work of the bravely fought day was Skobelev's daring and skillful manœuvring on the extreme left. He undoubtedly, as Greene says, "saved Shakofskoi from being knocked to pieces."

Well! It blocked the Russian march of triumph then and there. It would be impossible to attempt to pierce the Balkans, while Osman with his strong corps held the line of the Vid on the right flank. Only one plan could be adopted. Stand on the defensive and telegraph home for the reserves. The tsar was at the front, and there was no delay. On August 3d the guards, the grenadiers, and four more divisions of the line, with the appropriate artillery, were summoned to the scene on this "second alarm," and 120,000 regulars and 460 additional guns were promptly started for Bulgaria. At the same time, 188,000 militia were called to arms to fill up gaps at the front. The Prince of Roumania, too, was appealed to, and his army of 37,000 men was ordered to Nicopolis.

Some weeks, however, must elapse before the reinforcements could reach the field, and now was Turkey's opportunity; but the nation had no head. Three armies acting under three independent commanders were in the field, only a few days' marches apart. Mehemet Ali at Shumla, with 65,000 men along the Lom; Suleiman at Yeni Zagra, in front of Gourko's lair in the Balkans with 40,000, and Osman here at Plevna, holding the Vid with 50,000. A "war-council" at Constantinople directed the movements by telegraph, and not a thing was done. Suleiman hung for months in front of Gourko, shooting at the pickets in Shipka Pass, gaining nothing and losing much. Mehemet waited until August 30th, then drove the Russian left to the Yantra, but there irresolutely stopped short. Osman at Plevna made a fluttering assault, August 31st, on the gathering corps of the Russians, which amounted to next to nothing, and ten days after, came the Russian counter-hit, which is known as the

THIRD BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

fought September 11th, and won, like the other two, by the Turks. Ever since the second battle, the genius of Osman had kept them hard at work with their spades, and by this time Plevna was a citadel—a walled city, though the walls were ugly earth-works.

By the 1st of September 100,000 Russian and Roumanian troops were assembled around Plevna, and the grand duke determined to attack at once, and crush this persistent obstacle to the onward move. As preliminary, he directed a column up the Vid to the town of Lovtcha, lying south of Osman's stronghold, and being the most important position on the road to the Balkans. With Lovtcha in Russian hands, it was then proposed to envelop Plevna, and by simply contracting the circle, crush the Turks into surrender. General Imeretinsky, with brilliant young Skobelev as right-hand man, was selected for the command of the Lovtcha column, and on the 3d of September he won a sharply fought battle, driving the Turks out of their forts after desperate resistance, and then whirling his Cossacks after their retreating horde, lancing 3,000 of them in the *melée*. With Lovtcha won, Prince Charles of Roumania took command of all the Russian forces around Plevna; the tsar and the Grand Duke Nicholas came over from the east to watch the struggle, took up their temporary abode near the village of Radnitza, and the whole army knew that the third and greatest of the battles for the possession of Plevna was to be fought forthwith. At this moment the troops of the Russian right were composed as follows: the Roumanian contingent, under General Cernat, 30,000 strong; the Fourth corps, now led by General Kryloff (Zotof having been made chief of staff); the Ninth corps, under Baron Krüdener; the Second division and one rifle brigade, under Imeretinsky, and two brigades of Cossacks. The Fourth and Ninth corps were severely reduced in numbers, having done pretty much all the fighting, and lost some 13,000 men up to that time; but the total force hurled upon Osman Pasha, in this third attack, was at least 90,000 men, with some 440 guns. The Turks had an estimated strength of 56,000 infantry, with 2,500 cavalry and 80 guns.

The two highest points in the immediate neighborhood of Plevna were the Grivitza knoll to the eastward, where the Grivitza redoubt had been built early in the campaign, and the Krishin height, 3,000 yards southwest of the town. These two commanded the ground in every direction, and were the actual key-points of the situation. When the second battle of Plevna was fought, and Skobelev so brilliantly held the left, over on the Green Hills, there were no Turkish earthworks on their summits; but no sooner had Osman rid himself of Krüdener, on the 30th of July, than he seized and began the fortification of those heights. Now, he had eighteen staunch and powerful redoubts around Plevna, and those of Grivitza and Krishin commanded all the others, with which they were connected by lines of trenches and rifle-pits. Greene divides the fortifications into what he terms three "groups," and it simplifies the explanation of the field. The first group was made by the two redoubts on the Grivitza ridge and the lines stretching westward from them; the second or middle group, of the redoubts and works on what we have thus far called the Plevna ridge—that which, ending in abrupt bluffs at the town, ran out southeastward parallel with the Grivitza brook and to the south of it; and the group also included the works on a spur of the Radischevo ridge, between the Tutchentza creek and the deep ravine under the Plevna heights. The third group consisted of all the works out to the southwest, towards Krishin, none of which, as has been said, were built until after the second battle. On three sides, therefore, Plevna was well defended. The fourth or west front was protected by rolling, heavily wooded slopes, and was not "invested."

On the evening of September 6, with three days' cooked rations in their haversacks and all tents left behind, the Russians silently moved forward from their camps and closed around the scarred heights that looked down on Plevna. The Roumanian army took post among the hills enveloping the Grivitza heights from the northwest. Krüdener, with the Ninth corps, trudged into position south of Grivitza and reaching round to Radischevo, so as to confront "the middle group" from the east and southeast. Kryloff, with the Fourth corps, climbed the Radischevo ridge

and deployed along its crest, rapidly posting his batteries so as to command from the south the parapets of the middle group on the Plevna ridge; while over on the extreme left, towards the Lovtcha high-road, Imeretinsky and Skobelev led their men, the latter as before having the prominent station at the left front. For these last named it was a long, toilsome march, but for the Roumanians and the Ninth corps a mere advance of a few miles. Strange as it may seem, not a shot was fired, not a challenge was heard. *Nothing*, not even the barking of village dogs, seems to have given to the drowsy Turks the faintest intimation that anything aggressive was going on. Krüdener's men came burdened with ready-made gabions, fascines, and platforms for siege-guns, and at nine o'clock their engineers had staked off the outlines of two powerful batteries, within commanding range of the Grivitza redoubt. At midnight they were finished; the heavy guns were rolled into place, and at dawn, when the outlines of the Turkish fort became visible, its occupants were astonished by a thundering roar from the heights below Grivitza, and the boom and crash of a shell overhead. It was Russia's morning salute to the Crescent. A few Turks popped up in sight on the parapet, the guard probably, and then leaped below and aroused the garrison with the startling news that the valleys and heights to the east, north and south, were black with Russians. Before the artillerymen could get to their guns the storm had burst from all sides, and the bombardment of the lines of Plevna had begun.

It lasted all day. The siege-guns and field nine-pounder batteries mainly concentrated their fire on the Grivitza redoubt. But earthworks are tough; a stone fort would have been knocked out of shape in a few hours; yet, when night came, despite the way the dirt and dust had been flying from its flanks all day, the saucy little redoubt looked serviceable as ever, and not one of its eight guns had been silenced. This was disheartening. Nothing had been accomplished worth recording except that Imeretinsky and Skobelev had pushed farther west across the Lovtcha road.

September 8th began as did the 7th, with a continuous banging at long range from the big guns. The Ninth cavalry division was sent across the Vid north of Plevna, to hold the Sophia road

and cut off communications; but around the beleaguered town there would probably have been still another day of tedious, nerve-wearing, and resultless long-range gun-practice, had it not been for that irrepressible Skobelev. He was the Sheridan of the campaign, and no pottering about at cannon-range would suit him.

From the heights around Brestovitz, Skobelev had caught sight of the new redoubts north of Krishin. Unlimbering his batteries he began pounding with them at over two-mile distance, but finding that at that range Turkish guns were far better than his own, he closed in. Many another general would have drawn back, because his guns were inferior; Skobelev pushed ahead until so close that one gun was as good as another, and all depended on men and leaders. Turkish infantry were scattered through the Green Hills east of Krishin. Skobelev took the Fifth and Eighth regiments and made squarely at them, driving them out of the first or southern knoll, and concentrating them on the second. This second knoll lay out on the prolongation of the Fourth corps lines on Radischevo heights across the Tutschenitza, and directly east and under the guns of Krishin. Giving his men brief breathing spell, Skobelev pushed ahead, whipped the Turks out of this second knoll, chased them to the third, and never stopped until within 1,500 yards of Plevna itself; far ahead of Kryloff's lines and with those Krishin redoubts to his left rear. This, of course, was a false position, and though victorious, he had to fall back to the first knoll to save his men from useless slaughter.

On the 9th the Turks at Grivitza ridge ceased artillery fire, and the Prince of Roumania, thinking them cowed by the severity of the two days' bombardment, essayed an assault with infantry, but the attack was greeted by such a fury of small-arm fire that it recoiled in great disorder. Then, over at the other end of the field—the southwest—the Turks took heart and advanced in force against Skobelev, and he whipped them back with the utmost ease. That night there came from General Zotof an order virtually reversing the relations of Imeretinsky and Skobelev, and placing the latter in supreme charge of all matters on the left flank.

All next day, the 10th, the Russian batteries hammered away at the Turkish earthworks, raising much dust and uproar, but doing very little damage. The Turks ceased firing, but only because ammunition was scarce. That afternoon it began to rain in torrents, a peculiar and almost inevitable sequel to a three days' cannonade, and the ground was turned into black and pasty mud. Notwithstanding this, the general assault was ordered for the following day.

Dawn of the 11th came in dense and drizzling fog. The guns were hushed, for all objects across the ravines were hidden from view. The plan of attack contemplated a fierce bombardment of the Grivitza fort and redoubt No. 10—the latter being the one southeast of Plevna and nearest the Radischevo ridge—and then at 3 P. M., a simultaneous rush of the infantry upon them and upon the works west of the Lovtcha road, southwest of Plevna. As a preliminary, Skobelev's men, on the west, had leaped forward the morning of the 10th, seized the second knoll, and with bayonets, soup-dishes—anything that could scoop—they had hastily and successfully pitched up earthworks, that swallowed the Turkish bullets and left the plucky occupants dirty, but secure. Skobelev then ran forward his guns, and got ready for work on the 11th.

The battle began, and ended, with him. Early in the morning the dripping sentries along the Russian lines were greeted by the rapidly quickening rattle of musketry off to the distant left; then came the boom of field-guns, and soon the sound of battle was the reveille of the rest of the Russian army. The Turks had pushed out through the fog in hopes of surprising Skobelev and inducing him to drop his guns, and the new position on the second knoll, and fall back. But there was no falling back with Skobelev. He and his men were on the alert, and the Turks were received with such firmness by the advanced skirmishers that the attack was not pressed, and presently quiet reigned again, and both sides seemed waiting for the fog to lift. Ten o'clock came, and Skobelev could stand inaction no longer. Calling on his men, he sent them forward across a shallow ravine, up the slopes beyond, and there, after a sharp tussle, they drove out the

Turkish light troops and seized the third knoll, where the fog for the present exempted them from the fire of the redoubts, but not from that of the adjacent trenches. These gave the newcomers much trouble. A lively little battle ensued, and just as the men on Kryloff's left along the Radischevo were wondering if they would not have to go over to the aid of Skobelev, they found themselves suddenly summoned to repel a furious sortie. The Turks from Plevna had crept up the ravines, and, veiled by the fog, had got close in upon the Russian lines; the Sixty-third regiment, after a fierce short-range fight, sent them scattering back down the slopes and then rushed forward in pursuit; the One Hundred and Seventeenth followed suit. Down they went into the ravine, up the opposite ridge, over the Turkish works, and there came in full view of the swarming redoubts right, left, and in front of them. They were trapped; and only half their number got back alive. In a few short moments most of their officers and one-half of the men were shot down. There was no more fight for those regiments that day, and Kryloff's left wing was shattered.

At noon the rising fog revealed the ground sufficiently to permit the guns to get to work, and until 2 P. M. there was a continuous thunder of artillery. But this uplifting of the curtain was bad for Skobelev. It showed him far out to the front on the distant left, and in an instant he and his men became the target of the Krishin redoubts to his left rear, and even the guns on the Plevna heights. Still he hung on, hoping that when the general advance began he could push forward. Three o'clock came, and still the grand duke and General Zotof hesitate about pushing in the infantry. More pounding with the big guns was resorted to; and under cover of this fire the infantry lines at last advanced.

Turning first to the northeast—the Roumanian attack on Grivitza—let us follow Prince Charles' movements. He had two strong divisions in line—the Third and Fourth—and with these he was ordered to assault from the north and east, while a Russian brigade attacked from the south. Thus would the Grivitza fort be hemmed in on three sides. It will take but few words to dispose of this attack—it seemed to take even fewer minutes. The

Third division strove to reach the fort through two ravines—one from the northwest, one from the northeast. A brigade was sent up each. That which took the northwest gully never got anywhere near the fort. It struck a previously unheard-of line of works, was met by a withering fire, and driven back to a distant ridge, where it was glad to dig for shelter. The second brigade seemed an interminable time climbing its ravine, and meanwhile the third column, moving from the east over open ground, and severely crippled by the fire that greeted it, reached the redoubt alone and unsupported about half-past three. There it received the undivided attention of the assailed, and went back in fragments to the shelter of the village. Then column No. 2 came up and took a similar thrashing. The Roumanian troops were out of the fight before four o'clock, except the one brigade held in reserve.

By some accident the Russian brigade that was to have made a simultaneous assault from the south came up an hour late, but they were those splendid fellows of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments who had already done hard fighting here and knew the ground. Aided by the reserve brigade of Prince Charles, they clambered up the slopes and over the parapet. Here a hand-to-hand fight occurred that lasted half an hour; both the Russian and Roumanian leaders were killed, and a heavy percentage of officers and men. And so, towards five o'clock, the Grivitza redoubt had beaten off all foes. Now, however, came a change. The reserve battalions of the Seventeenth regiment came up, and a small force of Roumanians. A new and well-conducted assault was made, and after a very spirited fight these allied troops forced their way in, and at darkness were masters of the long-coveted Grivitza redoubt. The fort and the ditch were floored with dead bodies, and this afternoon's attack on the stubborn little post had cost the Russians and Roumanians seventy-eight officers and 3,816 men.

We turn now to the Redoubt No. 10, in front of which the Sixty-third and One Hundred and Seventeenth regiments had already lost half their force. Two other regiments of the division were available, however, and while four batteries

blazed away at the redoubt from the west end of the Radischevo ridge, they pushed forward into the lower ground in front, then turned westward and strove to make headway against the fierce storm of musketry which greeted them. A strong force of Turks suddenly appeared on the heights to their right, and being terribly cut up by this cross-fire, the Russians at last reluctantly fell back, but fell back in sullen and disciplined order; for, when the Turks came swarming and yelling in mad pursuit, the two regiments halted, faced about, lay down and checked them with one steady, well-aimed volley, drove them back in disorder with another, and then in dignified defeat continued their retirement.

General Zotof meantime had sent over another brigade to replace the one so badly crippled during the morning, and now this new brigade tried its hand on Redoubt No. 10, but could get nowhere near it. At six p. m. all further attempt was abandoned; 110 officers and 5,200 men had been sacrificed in the mismanaged assaults on this one portion of the Turkish line.

Now turn to the extreme left, across the Lovtcha road, and we come once more to Skobelev, still sovereign of the Green Hills. We left him at noon grimly hanging on to his extremely advanced position on the third and northernmost knoll, not a thousand yards from the trenches and rifle-pits stretching out from the very walls of the little city, and with redoubts bristling on every side of him. At two o'clock a strong skirmish line came up the northern slope of the third knoll, probably to develop his force, but the Sixty-second regiment drove them back with curiosity ungratified. At 2.30 p. m. his troops were all ready for an onward move, and were lying prone to escape the shelling. Crouching behind the crest of the third knoll were the Sixty-first and Sixty-second regiments in strong line, with the Seventh in easy supporting distance, while two battalions of rifles were in close reserve behind the leading regiments. Back on the second knoll were the Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth regiments and the guns and more rifle battalions.

Just at half-past two, Skobelev blazed away with his guns over

the heads of his lines, and then, at three o'clock, sent the footmen in. With fine enthusiasm, with bands all playing, with thrilling battle-cry, the first lines pushed gallantly forward, crossed the little brook at the foot of the northern slopes, and then burst up the opposite bank to attack the strong earthworks. By this time, however, they were subjected to very severe fire, and so many fell that the men began to falter and throw themselves upon the ground. Instantly, the Seventh came charging forward in support, and once more they struggled on. Now the lines began to show so far up on the slopes as to be distinctly in range not only of the Krishin guns off to the southwest, but the redoubts across the valley beyond Plevna, both were hurling shells upon them in furious force; the musketry fire, too, was something fearful, and once more they threw themselves flat on the ground. Then it was that Skobelev himself came dashing out to the front—the most conspicuous man on the field. Riding, as he always did, a mettlesome white horse, and wearing the glistening white uniform he always affected in battle, instead of the sombre field-dress of the Russian generals, he was at once the target for all sharpshooters and the centre of all eyes. Already the soldiers had begun to know and to glory in his personal daring, and now, animated by his superb appearance and his ringing words, aided, too, by the reinforcements tearing along after him, they made one grand and final effort, and at last charged home over the breastworks, carrying in with them, on their shoulders, it was said, their brilliant young leader. Though his horse was killed under him, and most of his staff shot down, Skobelev himself was unhurt. He had lost 3,000 men in the desperate charge, but had carried the Turkish lines.

Still, there was no rest for him. All around were those blazing redoubts, and now they were concentrating their fire on his breathless men, vainly seeking shelter in the trenches they had won. The Turks came forth in savage sorties from all the surrounding works, were met and fairly driven back, and one redoubt was fairly and squarely taken. At six P. M. Skobelev, with four regiments and the rifles, held all the Turkish works on the heights *near* and southwest of Plevna, and yet his position was

precarious in the last degree, for to the left and rear were three strong forts still manned by the Mussulmans, and their guns were booming at him every instant. Six hundred yards in front of him was the intrenched camp of the Turks; off to his right, beyond Plevna, the redoubts of the middle group; off to his right rear, across the valley of the Tutchenitza, Redoubt No. 10. He was surrounded by hostile guns. But he hung to his prize all night long, despite every effort of the Turks to dislodge him.

Morning of September 12th dawned clear and sparkling, and the grand duke had had enough of battle. Orders had been sent at daybreak to Skobelev to fortify and hold to the last, the position he had won; but some hours later—probably after reading the reports of the fearful array of casualties in the previous day's assaults—the Russian leaders gave it up; sent word to Skobelev they could afford him no aid; all troops were to be withdrawn, and virtually telling him to get out of the scrape as best he could. Lieutenant Greene points out clearly that there were still abundant troops that had not been under fire, and that could well have been sent to help Skobelev; but, to make the matter short, the Russians had suffered too much already, and were glad to quit. After two days of extreme peril, of daring and devoted bravery, of scientific and masterly handling of his little division, Skobelev succeeded in extricating his force; but he had lost 160 officers and 8,000 men, and when he got back to the main army, the third and last battle of Plevna was over. Russia's total losses in the assault and consequent fighting were 18,000 men. The Turks are said to have lost between 12,000 and 15,000.

And now Russia had to sit down before the gates of Plevna and try to starve out the men she could not whip. Osman Pasha had made a splendid defence, while the other two field commanders of the Turkish army were frittering away their forces and their opportunities. Soon the Russian reinforcements began to arrive in great numbers. The Guards all arrived by October 20th, and Russia's great engineer (Totleben) came to conduct the siege. Gourko hastened back from the Balkans to lend a hand, and, after severe battling at Gorni-Dubnik and Telis, the Turks were driven in, and securely penned in.

Plevna. On November 3d the investment was complete. In one great circle, some 120,000 Russians were day by day cutting off the lines of the stubborn defenders. The result was inevitable. Osman refused to surrender—refused to remain and be starved to death. He marshaled his men for one sublime effort—led a furious attack on the Grenadier corps to the west on the 10th of December, was wounded himself, and thoroughly defeated; and so at last, his provisions being exhausted, one-third of his force prostrate with wounds or illness, his ammunition well-nigh spent, and having made ever since July a most gallant and determined resistance to superior numbers, Osman Pasha surrendered on the 10th of December, 1877, to an enemy who received him with every manifestation of soldierly respect and courtesy.

And now, with Plevna fallen, there was little hope for Turkey. Gourko burst through the Balkans—this time near Sophia—and kept on to Philippopolis. The united army advanced on Adrianople, and the last shot of the war was fired in a cavalry skirmish at Tchorlu on the 29th. Finding that nothing else would stop the advance of the Russians on Constantinople, the Turks, despairing of assistance from England, “without the *hope* of which they would never have undertaken the war,” signed an armistice which became the basis of the treaty of San Stefano, signed by the Powers on the 3d of March. By the terms of this, Turkey guaranteed: “1. The erection of Bulgaria into ‘an autonomous tributary principality, with a national Christian Government and a native militia.’ 2. The independence of Montenegro, with an increase of territory. 3. The independence of Roumania and Servia, with a territorial indemnity. 4. The introduction of administrative reforms into Bosnia and Herzegovina. 5. An indemnity in money to Russia for the expenses of the war.”

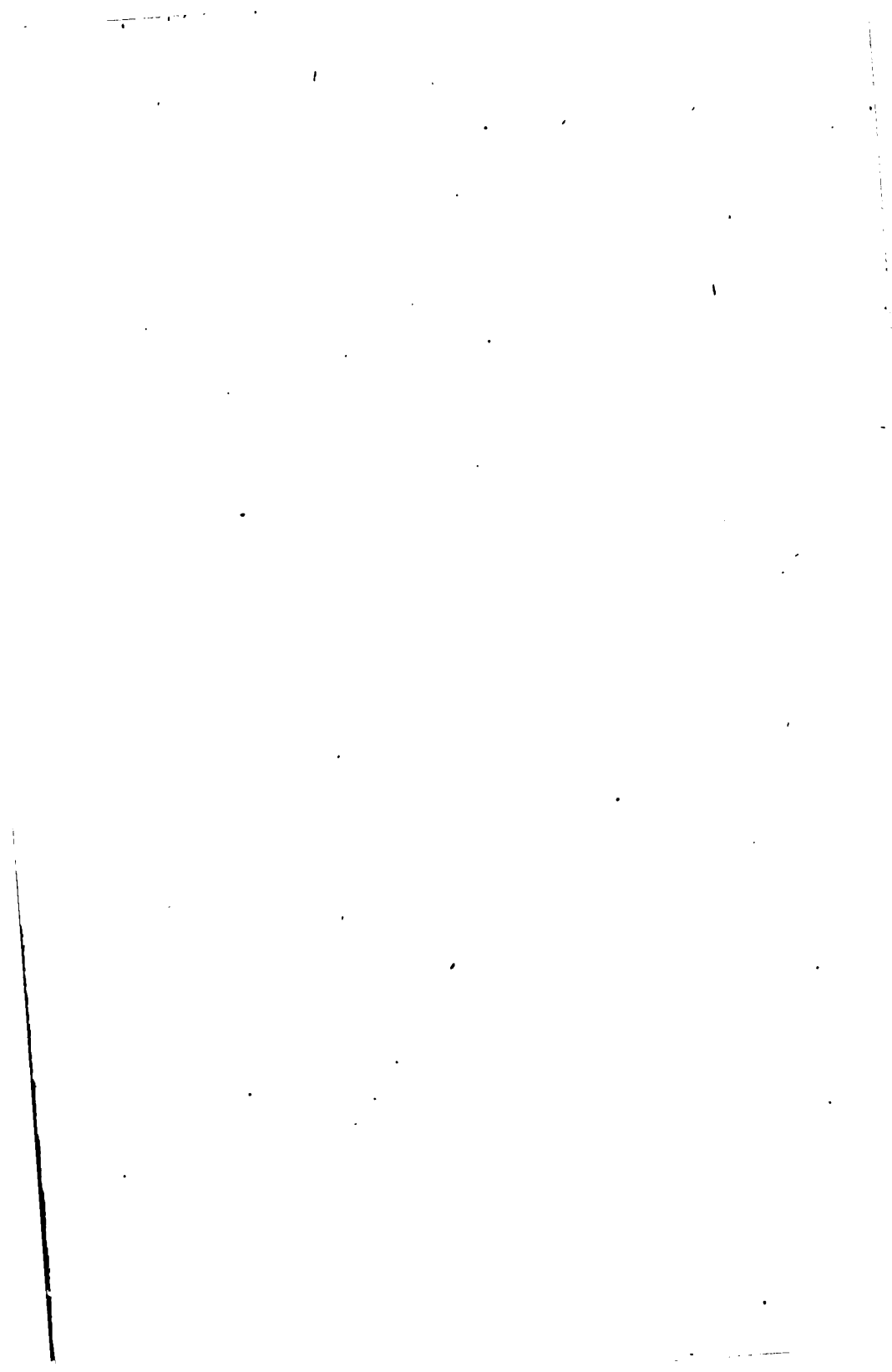
But England saw menace to her interests in the terms of this treaty, and, mainly through her efforts, the representatives of all the great European Powers were speedily assembled at the German capital. Here were gathered the largest numbers of diplomatists who ever signed a treaty, and the treaty itself is said to have been the longest ever written. Known to history as “the

Congress of Berlin," this distinguished body signed, on July 13, 1878, an agreement by which upwards of 30,000 square miles of territory and 2,000,000 of population were handed back to the Porte, and other modifications were made which enabled Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to return to England announcing "Peace with Honor."

It took from the Turks most of their fortresses and all hold on the valley of the Danube, and so crippled them that, except when aided by the Western Powers, there can be little prospect of her ever again contending with Russia, who, on the other hand, is restrained by these very Western Powers of Europe from any aggressions looking toward a control of those vitally important straits.

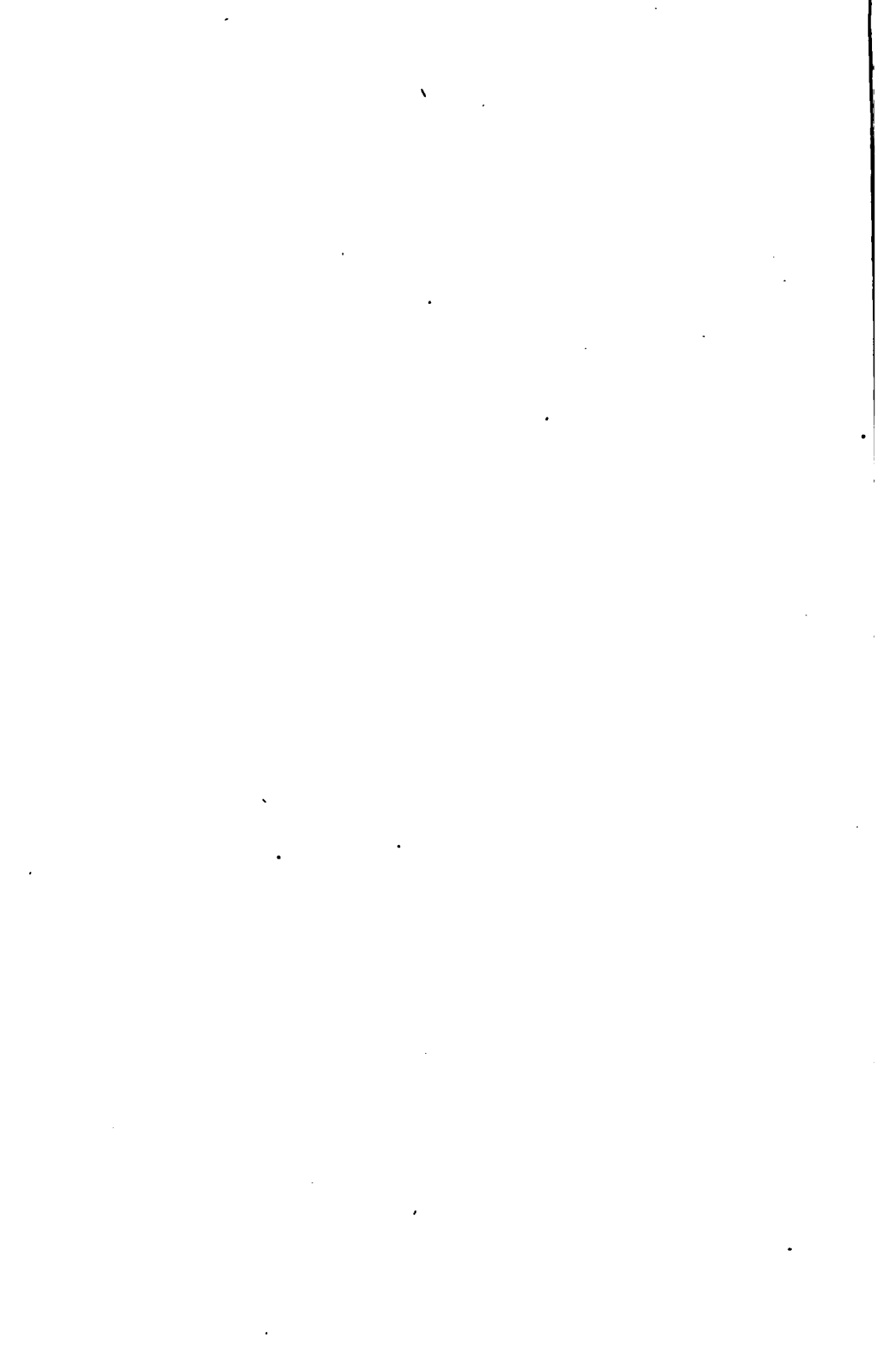
Jealously the nations of the East are watching one another. Vast standing armies are still maintained at the cost of a ruthless taxation of the people, and almost every day has its rumors of new complications that may bring on a general war.

THE END.











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